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MEMORIALS
OF
SERGEANT WILLIAM MARJOURAM,
ROYAL ARTILLERY:

INCLUDING SIX YEARS' SERVICE IN NEW ZEALAND.
DURING THE LATE MAORI WAR.

EDITED BY
SERGEANT WILLIAM WHITE,
ROYAL ARTILLERY.

WITH A PREFACE
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS."

"Soldier of Christ ! well done !
Praise be thy new employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,--
Rest in thy Master's joy !"

Fourth Edition.

LONDON :
JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

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1863

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

TO
MAJOR-GENERAL W. C. ANDERSON,

ROYAL ARTILLERY,

This Memoir

OF
A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER ONCE UNDER HIS COMMAND,

IS BY PERMISSION INSCRIBED.

WITH PROFOUND RESPECT,

BY
THE EDITOR.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CONTENTS, ...	v
PREFACE, ...	xiii
INTRODUCTION, ...	xix

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.

Early History—Enlistment—Promotion—Reduction—Marriage, .	1
--	---

CHAPTER II.

FOREIGN SERVICE.

Sails for America — Conversion — Captain Hedley Vicars — Dr Twining—Sunday-school Teacher, ...	7
---	---

CHAPTER III.

THE "POLAR STAR."

Promotion—Return to England—Embarks for New Zealand— Crosses the Equator—Burning of the <i>Polar Star</i> —Three Terrible Days—Marvellous Deliverance, ...	17
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

ST HELENA.

Safe Arrival at St Helena—Kindness shewn by the Inhabitants —Description of the Island—Napoleon's Tomb—Sorrow at Leaving—Voyage Home—Arrival in England, ...	37
--	----

CHAPTER V.

NEW ZEALAND.

	PAGE
Second Voyage to New Zealand—Diary Out—Arrival—Proceeds to New Plymouth—Diary ceases for Three Years—Resumed in the form of a Narrative—Visits Two Chiefs—Superstition of the Maories—Terrific Storm, ...	47

CHAPTER VI.

DISTURBANCES.

Katatora and Theia—Murder of Katatora—War with the Natives—Description of a Pa—Promoted Serjeant—Establishes an Institute, ...	69
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

TEMPEST.

Whirlwind—Visit from Major-General D———Earthquake—Reconsecration—Tea-Meetings—Letter from Serjeant W———Christmas Day—Youthful Piety—Total Abstinence Society, ...	85
---	----

CHAPTER VIII.

SUNSHINE AND HARVEST.

Climate and Harvest—Thoughts of finally settling in New Zealand—Arrival of the Governor—Public Amusements—St Patrick's Day—Services of the Sabbath—Bible-Classes—Effects of the Races—Christian Communion, ...	101
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

PROGRESS.

Sunday School—Good Friday—"Southey's Wesley"—Effects of Drunkenness—Sudden Deaths—Queen's Birthday—Remark-	
--	--

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
able Instance of the Power of Satan—Blessings of the Sanctuary —Maori Tangi—"Old Folks at Home"—Self-improvement,	119

CHAPTER X.

ANXIETIES.

Prospect of Settling in New Zealand—Impatience unbecoming a Christian—Visit to Omata—Bible-Classes, Encouragement in —Fire—Aurora Australiasis—Narrow Escapes from Sudden Death—Trials of Missionaries—Prospect of War— <i>British Mes- senger</i> —Prodigal Son—Solemn Anniversary—Pleasure on Hear- ing of the Revival—Prayer Answered, . . .	133
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.

INCIDENTS.

Birthday—Visit from a Native Chief—Dry Weather—Prayer for Rain—"Christian Progress"—Institute—Another Visit from Iheia—Personal Sufferings, . . .	145
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

A CHEQUERED PATH.

Arrival of Maori Settlers—Land Question—Progress of Disease— Glen Almond—Night-School—The Revival in Ireland—Dis- charge Delayed—Maori Bible—Goes on a Secret Expedition to Waitara, . . .	157
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

WAR!

An Aged Sinner—Rumours of War—Preparation—War resolved upon—Maori Warfare—Prayer-Meetings—Wi Kingi—Martial Law—Camp Life—Taking a Pa—Bible-Class in Camp—Open- Air Meeting—Proceeds to New Plymouth for Guns—First En- gagement—Narrow Escape, . . .	171
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONFLICT DEEPENS.

PAGE

War continued—Thanksgiving for Deliverance—Prayer-Meetings—Sorrow of Parents over their Son—Rebels at Omata—Block-house—Murder by the Rebels—Attack and Defeat of the Rebels—Narrow Escape of the Rev. Mr B———Appearance of Omata—Supple Jack—Presence of Mind—Signal Station—Public Auction—Reinforcement—Preparation for the March—Service in Camp, ...	185
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

CAMP LIFE.

March to Waera—Native Signals—Courage of the Maories—Arrival at New Plymouth—Proceeds to Bell Block—Discomforts of Camp Life—Short Council of War—War-dance—Total Abstinence—Narrow Escape of Mr P———Alarm—A Spy Shot—Marching to Church with Loaded Rifles—Narrow Escapes from Drowning—Waikato Tribe—Maories very Daring, . . .	199
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI

MAORI TACTICS.

Surrender of Two Chiefs—Increase of Drunkenness—Proceeds to Waitara—Hot Work—Evening Service in Camp—Memorable Day—Battle of Puketakauere—Waikatos—Pleasing Account of an Officer—Arrival at New Plymouth—Appointed Signal-Master—Tents very Cold, ...	213
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

GLOOMY ANTICIPATIONS.

Perilous Position—Prayer for New Plymouth—Eight-inch Guns—False Alarm—Use is Second Nature—English Mail—Proceeds
--

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
to Waireka—Horrors of War— <i>Tasmanian Maid</i> —Frightful Death—Heavy Squalls—Danger of Women and Children— Waireka Besieged by the Rebels—Danger of New Plymouth,	227

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SORROWFUL STORY.

Stormy Weather—Surrounded by Rebels—Incendiarism and De- struction—Wreck of the <i>George Henderson</i> —More Murders— Women and Children to proceed to Nelson—Settlers' Cattle— State of Siege—Chapels turned into Lodging-Houses—Sudden Disappearance of the Waikatos—More Fires—Sad Scene— Enters the Bush—Fearful Night,	241
---	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

Camp at Waireka broken up—Drunkenness on the Increase—Pro- ceeds to Waitara—Service in a Marquee—The L Pa—Subtlety of the Rebels—Sharp Work—Gallant Conduct—Return of Ex- pedition to New Plymouth—Interview with a Sailor—Health Failing—Soldiers' Friend Society—Ngateruanui and Taranaki Tribes—Subscription for Tracts,	253
--	-----

CHAPTER XX.

MAORI WARFARE.

Wi Kingi's Plan of Defence—Service in a Wharra—A Word in Season—Preparation for the March—Encounter at Huirangi —Medical Inspection—40th Regiment proceeds to New Ply- mouth—Heavy Rains—Still on Sick List—Wi Kingi's Force Increased—Anxious times—Goes to New Plymouth,	265
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

RETROSPECT.

PAGE

Climate and Disease do their Work—Observance of the Sabbath— Christian Communion—"Death of a Christian Soldier"— Pleasing Signs—English Mail—A Severe Skirmish—Funerals — <i>Victoria and Niger</i> , ...	279
--	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

HEALTH DECLINES.

Prospect of being sent to England—Conversation with a Back- slider—40th and 65th Regiments—Proceeds to Auckland— Dead March—State of the Wounded—Work of the Holy Spirit upon His Child—Native Letter—Medical Board—Return to England decided—Regret at Leaving—Southern Rebels threaten an Attack—Settlers sustain a Great Loss, ...	289
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

AUCKLAND.

Reinforcement from England—Proceeds to Auckland—Meets with God's People—Sad State of the Drunkard—Kindness of the Governor—Very Ill—Auckland Safe—News from Taranaki— Beginning of a New Year—Capture of the Maturikoriko Pa— Sunday Well Spent—Great Kindness shewn—Infidels and Atheists, ...	301
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

RETURN.

Return of the <i>Robert Lowe</i> —News from the Seat of War—Embarks for England— <i>Robert Lowe</i> —Character of the Crew—Change in

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
the Day—Services on Board—Strong Gale—Storms in the Pacific—Off Cape Horn—Man Overboard—Very Cold—Encouraging Signs—Neglect of Parents—Storm—Sharks, .	313

CHAPTER XXV.

HOMEWARD BOUND!

Speaks the <i>Napoleon</i> —Service on the Quarter-deck—Good Friday—Death of a Seaman—Funeral at Sea—Treat for Children on crossing the Equator—A Man Overboard—Prodigal Son—Gulf of Florida—Calm, ...	327
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVI.

ISLAND OF FAYAL.

Island of Fayal—Description of Fayal—Visit to a Convent—Conscription—Pico—Farewell to Fayal—Gale—One Hundred Days from Auckland, ...	339
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

ENGLAND!

Old England—Plymouth—Disembarks at Portsmouth—Arrival in London—Woolwich—Very Ill—Attends Hospital—Last Entry in Journal, ...	349
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SUNSET.

Last Days on Earth—Admitted into Hospital—Patience and Resignation—Knowledge of an Approaching End—Commends his Wife and Child to God—Sufferings light—Power of Religion in a Dying Hour—"All is Clear"—Morning Breaks—Sabbath Below exchanged for Sabbath Above—Perfect Peace—Asleep in Jesus, ...	357
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

	PAGE
A Soldier's Funeral—Exhortation at the Grave,	367

CHAPTER XXX.

FAREWELL!

Conclusion,	371
-------------	-----

APPENDIX,	377
-----------	-----

PREFACE.

THE watchword of Oliver Cromwell to his invincible "Ironsides," PUT YOUR TRUST IN GOD, AND KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY, might well have been selected as a motto for the memoir of Sergeant Marjouram.

Though a man of a peace-loving spirit, we find him unflinching before the foe ; repeatedly sent on services of danger and difficulty ; and commended, on his successful return, by such significant words as these, from the lips of his commanding officer,—“I knew you could do it ! I knew my man !”

Words which remind us of Lord Gough's order to call out Havelock and his men for a difficult achievement,—

“Turn out the saints ! Havelock never blunders, and his men are never drunk !”

“The Colonel's words,” writes the honest, brave soldier, “made me forget the hardships I had endured !”
“A word spoken in due season, how good is it.”

None knew better than Napoleon Buonaparte the magic power of words like these from the lips of commanders.

over worn-out and suffering soldiers. "The wounded French, after the battle of Marengo," he remarked to a visitor in St Helena, "started to their feet when they heard my voice saying that to their gallantry I owed the victory."

Whilst gratefully prizing the commendations of his earthly leader, Sergeant Marjouram had eminently "a single eye" to the approval and to the honour of the Great Captain of his salvation. He could not rest satisfied with bringing but *one* trophy to that Great Captain's feet,—his own soul. He must form plan after plan for leading others thither also. Disappointments from time to time he had, in the work of the Lord. And who has not? But from the temporary prostration of spirit they induced, he rose up with a fresh baptism of faith and of the Holy Ghost, to pray more, to hope more, and to work more.

We find the honour which God puts upon the man who honours Him, humbly and simply told in such notices as these:—"I held my meeting in the open air last night. It was well attended; and the Lord enabled me to speak without hindrance. Just before I assembled the men, the Colonel called me over to him and said, 'I am very glad you are going to have a meeting. We have had no service to-day; and it will make it appear like Sunday.'"

"This evening (Sunday) we assembled to give thanks to God for our safe deliverance. The congregation consisted of four officers, and about twenty non-commissioned

officers and men. . . . At the conclusion of our little service, an officer came to me and said, 'Let me know when you have any meetings, and I will attend them; and if I can assist you in any way, I will gladly do so.'"

Another time he writes, "There was an officer of the 40th present, who regularly attended. He was very much affected on this occasion, and his sobs and tears went to my heart, for I felt that God was present. After I had gone on board, I received a note from him requesting me to purchase a Bible for him in New Plymouth. I feel grateful to God for such manifestations of the working of His Spirit, and I pray that that blessed influence may spread till all feel His power."

And again, "On landing, I was welcomed both by officers and men, who expressed themselves as highly pleased at my return. Since I left the camp, a large marquee has been erected for the use of the Church of England and Roman Catholic ministers, and it is capable of accommodating a hundred and fifty men. This has been kindly placed at my disposal for evening services. I was thankful for the offer, for the place which I had been in the habit of using for the purpose was very small. This evening I had the pleasure of seeing upwards of one hundred men seated around me on the ground, paying the greatest attention, while I explained to them the memorable words, 'Marvel not that I say unto thee, Ye must be born again.'"

The regret expressed, both by officers and men, when Sergeant Marjouram's increasing illness obliged him to leave the country, was equally remarkable. But no assumption, no arrogance, was fostered by all this marked respect and consideration. A deepening humility, by Divine grace, seems to have been the personal result of the favour shewn him by God and man.

Beautiful is that grace which at once humbles the heart and elevates the soul. When we learn, from the pen of his brother sergeant and brother Christian, who was his dearest friend, and is now his able and graceful biographer, that Sergeant Marjouram was a man originally of little education, we are the more surprised by the power and beauty of many of the passages in his diary. His details of a shipwreck, on his voyage to New Zealand, are singularly graphic and thrilling.

Doubtless, the constant study of the oracles of God refined his taste, and improved his intellectual powers; whilst, by the mighty working of the Holy Spirit, it purified, enlarged, and ennobled his heart.

When we read of a Sunday-school opened for the children of the soldiers; and for the benefit of the soldiers themselves, a school and an Institute formed, and Bible-classes and prayer-meetings held, by this noble-hearted and devoted Christian; when we find, that far from confining his loving labours to the army alone, he was seeking alike the souls of officers, sailors, passengers, and

children, when on board the ship which carried him home, a suffering and a dying man,—we can but pray that every soldier in the army may lay to heart, as William Marjouram did, that as, in the service of his Queen and country, “England expects every man to do his duty;” so, in the service of the King of Heaven, GOD expects every man to do his uttermost.

And if that “uttermost” be done with an absolute reliance upon the power of a risen Saviour, and upon the promised help of the Holy Ghost; over difficulties, obstacles, and opposition, there will be, in the words of the Christian’s war-cry, “Victory, through the Blood of the LAMB!”

Yes, these are the days of victories. The triumphant gospel is winning its fields on every side. Soldier of Christ, worker for Jesus, “only believe, and thou shalt see the glory of God.” Know more and more of Jesus and the power of His resurrection, and you shall find that “Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ;” and that you shall have your blessed part amongst those of whom it is written, “and they *overcame* by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony.”

“In life, in death, with God so near,
Every battle I shall win;
Shall boldly press through dangers here,
Triumph over every sin!
‘What!’ you say, ‘A victor be!’
‘No, not I, but God in me!’”



INTRODUCTION.

VERY few remarks will suffice to lay this book before the reader.

It is the life and diary of an energetic soldier, and a good and useful man. It records minutely the events of a stirring period in the history of one of our Colonies, and is thus calculated, it may be hoped, to inform and to entertain.

Public opinion has already pronounced most favourably on the biographies of Havelock, Hammond, and Vicars,—men who were ever found at their posts in the army of the King of kings, and who, rewarded as they were on earth by a grateful Sovereign, have reaped in heaven an everlasting recompense.

The following pages narrate the history of one who, in the humbler position of a non-commissioned officer, followed them as they followed Christ. They will prove that Divine faith, wherever it works, will be discovered by the same evidences, and followed by the same results.

For many years before his death, Marjouram had kept a careful and elaborate diary. I could wish that the work of editing it had fallen into other hands than mine. Compelled, however, to undertake the task myself, or to leave it unperformed, I desire to lay before the reader the result of my labours: neither deprecating nor dreading criticism, inasmuch as I have simply endeavoured to present, in a connected form, what my friend had left behind him.

W. W.

WOOLWICH, *9th August* 1861.

MEMORIALS

OF

SERGEANT WILLIAM MARJOURAM,

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

CHAPTER I

Boyhood.

Early History—Enlistment—Promotion—Reduction—Marriage

“O thou child of many prayers !
Life hath quicksands—life hath snares ;
Care and age come unawares.”

* * * * *

“Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour divine ! diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right !”

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.

WILLIAM MARJOURAM was born in the parish of Easton, in the county of Suffolk, on the 20th day of October 1828. His parents were of humble origin, his father being employed as gardener to the Duke of Hamilton. He received but a common school education, by which, being of a wandering disposition, he did not profit. At the age of fourteen he was very anxious to go to sea. His dear mother used every endeavour to dispossess his mind of this desire; but the more earnestly she tried to dissuade him, the more obstinately he clung to his determination. He soon carried out his resolve. Rising early one Saturday morning, he left his home for the first time, and walked to Ipswich, a distance of fifteen miles. Here he found a master of a merchant vessel who was in want of a cabin-boy, and who at once engaged his services for a trial trip, prior to his becoming his apprentice for five years. This first experiment, however, sufficed to check his ardour for a sea-life, and on the return of the vessel, a fortnight afterwards, he wished the captain good-bye, and went straight home. But not to settle and rest. For this, his roaming spirit and love of adventure, proved too

strong; and these induced him, at the age of fifteen, to try his fortunes in the army. He enlisted in H.M.'s 58th Regiment of Foot; but was immediately liberated on a quick repentance, evidenced by the payment of the "smart-money" fee of £1, 1s. And now he once more returned to his despised but not forgotten home, yet only to repeat this last experiment, which in his waywardness he had attempted and in his fickleness he had abandoned.

This time he joined the Royal Artillery on the 3rd June 1844, and was duly attested. On the 30th he came to Woolwich and commenced his drill as a recruit in the 3rd Battalion of that corps. In the month of March 1845, he was reported competent to perform his duty as an artilleryman. In July of the same year, he was appointed acting bombardier. In May 1846, he joined the 10th Battalion, just then raised to augment the regiment; and in the July following, was promoted bombardier in No. 7 Company. He was then sent to Newcastle-upon-Tyne on a recruiting tour, where he remained for seven or eight months. He then returned to Woolwich, and in March 1847 was ordered to Devonport. In February 1848, he joined No. 3 Company at Dover, as corporal, thus attaining the third step on that ladder from which he so shortly fell.

To use his own words—he says: "About this time I was, like most young men, given to excessive drinking and improper company. Oh! that I had paid attention to the warnings of conscience. Had I at this time forsaken the

paths of sin, how many hours of bitter grief should I have escaped ! But, from what I can even now remember of my heedless folly, it would have almost taken an angel to persuade me to resist sin. Why was I permitted to live ? Many fell on the right hand and on the left. Why was I spared ? It was mercy, all mercy. May God grant that His forbearance towards me may always keep me humble ! and may my spared life shew forth His praise ! This bad conduct of mine was not overlooked by my superiors, neither could it go unpunished. Some time after my arrival in Dover, I was reduced from corporal to the rank of gunner and driver."

In the month of February 1849, he was sent to Woolwich and attached to the field-batteries, where, with four others, he was selected for a course of equitation, which he completed in a few months. At this time his diary records an instance of Christian kindness shewn him by Colonel A——, the officer commanding the field-batteries:—

"Having committed a very serious offence, by absenting myself without leave for twenty-four hours, I was brought before this gentleman and servant of Christ, for punishment. My sentence was twenty-four hours in the black-hole ; I begged him to forgive me, and promised him it should not occur again. He looked upon me with feelings of pity, and, with a true Christian spirit, gave me advice which I can never forget, (although it was neglected,) and afterwards, in compliance with my request, forgave me. I mention this to shew that God is not without His wit-

nesses in the army; and my prayer now is, that He will remember him in glory."

He completed his course of battery instruction by the beginning of December, and at Christmas obtained leave of absence to visit his friends, whom he had not seen since 1845.

On the 1st June 1850, having received the necessary permission, he married Catherine Pool, a young woman from Cornwall. The union was solemnized in the parish church of Plumstead, by the Rev. Mr Shackleton. Here the less eventful period of his life closes. Before him lay a field of active and energetic service in which he was now to enter—with its perils at hand, its rewards in store, and its duties, more or less conspicuous, awaiting daily discharge. We shall soon find him bravely equipped for the battle of life, and leaving behind him, as he pushes on, traces of hardness endured and valour displayed.

CHAPTER II.

Foreign Service.

Sails for America—Conversion—Captain Hedley Vicars—Dr Twining
—Sunday-school Teacher.

“ In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.”

CHAPTER II.

FOREIGN SERVICE.

OVER the sea! over the sea! How exhilarating the thrill of a brave young spirit, borne away in all its ardent thirst for adventure to a new land of enterprise! The ship that carries the young hero to the scene of his struggles and triumphs seems to share his enthusiasm, and to fly over the waters as though she would outrun even his eager anticipation.

Thus it was with Marjouram, as, on the 9th of April 1851, he set sail for Halifax with his company. Their vessel was the *Birkenhead*, soon afterwards lost at the Cape of Good Hope with four hundred lives. They landed after a rough passage of twenty-one days. He was at once employed as servant to Lieutenant G——, and remained in that situation until the October following, when he was again appointed acting bombardier. But let us return to his diary:—

“Since I have been in Halifax,” he writes, “I have ceased to be an habitual drunkard; but still my mind was unchanged until March 1852, when it pleased the Lord to alarm my guilty soul, and to shew me that I was under the curse of the law. Terror took hold upon me; I felt that

my condemnation was just, and a fearful doom seemed to await me. How unsearchable are the ways of God! He might have said, 'Let him alone; he is joined to his idols;' but no, a Saviour's pardoning love was offered *even to me*; and the instrumentality employed in my conversion was one for which many have, and I trust will have throughout eternity, abundant cause to praise God.

"About this time, in answer to the prayers of a few of God's faithful followers, a gracious revival had begun in the Wesleyan Church. Aged sinners cried aloud under the spirit of conviction; and many who had long borne the name of Christians (but were at ease in Zion) were alarmed and constrained to join the general prayer. And possibly ministers themselves received such a manifestation of God's blessed Spirit as armed them anew for their Master's cause. Among those who at this time received pardon and grace was a serjeant belonging to my company, whose name was Thompson. He had long been an enemy to anything like religion, and might (except myself) have been the last that was likely to have been led to a pardoning God. But the Lord opened his eyes and gave him faith, and he believed to the saving of his soul. This happy man, having experienced the joys of the new birth and the happiness of being a child of God, felt it to be his duty to persuade others to become partakers of this great salvation. I was an object of his daily solicitude, and was prevailed upon to attend evening meetings. The first time I went, I felt ashamed to mingle with those in the body of the chapel, so I stole into the gallery, and

there, unseen by mortal eye, I listened to the invitation given by the ministers to come to Christ. Oh! what a struggle there was between the strivings of God's Spirit and the carnal affections of my mind. I felt fully condemned; but the thought of meeting with my old companions as a disciple of Christ had almost sealed my doom, when, by an influence which I could not control, I was constrained to take the decisive step. I cast myself at the feet of Jesus, and pleaded for mercy and deliverance from the distracted state into which my soul was plunged. How long I remained here I cannot tell, but when I ventured to look up, the chapel was nearly empty, and only one or two ministers were standing by me. I cannot say I experienced any excessive joy on rising from my knees, yet I felt like a man who knows that he is safe in time of danger. But Satan did not seem willing to part with his prey so easily. He stormed, and tossed my poor soul about in such a manner, that I could have almost wished for death rather than life. But the next morning, a peace beyond expression had settled in my mind and heart. I felt, of a truth, the Spirit bearing me witness that I was a child of God. My companions soon discovered the change, and, for about six months, did all they could to perplex and annoy me; but, blessed be God! I was not only enabled to return good for evil, but even rejoiced in doing it. Soon was the wrath of man turned to God's praise; for I remember, on one occasion, about six months after my conversion, I was on my knees in a barrack-room, surrounded by about ten or eleven men. During

the time I was engaged in prayer their curses were fearful; but I was strengthened to pray for them, and felt little disturbance. The next morning, one of these very men came to me and said, 'Bombardier, I hope you will forgive me for disturbing you last night; oh! I would give anything if I were like you!'"

In writing to his mother, the first time after his conversion, he says—

"And now, dear mother,* I have something to tell you which will greatly please you. I do not know if you have been praying to God to turn our hearts; if you have, your prayers have been heard. Catherine and myself have joined God's people, and we hope God will strengthen us with faith to walk in His ways; and if we are not to see you again on earth, I trust that we shall meet in heaven."

His second letter, dated 28th April 1852, shews a decided growth in grace:—

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I received your letter in due time, and was glad to hear that you are all well, as (thanks be to the Lord!) we are at present. Blessed be His name! we grow in grace, and in the fear of our God every day. We see that we have been sinful creatures, and that we stood on the brink of destruction; but it has pleased the Lord to turn our hearts from sin, and to incline us to praise His most holy name. Oh, what a happy thing it is to say that we have the Lord on our side. We

* This was his wife's mother, a Christian woman, to whom he was much attached.

stand in His fear, and we acknowledge Him as our God. He is our hope, and refuge, and consolation whenever we are in trouble. Oh, mother, if you could but imagine my feelings when I look around and see so many of my comrades living in darkness. Oh, that I could but see them turn unto the Lord! I have only one friend (a serjeant) to whom I can confide my joys and feelings. I allude to him who took Catherine and myself to the house of prayer, who told me of the love of God to His people, and whom I shall remember and bless as long as I live. Our time is spent very happily. I wish you were here to join us when we return thanks to God for His mercies towards us."

At this time he joined the Bible-class held by Dr Twining, in which so many officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, received most valuable instruction from that eminent Christian. In a letter written from New Zealand, in July 1858, to a dear friend in Woolwich, he says:—

"Do you know that Captain Hedley Vicars and myself used to meet in the prayer-meetings in Halifax? That Bible-class of Dr Twining's, too, I know; and remember almost every meeting Captain (then lieutenant and adjutant) Vicars attended, from the time he gave his heart to God. Even the six o'clock prayer-meeting he mentions that he attended on Sunday morning, I, too, was there, and, in fact, it was the first place in which I ever heard him pray. I came home from America in the same vessel with him (the *Simoom*), but after we landed at Deal I

heard no more of him until his fate became known to the world; so you may think how much I value the written life of this good soldier; would to God the army were full of such men!"

He often spoke of the sound advice given in the Bible-class by this eminently godly man, with whom he soon became more intimately acquainted.

A letter, dated 27th September 1852, indicates his progress in the new course:—

"DEAR MOTHER,—I am still holding fast by the blessed hope of everlasting life; although I have to contend against great trials, and discover that Satan is always on the look-out to entice the people of God from their allegiance. Yet, blessed be God! I can say that, though

'Surrounded by a host of foes,
Storm'd by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong t' oppose;
Single against hell, earth, and sin—
Single, yet undismay'd I am,
I dare believe in Jesus' name.'

Yes; I wish to give my heart wholly to Jesus. I know that He has said, 'He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.' Oh! what a blessed hope is ours!—a hope full of immortality, a hope that will be thoroughly realized in the possession of Christ's kingdom. Dear mother, I often think I do not give enough of my time to God; I am afraid I feel too unconcerned about the souls of others. I think I might do more good, and speak more of the

goodness of God. But what is it keeps me back? Is it shame? No! Is it fear? No! I am afraid it is the world; for when I allow myself to talk to worldly people about the world, I forget about God and His glory, until that inward monitor tells me I am wrong. But, perhaps, you will say, 'You have no business with the world.' True, I have not, but the duties of my profession often lead me into conversation with bad people, whom, if I were in any other situation, I might shun. But, dear mother, do not think that I believe this to be any excuse for a man at the day of judgment—for I do not; neither do I believe that there is any man in a Christian country that can plead it or any other for his soul remaining unsaved. I am a teacher in the Sunday-school, and find the humblest office in the house of God to be a little heaven to my soul. Oh, may He give me a true sense of the charge of the immortal souls of the young children whom He has placed in my care! O Lord,

'Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee!'

"There are some who, without thought, say that soldiers cannot be religious; but this is false. I feel great pleasure in doing my duty, more so than when I lived without God as my support; and I find that in all my employments my heart is lifted up to God, and He is ever ready to answer my prayer. To Him shall be all the praise. The Rev. Dr Twining, who is the garrison chaplain here, a very pious and kind gentleman, is a great help to me in explaining any passage of Scripture I may not

understand. There are a few of us who meet with him every Sunday evening in a Bible-class, and he takes great delight in teaching us. The Lord grant that he may receive his reward in heaven ! ”

CHAPTER III.

The "Polar Star."

Promotion—Return to England—Embarks for New Zealand—Crosses the Equator—Burning of the *Polar Star*—Three terrible Days—Miraculous Deliverance.

"Like some poor shipwreck'd stranger,
Who, trembling, turns to view
The stormy scenes of danger
He has been carried through."

CHAPTER III.

THE "POLAR STAR."

ON the 1st January 1853, he was promoted bombardier, and ordered to return to England. He embarked on the 30th April, with the 97th Regiment, on board the *Simoom*. They sailed from Halifax on the 1st May; and, after a pleasant passage of eighteen days, arrived at Deal. Thence he proceeded to Woolwich, and was appointed drill-master. It was at this time that the editor of these pages first became acquainted with him, as an assistant-teacher with himself, in the regimental evening school. He was under deep conviction of sin, endeavouring to work out his own righteousness. He well remembers the first evening Marjouram ever spoke to him, and how he immediately discovered that he had found a friend to whom he could open his grief. He was at once shewn his own folly, and the simplicity of the gospel plan of salvation through Christ. From this time he learned to regard his affectionate and faithful guide in the light of a brother in Christ. An earthly separation soon took place, but that attachment remained unaltered, or rather to be deepened as it lived on; while in reference to it Marjouram used to say, after a lapse of eight years, that there had

never been a day in which he had not remembered his friend at the throne of grace.

He was once more promoted corporal on the 13th July 1854, and placed under orders for New Zealand, with a detachment consisting of a lieutenant and serjeant, one corporal (himself,) two bombardiers, twenty-five gunners and drivers, besides women and children. They embarked on board the freight ship *Polar Star*, at Gravesend, on the morning of the 4th August 1854.

Little did they anticipate the trials of that voyage. After their merciful deliverance and arrival at St Helena, he writes, 13th November 1854:—

"Man, since the fall, has been the subject of trial and suffering, and he knows not what a day may bring forth. It has lately been my lot to be placed in circumstances of danger, where possibly the providence of our heavenly Father was never more omnipotently displayed in the rescue of His suffering, helpless creatures. On the morning of Saturday the 5th, we left Gravesend, and about noon anchored in the Downs, off Deal. Next day we received our captain and doctor on board, and immediately weighed anchor. We moved very slowly down the Channel, the wind being light and contrary; two or three mornings afterwards we were in sight of the Isle of Wight, and at one time off Guernsey, and on the 12th we came to anchor in Falmouth harbour. On Tuesday the 16th we again set sail, and the next morning Old England was out of sight. Evening beat high with the prospect of a good passage.

Our ship sailed well, overtaking every vessel that came in sight. In about a fortnight we passed Madeira, although we did not see the island. We now began to feel the benefit of the N.-E. trades, and, about a month after leaving Falmouth, we passed one of the Cape Verde islands, off the coast of Africa. We saw one of the mountains towering high above the clouds, and it seemed to rear its majestic head to the very heavens. It was a refreshing sight, after the eye had been gazing on sky and water for a month, and wonderfully displayed the power of Him who made the earth and all things that are therein. After running down the N.-E. trades, and amusing ourselves with watching flying-fish chased by dolphins, sharks, and different kinds of sea-birds, we crossed the equator about two o'clock in the afternoon, when we were hailed by

“ ‘Ship ahoy!’ ”

“ ‘Hallo!’ ”

“ ‘What ship is that?’ ”

“ ‘*Polar Star.*’ ”

“ ‘Where are you bound?’ ”

“ ‘New Zealand.’ ”

“ ‘Have you any one on board want shaving?’ ”

“ ‘Come on board and see.’ ”

“ We now saw his majesty King Neptune and his lady, with their tribe, issue from the forecastle. They were received by Lieutenant T——, who welcomed them on board; after which they were mounted on a gun-carriage, and were drawn aft, where they paid their respects to

the captain. This ceremony over, they took up their station opposite a sail that had been previously filled with water. The names of those who had never crossed the line before were then called over, and those who could not pay the usual fine (viz., a bottle of grog) had to submit to the unpleasant ceremony observed on the occasion. This consisted in spreading the face over with tar and grease, which was then scraped off with a rough iron hoop, bent into the shape of a razor. The next process was an attempt to wash off the filth by plunging the victim into the sail of water, in which he was left to flounder about, and out of which he was to extricate himself in the best way he could. As none were exempted but those who paid the fine, I had to submit to this unpleasant operation, at the remembrance of which I feel a satisfaction in being able to protest successfully against any future attempt at a repetition of the dose. We suffered a great deal from heat, but, thanks be to God! from no other cause except sea sickness, of which I had my share, having never been free from it since we left England. About a fortnight after we crossed the line, we passed St Helena, although not in sight, we being far to the westward. We now began to feel the evenings very cold, the sun was behind us; and about the end of September, we ran down the S.-E. trades. Hitherto we had been favoured with fine weather, good health, and good food; during which time we never had occasion to take in more than two reefs, our top-sails having experienced nothing beyond a good stiff breeze.

"Had we been able to foresee the events that were at hand, with what misery we should have anticipated their arrival! But trials, as they approach, are wisely kept from our knowledge, in order that the power of an Almighty God may be the more fully displayed in our deliverance.

"On the 30th September we were visited by a heavy gale of wind, the sea running mountains high, and breaking over our vessel with a fury that defied resistance. During the night our jib-boom was carried away, but such was the roaring of the waves that we did not hear the crash. In the morning, however, we saw it trailing in the water, held on to the vessel by the sheet and halyard. Our bowsprit was also considerably sprung. The gale by this time had almost subsided, and our hopes revived. We were now (1st October, Sunday) in 31° south latitude, and 25° west longitude. No vessel could, I think, have made more speed than ours did, and we often congratulated one another on the prospect of a speedy conclusion of our voyage, and talked of the pleasures awaiting us in our newly-adopted country. But oh! how soon are the hopes of finite man defeated, and his intentions frustrated. At half-past eight o'clock this morning (Sunday, 1st October) the fearful cry of 'Fire!' was heard sounding through the ship; and in a few moments smoke was issuing from every hatchway. When the alarm was given, some of our passengers were in bed, others at breakfast, myself and my wife were just about to sit down on deck to ours, but what became of it I never knew. Every one was now seen running wildly

to and fro ; some with only a blanket round them, and others half dressed ; women calling for their children, and wives for their husbands. The women and children were soon hurried into the cabin, which was on the upper deck, and the crew, male passengers, and soldiers, began to throw water down the hold. But we soon discovered that it was useless, as the fire was evidently gaining on us, and we were in danger of being suffocated with smoke. So the captain gave the order to batten down the hatches ; and as everything we possessed was below, our worldly all was lost. Despair was now visible on every face, while each and all expected that death would soon put an end to their terror. We were in a burning ship, a thousand miles from land, while, to crown all, a heavy sea was running that would have swamped our boats the very instant they touched the water. Who could imagine our feelings at this moment ? Husbands and wives, parents and children, viewing each other in dismay, expecting soon to receive the last earthly embrace. At half-past nine o'clock women and children were sent to the quarter-deck, as the smoke had now reached the cabin ; here they remained until they left the ship, (three days afterwards,) exposed to the spray and cold, without any covering overhead. The smoke and steam having now reached the cabin store-room, it was thought advisable to try and rescue what we could ; so the steward, and a few others, managed to get some biscuits, a bottle or two of wine, and about two quarts of brandy.

"While this was going on, the principal portion of the crew, passengers, and soldiers, were engaged in getting the boats ready, and throwing every movable article overboard. After much labour, the long-boat was hung in slings over the side, ready to be lowered; but it was then that we saw our helpless condition, for no boat could live in such a sea. Yet a drowning man will catch at a straw; and while we felt encouraged at the launching of the boats, we seemed to forget that they would be useless. In our hurry and alarm at the cry of 'Fire!' we had destroyed the only cask of fresh water we had on deck by mixing salt water with it, and throwing it down the hold. We had some horses on deck, in a kind of box that had been temporarily erected for their use, under which was a water-tank, from which a pipe was conducted about two inches above the deck, receiving a small hand-pump. We were enabled to fill two or three casks, which, providentially, had not been destroyed; but, in order to accomplish this, two of the splendid horses had to be shot and thrown overboard. This occupied but a very short space of time. And now death appeared amongst us. One of our passengers, Mrs H——, exchanged this scene of confusion and distress for an eternity of bliss. She had been ill ever since she embarked, and, possibly, the alarming position in which we were placed occasioned her death. She left a husband and five children to lament her loss.

"After all that I have stated had been performed, we were left each to his own thoughts. We had stopped

every hole and crevice with the manure that was in the horse-box, (this was very useful,) but we could not prevent the smoke from escaping. About this time I went to the captain and asked him if he had any objection to our having our usual Sunday-morning service. He said, 'Not the slightest.' As the doctor had usually performed this service, I requested him to begin; but, after he had read a few sentences from the Prayer-book, I discovered that he was quite unfit. I accordingly read the 107th Psalm, and afterwards engaged in prayer; and thus ended our solemn morning service.

"The things which had been taken from the cabin, such as biscuits, shirts, socks, and coats, belonging to the passengers, were distributed to the most destitute of clothing amongst us; and it now only remained for us to prepare ourselves, as calmly as we could, for whatever might lie before us. We were compelled to close the cabin doors, and thus the poor woman who had just expired was burned in the berth in which she lay.

"We could not tell how the fire had originated; but as we had a quantity of hay down in the hold for the use of the horses, which it was reported had been taken on board damp, we thought it possible that this might have occasioned the calamity. All were now told off for the boats, sixty for the launch, twenty-one for the pinnace, and fourteen for the gig. This was done, however, merely to satisfy the people, for the boats were not capable of holding more than half the number mentioned. But the secret determination of the soldiers was, that the women and

children should first leave the ship with a sufficient number of men in charge of them. We now discovered that we had neither sails nor masts, nor yet any holes made to receive the row-locks, and our carpenter could find only one hammer and chisel. As the system we had adopted to prevent the admission of air had so far proved beneficial, it was proposed to cut small holes through the deck into which we inserted funnels. Through these we poured water and then set the pumps to work to discharge it from the hold, returning it through the funnels; this we continued to do until we left the ship. In the evening we were told off into two watches, Lieutenant T—— and Sergeant C——, had charge of the first, and the first-mate and myself of the second; we relieved each other every two hours.

“With night fast approaching, we were steering towards Rio Janeiro, and out of the usual track of vessels, having seen none for some weeks. Oh, how anxiously was every eye directed towards the horizon long as a glimmer of day-light remained; but all in vain. Alone in her ruin rode on our burning ship, the smoke issuing from every aperture. We saw the sun go down but with little prospect of ever witnessing another sunrise. My dear wife and myself now committed ourselves to God in prayer, trusting that, if He was about to remove us from all earthly troubles, He would take us to that place where the weary are at rest. We continued our labours without a moment's pause during the night, and, praised be the Lord! once more beheld the day. We now began to suffer

from the heat, while the water which we were passing through the hold was also getting hot. This induced us to believe that it must be coming in contact with the fire. We managed to get a little refreshment; but the water which we took from the tank had become so nauseous in consequence of the vapours from the burning cargo, that we could scarcely drink it. Our women and children had also suffered a great deal from the cold during the night; no sleep could be obtained. Thus Monday passed away. Another sun rose and set—another day of apprehension and alarm. We had killed one of our sheep, but could not get it properly cooked, as we had no coal on deck. Ever since the fire broke out, the mast-head had carried our flag of distress, and been frequently occupied by look-outs, with a powerful telescope to scan every part of the horizon. We were beginning to feel cold, faint, and exhausted with incessant exposure and wet, yet another night of weariness and toil awaited us.

"Still, notwithstanding all our sufferings, we had many causes of gratitude. We had been running towards land at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour, ever since the commencement of the fire. We had no sickness among us, neither had any of us sustained any serious injury. We had also an allowance of biscuit, wine and brandy for each, which preserved us from starvation; we still felt our lives precious; and the presence of our wives and children urged us on to effort and endurance, almost beyond our strength. So passed Monday night. Tuesday came, and found the fire quickly gaining on us,

inasmuch as the pitch was beginning to melt in the deck-seams, and the water was becoming too hot for the hand. That, too, which we had been drinking, was now so disagreeable, that not even our great thirst could induce us to use it. At length the evening drew on,—none can imagine the exact thoughts of each as he worked at the pumps. Thus much, however, I can undertake to say, that there were men on board who had long denied the existence of an eternal God, and the immortality of their souls, but who now shrank from the thought of appearing before Him Whom they had so long rejected. My own reflections often carried me far away to the land of my birth, where those I loved had received that fond farewell which now appeared to be the last. On self-examination, I asked myself the question, ‘Am I in the faith? Have I built my hopes of salvation upon the rock, Christ Jesus?’ I bless God, that although my life was still precious to me, and to be guarded still by every human effort, I felt an inward peace which cast out all fear, and gave me resignation to the Divine will. On being relieved from my watch, I took my Prayer-book from my pocket with the intention of reading. But imagine my delight,—on the very first page to which I turned, I saw inscribed that ancient promise of glorious encouragement—‘God is our refuge and strength; a *very* present help in trouble,’ (Psalm xli. 1.) I shouted it to all around me, and then read the Psalm aloud. Possibly some who heard it will remember it on their death-bed.

“This evening I was thinking of our misfortune, and

of God's mercy through Christ, when, about six o'clock, it pleased the Lord to gladden our ears and cheer our hearts with the blessed cry of 'A sail on the weather-bow!' All lungs and throats were instantly strained, and three vehement cheers resounded over the waters. As night was fast closing over us, the men were admonished not to build their hopes too high, for fear the vessel should not see our signals. Having a little powder in reserve, we at once commenced upon our guns; but as these did not attract attention, we fired two blue-lights from the deck, and one—our last—from the fore-yard. I will not attempt to describe the sickening eagerness with which we watched its effect, or yet the unutterable joy with which, after a weary ten minutes' interval, we witnessed a similar light burning from the deck of the other vessel. Now woke up the grateful hymn, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!' We soon saw our deliverer bearing down upon us, and in half-an-hour were hailed by

"'Ship, ahoy!'

"'Hallo!'

"'Do you want any assistance?'

"'Yes!'

"'All right, I'll go about and lie to.

"Captain W—— and Lieutenant T—— ordered the boat to be lowered, and soon we saw it alongside the vessel. She proved to be the *Annamooka*, Captain H——, from Callao, bound for Cadiz with a cargo of guano. The captain promised to stand by us all night; but, in the meantime, it was thought advisable to remove the women

and children. I volunteered my services as a boatman for this purpose, and, after three trips, we had the unspeakable joy of seeing them safe in the cabin of the *Annamooka*. It was no easy task to conduct the boat from ship to ship, for a very heavy sea was running, and although the vessels were not more than half a mile apart, yet frequently neither was visible. But, thanks be to God, no accident occurred. The next morning, October 4, our pigs and sheep were sent on board, and at noon Captain H—— paid us a visit, and after inspecting our ship with Captain W—— and Lieutenant T——, came to the conclusion that it would be better to abandon her at once, as she could not hold together much longer. The boats being all ready, the order was given to open the hatches, and it was then that we discovered the actual state of things. The pent-up flames raced along the main-deck with great fury and caught the rigging. Twenty of us with difficulty got into the launch, being slowly towed along by the skiff, while the burning ship, which we had left in full sail, seemed endeavouring to compass our destruction, by bearing down upon us.

“We had not quitted her, however, more than ten minutes, when the main-mast went over the side, tearing the fore-top and mizen-top with it, and ripping up the decks, so giving greater vent to the maddened flames. In two or three minutes all the masts went over, and the vessel was in a livid sheet of flame from stem to stern. Our fears were now great, that we had only escaped from one kind of destruction to be overtaken by another. The

Annamooka, in order to escape the fire and smoke, had stood off to some distance, so that the distance between us was evidently increasing. The sea, too, was rising, and night was rapidly coming on; our men were nearly exhausted; we could use no oars in our boat, and the skiff that was towing us was almost powerless. We shipped some heavy seas, and the rain was pouring down in torrents, while, to heighten our apprehensions, an enormous shark followed in our wake, within an oar's length of our stern. I think it was the largest I ever saw. After beating about in this manner for some time, we were observed by the *Annamooka*, a boat was immediately despatched to our assistance, and we were soon safe on board. My heart was raised in grateful praise to Almighty God, on looking back at the dangers we had just escaped. Let him who would ridicule the idea of the superintendence of Divine Providence, reflect on this simple illustration, furnished by the experience of myself and my fellow-sufferers, of a truth so very full of comfort, before he ventures to nourish his unbelief. Any one who has taken a long voyage will know that it is possible for a ship to be even months at sea without seeing either land or vessel. And should any fatal accident befall it, its fate would, in all probability, never be known. Might it not have been so with the *Polar Star*?

"Then, too, as regards the manner of the timely rescue. I had it from an officer of the *Annamooka* that she had been more than a fortnight on the opposite tack to the one she was on when we saw her. Then let me 'thank

the Lord for His goodness, and His wonderful works to the children of men.' Is not this a direct interposition of Providence?

"Another similar instance, confirming the truth that God's providence does display itself in wonderful deliverances, occurs to my recollection. It was published in the American papers at the time the event took place. A vessel was lost off the American coast, at some distance from land; the catastrophe occurred in the night. No other ship was in sight, and all hope of deliverance was gone. It happened that a vessel passed shortly afterwards, at some distance from them, the captain of which, with his chief officer, was walking the quarter-deck. While they conversed a bird flew directly into the captain's face. No particular notice was taken of this, until the bird had repeated its singular performance. The captain contented himself, however, with a mere passing remark on the circumstance, and, having lit his cigar, continued his walk. A few minutes afterwards, the little stranger renewed its visit, and then flew away. His attention was now thoroughly aroused, and being convinced, from the repetition of the occurrence, that some mysterious meaning lay beneath it, and that a silent appeal was being made to him, gave orders, with no apparent cause, that the ship should be immediately put about. After sailing on the altered tack for about twenty minutes, he suddenly found himself among hundreds of drowning victims, who had managed to swim after their vessel had gone down. In commenting on this remarkable event,

after the work of deliverance had been accomplished, he emphatically declared that he was induced to change the course of his ship solely by the significant circumstance of the bird's visit, and, above all, by its twofold repetition, and that he was perfectly ignorant at the time of any vessel being near.

"But to return to my narrative. After the boats had been hauled up, and the vessel was fairly in full sail, the *Polar Star* suddenly disappeared.

"We now steered for St Helena, where we arrived eighteen days afterwards, having suffered from want of food, clothing, and accommodation. On the morning of the 20th of October we saw the island before us, like a huge rock in a mist. About two P.M., being abreast of the coast, Captain W——, Lieutenant T——, and eight men, left the vessel, it being their opinion that they could reach land by nightfall, and so acquaint the authorities with our condition, as our water and biscuit were now all but exhausted. After the life-boat had left, we stood well on to the eastward, thinking that by a long stretch we might be able to fetch the anchorage on the starboard tack; but in this idea we were mistaken. On the afternoon of the 21st, when about ten miles off, the harbour-master with the doctor put out, and came on board, kindly offering to take us in. They informed us that our boat had only reached James' Town that morning, the poor fellows having been exposed to a very heavy sea all night. When they made their appearance, at eight o'clock that morning, they caused no little alarm among the in-

habitants, who were not accustomed to see so small a craft come into their harbour, distant as it was some thirteen hundred miles from the mainland of Africa. At eight o'clock P.M., the 21st, we anchored off James' Town, and the night being dark we could discern nothing but a mass of perpendicular rocks rising high above us. On Sunday morning, the 22d October, the company of artillery stationed at St Helena, having heard of our inability to land for want of clothes, sent on board a quantity of old jackets, trousers, boots, caps, &c.; but notwithstanding their generous aid, our appearance was far from genteel. Our women were worse off than ourselves. Many were without covering for their head. My wife made a cloth that had belonged to the cabin table do duty for both bonnet and shawl; while her feet were encased in a pair of Lieutenant T——'s boots. At half-past eight o'clock A.M. we landed in boats belonging to the island. As we left the *Annamooka*, we gave her gallant crew three hearty cheers; and on nearing the pier, we were met by continued cheers from the vast numbers assembled. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings when I once more placed my feet on *terra firma*, after having been on board ship for eleven weeks and three days, exposed to such imminent death. Tears of gratitude filled my eyes, and a whispered prayer was offered up from a heart that felt the joy and owned the power. May the remembrance of this Sunday ever quiet my murmuring spirit; and do Thou, O Lord, accept the tribute of thanks which I desire to render to Thy holy name!"

So ends the record of a marvellous deliverance. Through his remaining life, the day was consecrated, as it returned, by solemn praise and prayer. In its terrible vicissitudes, he was called upon to learn never-to-be-forgotten lessons of trust and dependence. The discipline was needed to strengthen what might have been weak, and to develop those points of character which his after career was destined specially to exercise. It came with a sobering influence, with a deep, low voice from within the veil; he met it with the child's reverential attitude and utterance, "Thy servant heareth."

And the results were evident in his New Zealand history. The man who had learnt to suffer and be strong, and to believe in the 46th Psalm, in the burning ship, was not found wanting as emergencies arose, with their demands for patient and brave endurance. What is learnt by heart in God's school is seldom learnt easily; but, unlike lessons more cheaply acquired, it is not only worth learning and remembering, but well worth the hardship the teaching of it may have involved. A spirit at all times

"Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm and self-possess'd,"

is a rare treasure, dear at no purchase-money of severe experience. The key to it is not seldom found in the hearty utterance of the words of another pupil in the same school, "Because Thou hast been my refuge, therefore under the shadow of Thy wings I will rejoice."

CHAPTER IV.

St Helena.

Safe Arrival at St Helena—Kindness shewn by the Inhabitants—Description of the Island—Napoleon's Tomb—Sorrow at Leaving—Voyage Home—Arrival in England.

" Lone rock !

His prison who, with spirit unconfined,
Chafed at the thrall ; and, like an eagle caged
Impatient to be free, flung fiercely round
His fiery glance of anger."

CHAPTER IV.

ST HELENA.

"WE had the day before us as we clambered up the beach. The scene was sufficiently picturesque ; and, to the mere spectator, probably amusing. The St Helena band was in attendance to play us to our barracks, and a more dirty, woe-be-gone detachment, it never certainly headed before. The usual services in the church were set aside, and all who could quitted their homes to witness the shipwrecked party. There we saw faces of every shade, from jet-black to ivory-white, all radiant alike with sympathy and compassion, while the tears that now moistened the bloom on the cheek of the young, or trickled down the furrows of age, bore witness to the brother's interest that our sufferings and deliverance had awakened. They seemed to feel more for us than we felt for ourselves.

"The following extract from the *St Helena Herald* may prove interesting :—'The troops were landed about nine o'clock in the morning, and they indeed seemed to have lost their all. Some were without shoes, some without caps, and others without jackets. Some were dressed in clothes which had evidently not been made for them, and all, in their soiled and worn-out attire, presented a most melancholy spectacle. Their wives and children too, were

distressingly ill provided for ; nor were the intermediate passengers any better off. They had to leave all behind them, and were only too thankful to escape with their lives.'

"As regards my wife and myself, we had lost everything we possessed. We had but one shilling in the world, which had been given us since we left the *Polar Star*. So it is easy to believe that richer folk than ourselves had visited the island. After marching up the face of the rock by means of a zig-zag road for about a mile, we arrived at Ladder-hill barracks. Here I was received by an old friend, Corporal O——, and his wife, who kindly welcomed us to their house. Thus far goodness and mercy had followed us. The Lord had preserved us from the raging storm, and delivered us from the burning ship. He had supplied our every-day wants, and made known unto us His redeeming love. The sympathy of the inhabitants was manifested not only by tears, but by a subscription which was immediately started for our relief. One gentleman, who had formerly been a gunner in the Royal Artillery, came to our barracks with twenty-nine shirts (one for each man,) thirty pair of socks, and a plentiful store of pipes and tobacco. His name was Galbraith. The colonel shewed his approval of this generous act by presenting him with a silver cup. The Roman Catholic priest who resided here, having obtained permission to visit us in barracks, came and distributed to each man a small sum of money, which had been collected by his congregation. A noble act this of Christian love.

Nor do I doubt but that the heart of our benefactor was open enough to yield us all that he possessed. A few days after our arrival I received an invitation to visit Mrs G——, the wife of the gentleman who supplied us with the shirts, &c. She was indeed a mother in Israel. Her efforts in seeking out clothing for our women and children were unremitting, but her kindness to my wife and myself I shall never forget. She often remarked to me, 'We must do good unto all, but especially to them who are of the household of faith.'* They both requested us to make their house our home whenever we chose. I soon found that my exile in St Helena was not intended to be quite so gloomy as that of the great Napoleon, who lived and died on this rock of the ocean. I ascertained that religion was in a very low condition, but I had the comfort of meeting with a few devoted Christians who were earnestly praying to the Lord to send them a missionary. These supplications were heard, and shortly afterwards answered by the arrival of Mr B—— from the Cape of Good Hope. This good man had left England as a private missionary, being unrecognised by any society, and was eminently useful on the island.

"In addition to Mr and Mrs G——, there are many others here to whom I am indebted for much kindness. I would specially mention Mr D——, Mr E——, and Sergeant T——. The Lord repay them seven-fold into their bosoms.

* While these pages were passing through the press, intelligence of the death of this Christian lady reached England.

"St Helena lies about 15° south latitude; and the inhabitants suffer much from heat all the year round. The windward side, however, is much cooler than that on which the town is built; and the ride from the town to Sandy Bay is as pleasant and attractive as could easily be imagined. The island is composed of ridges and valleys, the latter running from the centre seaward. Some of these ridges are perpendicular, and rise from the bottom of the valleys to the height of two thousand feet. Narrow roads are cut out of the solid rock, some in a zig-zag form, and others from one end of the ridge to the other. The traveller may well shrink with fear as he ventures to the edge of these roads, and beholds the yawning chasm beneath him, reaching down, in many instances, to a depth of eight hundred or one thousand feet. In travelling along these dangerous roads the diversity and beauty of the scenery exceed description, especially as you go from James' Town, by way of the Military Hospital, to the tomb of Napoleon. The highest point is called Diana's Peak; it attains the height of two thousand five hundred feet, and is clothed with the richest verdure to the very top. The principal portion of the inhabitants are exceedingly poor; their diet consisting only of rice and fish, as few of them are able to purchase either vegetables or bread. Fish is abundant off James' Town. Their rice they import from India, and sometimes they suffer severely from a scarcity of this useful article of food. The population is estimated at five thousand, including the soldiers, who number about five or six hun-

dred. Four thousand are men and women of colour, about one thousand of these being liberated slaves. Every article, whether foreign or indigenou, is very expensive. The flats at the bottoms of the valleys—the only places suitable for cultivation—produce hardly anything but vegetables; and as vessels call at the island every day, a good price is paid for them; by this means they become expensive luxuries, which none but the higher classes are able to afford. The English apple and pear grow here; they are very juicy, but have a very disagreeable taste of the bark, nor will they keep many days after they have been gathered. I have actually seen green and ripe pears upon a tree, while the other branches were at the same time covered with blossom. Peaches and tropical fruits are to be had, although the cocoa-nut and orange do not thrive so well as in other islands. There is no great variety of birds,—the dove, Java sparrow, and canary are among the most common.

“Lonely as this rock of the ocean is, it still possesses many objects of interest. Here was the prison of that would-be conqueror of the world, the great Napoleon, whose name is still mentioned by the inhabitants with respect and veneration. I visited the house—a barn now—in which the imperial soldier lived and died, and then descended the tomb in which his mortal remains were laid. Were a visitor unacquainted with the history and traditions of the spot,—he would pass without the slightest suspicion or interest, this roughest and most ordinary and common-place of all graves I ever saw.

And yet, notwithstanding, how many tears have been shed over this sacred spot. For my own part, I must confess, that a deep emotion was heaving my breast as I gazed upon the tomb. After entering my name in the visitor's book, I left by the road that fallen majesty delighted once to traverse, and returned to James' Town by way of the Government House.

"Thus cheerfully and happily passed the time. Our evening prayer-meetings and services were well attended, and our hearts were united in a bond of brotherly love. But from the circumstances under which I visited the island, I knew my stay must be short, though, had it not been for the thought of seeing New Zealand, I would willingly have spent the rest of my life in this quiet island home. After waiting four months in expectation of a vessel from England, we were one day suddenly surprised by the arrival of a Russian prize from Valparaiso, the *Setka*, in charge of a British man-of-war's crew. This crew had been engaged in exploring the Arctic regions, but their vessel had become unfit for sea, and was broken up. She was sold at San Francisco about the same time that the English and French fleets attacked the forts and fleet of the Russian port of Petrovolousky, in Russian America, when Admiral Price shot himself in consequence of both fleets having to retire with great loss. On leaving the harbour, they met a large Russian vessel laden with stores and provisions for the Russian army. Her capture would be some compensation for their failure, so the Russian was compelled to lie to, and an English crew was

put on board. Although a merchantman, she mounted ten large guns, and, as I afterwards discovered, was certainly the best vessel I ever sailed in. At the time she discovered the British fleet, the captain wanted to shew fight, but was opposed by the men. One of them told me that he was ordered to assist in getting the guns out; and that the captain, on his refusal, threatened to shoot him, but that, pointing to the English man-of-war, he said, 'If you shoot me, they will shoot you.'

"On the vessel's arrival at Valparaiso, the wounded were taken on board, and she was put in charge of Captain M—— and ordered to England. She was chased by an American frigate, but soon distanced the Yankee, and came by way of St Helena to avoid any others. The captain, upon hearing of our being on the island, applied to the governor to have us put on board as a guard, and also to assist in working the vessel. The necessary permission was granted, and on Saturday, February 24 1855, we bade farewell to our kind friends. I never left a place with more sorrowful reluctance, for I felt that I was bidding adieu to some of the kindest of earthly friends. On Sunday morning, this lovely spot was hidden from my eyes, and it was some time before I could regain my usual cheerfulness. In a few days we passed the island of Ascension. We had scarcely a man on board that was not bound for Europe through misfortune of one kind or another. Some were going to an English or French prison, and some had possibly a lingering death before them. Yet I can venture to say that a happier ship's

company never sailed upon the ocean. We were favoured with fair weather, and after a run of six weeks, we sighted Land's End. On Sunday the 8th April, we anchored off Deal, where we lay till Wednesday in a heavy gale of wind, the Goodwin Sands being on our lee. But the same Providence that had watched over us before preserved us now. We were taken in tow by a man-of-war steamer, and, on the following day, anchored off Purfleet, where we discharged five tons of Russian powder. We then proceeded up the river to Woolwich, and landed at two P.M., our friends rejoicing with us in our safe but unexpected arrival. God's ways and purposes, however, are often, and most wisely, contrary to the will of man. Deal with me, then, O Lord, as seemeth Thee good ; only let me ever enjoy a sense of Thy love in my heart, and Thy presence at my side !"

CHAPTER V.

New Zealand.

**Second Voyage to New Zealand—Diary Out—Arrival—Proceeds to
New Plymouth—Diary ceases for Three Years—Resumed in the
Form of a Narrative—Visits Two Chiefs—Superstition of the
Maories—Terrific Storm.**

“Amid the wave where gentlest breezes creep,
O'er the bright azure of the Southern deep,
A thousand islets lie, that brightly gem
The hoary ocean's glittering diadem.
And all are beautiful—and all might seem
The splendid images of fairy dream;
Bright as the isles that, far within the west,
Poetic fancy peopled with the blest,
But none appear so lovely to the sight,
Floating amid the waves' refulgent light,
As thine, New Zealand!”

CHAPTER V.

NEW ZEALAND.

FOUR months elapsed before Marjouram again quitted England. During that time he was constantly associated with God's people at Woolwich, and resumed his old post in the Sunday-school at Plumstead. Still he neither anticipated nor desired a prolonged stay. Whether from the uncertainty which hung over his prospects, or the circumstance of his having been already on his way to a foreign station, he certainly regarded himself as set apart for service abroad. Very soon his detachment was again under orders for New Zealand, and so great was his anxiety to proceed to his original destination, that he withstood the allurements of a very advantageous situation offered him at home, as well as of a most desirable and honourable post in the Turkish Contingent. He accordingly sailed with the party, and his adventures and experiences from this time may be gathered, as before, from his diary, which quits at this point the narrative form, and becomes a daily journal :—

"*September 3rd.*—We embarked on board the freight ship *Carnatic*, at the East India Docks. We were towed to Gravesend, where we cast anchor.

"*September 4th.*—Weighed anchor early this morning, and, with a fine breeze, proceeded down the Channel.

"*September 9th, (Sunday.)*—Still running before the wind. Colonel M—— read prayers between decks; I officiated as clerk.

"*September 12th.*—Surely we have great cause to be thankful to the Lord for all His mercies towards us. Since we left England our yards have been constantly square; a good breeze filling our sails. We have just passed Madeira.

"*September 16th, (Sunday.)*—Still running before the wind. We have now entered the tropics. The doctor read prayers to the ship's company and passengers on the quarter-deck. We saw some flying-fish to-day, to the great amusement of those who had never seen any before. In reflecting on God's mercy to me, I am constrained gratefully to acknowledge how boundless it is, and how undeserved. Here we are upon the stormy ocean, preserved by His almighty power in the midst of perils, and experiencing, in our own case, the truth of those glorious words, 'Behold, He that keepeth Israel neither slumbereth nor sleepeth.'

"*September 20th.*—The last three or four days we have had the N.-E. trades, having lost the gentle breeze, which is very unusual in these latitudes, about 14° north. Still we have abundant cause to be thankful for the progress we have already made.

"*September 21st.*—We are now almost becalmed.

About noon we were visited by a large number of young whales. A few shots were fired, and although some struck, there was no apparent result, neither were we able to secure any by other means. I am thankful that I have not suffered from sea-sickness since I left England.

"September 23rd, (*Sunday*).—Prayers were again read by the doctor. Our ship now lies in a perfect calm, and the heat is almost unbearable. Some fine dolphins are playing round us. Even at sea, everybody puts on a Sunday appearance. Sailors are to be seen walking the forecastle in their clean white dress, and passengers are sitting about the deck in little groups, reading. Yet all this tends only to make one appreciate more fully the simple holy worship in the house of the Lord. I believe I never spent a happier Lord's day at sea. True, while we were in the *Polar Star*, we had some very pleasant Sabbaths, and some precious seasons on week-nights as well. But I must confess that one Sunday in the Lord's house is better than a thousand elsewhere.

"October 5th.—We have had alternate calms, light winds, and heavy rains, since the 23d September. Thank God, we are still preserved from sickness. We are crossing the equator with a fine breeze.

"October 7th.—This day a cry of 'Sail ahoy!' was heard. The vessel proved to be a fore-and-aft schooner from the coast of Africa, having, in all probability, a cargo of poor slaves on board. Assuming that our suspicions were correct, I could not help thinking how

greatly it must have increased the misery of those unhappy creatures, to have seen us pass so close to them without rendering them any assistance. But as ours was not a government ship, we had no authority to interfere. Possibly some of them may go to places where they will hear of Christ; and then, although their bodies may be kept in bondage, their precious souls may be set free from the darker tyranny of Satan.

"*October 17th.*—This day we are clear of the tropics, and feel the evenings very cold.

"*October 19th.*—A strong breeze from the S.-E. is blowing, and a heavy sea running. We are now in 31° south, about the place where the unfortunate *Polar Star* took fire. Well may I return humble and hearty thanks to a merciful God for His goodness towards me, not only on *that* occasion, but all through my life. And, while meditating upon the danger we escaped about this spot a little more than twelve months ago, I cannot help exclaiming,

‘Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.’

"*October 20th.*—Wind blowing very strong from the N.-E.—our ship rolling tremendously—myself feeling very uncomfortable. This day I complete my twenty-seventh year. How rapid is the ebb and flow of time! Whether on sea or land, we are fast hastening onward to eternity, and the voyage I am now making is but a new type to me of the voyage of life.

"*November 6th.*—Last night we were visited by as rough a storm as it has been my lot to witness since I

first became acquainted with sea life. The lightning flashed, the black clouds scudded swiftly along, the sea lashed and tossed our old ship on the crests of its mountain waves, while her timbers quivered and cracked under the furious onset. About ten P.M., the vessel was struck by a squall, which threw everything into a state of confusion and consternation; the main and top-gallant sails, which had been kept set up to this moment, split from top to bottom, and every stitch of canvas which was not instantly released, cleared itself. About midnight, another squall of terrific violence broke upon us. The top-sail sheets and halyards broke, and the yards rushed savagely down upon the caps. The main-tack broke,—and what with the rushing of chains, and the roaring of canvas, fire flashing from the blocks, and heavy seas breaking over our decks, we began to tremble for our ship. But the Lord was in the storm, and controlled its rage; and through His mercy to us, we were brought safely through the night. Who can imagine what they suffer who are called upon to experience the horrors of a midnight tempest, several hundred miles from land! I contend that seamen, above all others, (slaves excepted,) command the sympathy and prayers of every tender heart; yet few are less thought of and less cared for. For my own part, my early ambition for a sea life is perfectly cured, and I freely confess I would sooner be a soldier forty years than a sailor five. We are now running under bare poles, having arrived at a tolerably good idea of Cape weather.

"*November 30th.*—For the last two or three days, the wind has been light from the S.-W. We are now sailing on a parallel with the Australian coast, having been ninety-one days on board. The Lord has been with us and preserved us from the perils and dangers of the deep. Oh, how boundless is the debt of gratitude we owe to our God! Is He not ever giving, and we ever receiving? My prayer is, that I may always rest in His redeeming love, and hang upon the cross.

"*December 22nd.*—We have been one hundred and twelve days on board, and have not yet seen New Zealand. This morning, about three o'clock, the child of one of the cabin passengers died—a little girl about twelve years of age.

"*December 23rd.*—This morning we lay in a calm, but about noon a pleasant breeze woke up from the S.-E. We buried the little girl. A funeral at sea is a very solemn ceremony, and cannot fail, I think, to create serious thoughts in the minds of those who witness it. A day will come when the greedy sea shall give up her dead; and this little child, whose corpse—wrapped in canvas—has just disappeared beneath the curling wave, shall hear the sound of the trumpet, and appear with the assembled world before the Judge of the quick and the dead.

"*December 25th.*—Throughout the whole of this night we had a good breeze, and at eight o'clock this morning were delighted by the cry of 'Land, ho!'

* * * * *

"And is this New Zealand—the country we have been seeking so long—after wandering over the deep for two hundred and forty days?*" The island lies before us, rugged, barren, and desolate-looking enough; yet still it is New Zealand. And even uninviting Cape Maria possesses attractions for us who long once more to reach the land. At noon we doubled the North Cape, and this evening we are standing up for Auckland. We wish our friends at home a happy Christmas. We enjoy ourselves as well as can be expected after a voyage of one hundred and sixteen days.

"*December 27th.*—This morning a pilot came on board, and brought our ship safe to her anchorage. At noon we landed, and I had the pleasure of hearing that I had to proceed, in a brig, to New Plymouth, with eight men under my charge.

"*December 28th.*—At two P.M., this day, we started from Auckland, embarking on the brig *Ocean*, lying at the White Bluff.

"*January 3rd, 1856.*—Came to anchor this morning, and went ashore about noon. We then marched into camp, there being no barracks here. The magazines, guns, and stores were placed in my charge. Well may my heart rejoice after my many providential deliverances! I have traversed some thirty thousand miles of sea. And now the Lord has brought me to a land where His name is honoured, and where, I trust, I shall live to His glory."

* This includes the former voyage.

The diary here leaves off abruptly. At the expiration of three years, Marjouram resumes his labours, in the following narrative, extending back over the principal events that occurred during the intervening time :—

“ Having allowed three years to elapse without making any daily entries in my journals, I propose to give a statement, to the best of my ability, of what I have done, seen, and heard since I closed my diary. In doing so, I do not doubt that many a lost opportunity of doing good, as well as many shortcomings in my Christian character, will be remembered. May God, in His infinite mercy, forgive what has been lacking, and enable me in future to live for Him alone. From the experience of these three years, I am more fully convinced than ever of the deceitfulness of the human heart. In order that His grace may be displayed by His redeemed ones, we must live to Him alone. At present, in this favoured land, the Church of Christ can scarcely be distinguished from the worshippers of mammon. Parents wilfully neglecting the means of grace, declining holy conversation, and following the fashions of the world, give evidence of the lukewarm state of the Church of Christ. And all this in the face of Bibles, ministers, places of worship, with many other privileges unknown to Christians of former ages. ‘ O Lord, do thou search my heart, and try my reins, and see if there is any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.’ The day after my arrival we were all placed under canvas. The married soldiers built temporary huts

for themselves, called 'whares.' I was fortunate enough to get possessed of one which had been erected at Captain King's expense, and had been occupied as an office. It was made of very light material, allowing the ingress of both wind and rain. But still it was better than a tent, and I was thankful for it. I shall presently describe how these whares are constructed.

"After taking over the stores, I began to consider my position. The natives were at war with each other a short distance from our camp, but had hitherto refrained from interfering with any of our settlers. How long this forbearance might last we could not tell. Many reports reached our camp, but they were of such a contradictory character that little was known of the real state of things. However, in case of a turn-out, my duty would be to command the guns, and to supply ammunition to the troops. I found that there was great necessity to be ready at a moment's notice. Having never been placed in such a position before, I felt, at first, very doubtful whether my abilities were equal to the duties and responsibilities thus suddenly devolving upon me; and I should have been very glad had some artillery officer been present. But, on reflection, I thought that those who placed me in such a position were the best judges of my capacity to occupy it, and I was determined, with God's help, not to forfeit the trust reposed in me, by neglect or misconduct. I soon became acquainted with my duties, and began to calculate on a long stay in Taranaki. New barracks were being erected, and the troops would soon leave the tents,

under which they had been living for the last five months in heavy rains and cold winds.

"A circumstance occurred about a week after my arrival, which I must not omit to mention, although the cause of it remains a mystery to me to the present day. One night about ten o'clock, my wife and myself were about to retire to rest, when we were suddenly alarmed by the sentry rushing up to our door. As soon as it was opened, he came in as pale as death, his teeth chattering, and his whole frame trembling from head to foot. I at once asked him the reason of his alarm, but could get no other answer to my inquiries than this—'It's a great big thing.' The thought immediately struck me that some of the natives were endeavouring to spike the guns, or to steal our stores. I took the poor fellow's firelock, and, hurrying away immediately, gave the alarm. While the camp was turning out I went to the gun-sheds, but could not discover anything. A light was brought, but after a long search, we were obliged to desist without ascertaining the origin of the alarm. The terrified sentry recovered slightly from his panic, but nothing could induce him to resume his post.

"The night was very dark, and the rain was falling thick and fast. Afterwards he stated, by way of explanation of what had happened—'I was standing by a small hand-cart; my mind was perfectly collected, and was in no fear whatever. Suddenly I saw an object rise up from the ground about two feet in my front, and begin to hammer at the hand-cart. I endeavoured to call out, but

could not ; neither could I use my musket. Not knowing what to do, I found my way as quickly as possible to your house.

“Two sentries were now placed on this post, but nothing was seen again that night. The next night the alarm was given at the magazine about the same hour. The sentry did not leave his post, but stated that he saw something like a pig creeping through the fern towards the magazine. After a long and unsuccessful search, however, we went to bed, but a few minutes afterwards the alarm was given at the gun-sheds, and one of my own men, who was the first to arrive on the spot, stated that he distinctly saw the unwelcome visitor creeping through the fern down to the swamp. We procured all the lights we could obtain, and searched the gully from one end to the other. But our labours proved utterly unavailing, and we remain to this day entirely in the dark as to who the intruder was, and what was the nature of his errand.*

* The following narrative will perhaps serve to clear up this mystery. The circumstances, more disastrous in their results, though of exactly the same character, occurred in North-West America during the late French war:—

A post on the confines of a large forest of underwood had been found deserted by the sentry night after night—no trace of the man being obtained. At length when the repetition of this circumstance had occasioned such alarm as to produce an order that no man should be ordered to mount guard on the spot, but that the occupation of the post should be perfectly optional, a volunteer presented himself from the ranks, and after undertaking the terrible duty, assured the commanding officer that on the faintest indication of any presence near him he should fire his piece. Of course, the camp was on the alert,—and, after

"On St Patrick's Day we broke up our camp, and removed our guns, stores, and magazine up to Marsland Hill. A small piece of ground had been allotted to me for a new whare and garden. After many weeks' hard labour, I was in possession of a good large whare, consisting of sitting-room, bed-room, and kitchen, with out-houses attached. These whares are constructed of posts, about eighteen inches in the ground, and seven feet above it; on these wall-plates are nailed; a ridge-pole is placed from end to end along the centre, supported by two posts forked at the upper ends. Small rafters are then fastened to the wall-plates, and the ridge about eight inches apart; small rods are also nailed on the outside of the

an interval of about three quarters of an hour, the report of a carbine was heard. All rushed to the rescue, and met the courageous sentry dragging with him an Indian whom he had just shot. In explanation of the occurrence, he afterwards stated that he had been some time at his post, attracted by no indication of danger, when he observed a large hog, grubbing for roots in a ditch. He would have omitted to take any further notice of the circumstance, had he not observed the brute, gradually, though with a consummately skilful affectation of naturalness, getting nearer to where he was standing. On discovering this, he immediately levelled his piece and fired. Springing up into the air with a wild yell, it fell down dead, and disclosed, on being examined, the body of an Indian, armed with a tomahawk and knife, artfully concealed in a hog's skin. It was now evident that the victims of the previous nights had perished through the skill of an artifice that disarmed all their suspicions, apprehensive as they were. It need scarcely be added that the courage and discretion of the man who had perilled his life in the discovery and exposure of the mystery were abundantly rewarded. It will be at once admitted that this occurrence affords a satisfactory key to that narrated above. The circumstances in each case were in all probability precisely similar.

upright posts, in the ground, at right angles, round the frame. When all these are properly secured, the walls, or sides, are covered over with a kind of rush, called *raupo*. This is laced to the rods with strips of flax, and, if care is taken, can be so laced as to prevent the wind from entering. In my case I lined the inside as well as the out. The next process is to thatch with a long grass, called *toe-toe*. This must be carefully handled, as its edges are so sharp as to cut like a razor. I had two good windows, placed at equal distances, in the front, with the door in the centre. The two front rooms were lined with calico, and one of them was papered! A flower garden was carefully laid out in the front, and, when all was completed, every one who saw my residence gave me credit for having the prettiest wharra and garden in Taranaki. Of course, this was not accomplished without much labour and expense, but when it was finished, and I was surrounded by a few goats, calves, pigs, ducks, fowls, and many other accessories to an English home, I would not have exchanged my berth for the best situation that could have been given me in the service.

"Soon afterwards, I discovered that the young men in the town had no place of evening resort but the public-house. On ascertaining this, I obtained the loan of a room, and opened an evening-school, from five to seven for soldiers, and for civilians from seven to nine. Many of my pupils could neither read nor write; these, however, were the very ones I wanted, as I could instruct them to the best of my ability. All this happened

in June 1856. My spare time on Sundays was employed in the distribution of tracts. I do, indeed, trust that what little I was enabled to do, I did unto the Lord, and from a simple sense of the duties which love and gratitude entail.

"In the beginning of 1857 the war among the natives had ceased, and peace was proclaimed. In the month of April the two contending parties met in New Plymouth to cement their friendship with a grand banquet. Katatorā and Wi-Kingi were the two principal chiefs. The former had been shut up in his pa,* for nearly three years. On the morning of the entertainment a war dance was performed in the town, and the guns were fired in honour of the occasion. The men and women feasted to an extent only possible with Maories. In the evening I had the honour of being presented to Katatorā. My friend who escorted me told him that I was the Rangatira of the bung-a-bungs, or head-officer of the big guns. Here I was in the presence of the greatest villain that ever lived in Taranaki. The room was partially darkened, having no light but what it received from the fire. I went straight up to the chief, a very monster savage, sitting cross-legged upon the floor. His forbidding appearance might have made many of stronger nerves than mine shrink from approaching him. He shook hands with me, and said he was glad to see me. On looking round the room I discovered about ten of his attendants, fierce, savage-looking men. His wife, a puny little woman,

* A fortified village.

was seated cross-legged by his side ; she wore a bunch of wild boars' teeth around her neck, denoting her rank. The men were all armed with tomahawks and spears, and a more repulsive assembly I never saw. But a few weeks before, each of those tomahawks had been buried deep in the skull of an enemy, whose flesh had been cut up with savage fury like butchers'-meat. I absolutely trembled as I beheld these men, whom God had created, spending their lives in cruelty and war,—murderers of the blackest dye, even in the loose judgment of Maori law. It was no love for their company that induced me to remain with them, but merely a desire to gratify my own curiosity. After a brief exchange of civilities, I cut a button from my coat and gave it to Katatora. He refused it, on discovering that it was not gold, but immediately altered his mind, took it, and placed it on his ammunition pouch. I then bid him farewell, and left ; I never saw him again ; his fate will be given on a future page.

“On my arrival here, I was greatly disappointed at finding those with whom I came in contact, of the native race of New Zealand, so completely sunk in ignorance and superstition. It was only too evident that if they had been instructed in the principles of Christianity, they had by this time either forgotten them, or set them utterly at defiance. As examples, I need only refer to their recent wars, and to an outrageous delusion which I will proceed to describe. It has always been believed among the *Maories*, that to tread on the grave of a chief is certain death. Should any one have been so unfortunate as to

commit this offence, it was announced, as a positive certainty, that his crime would cost him his life. This statement, which was implicitly credited, worked so powerfully upon the fears of the people, that, even supposing the tremendous penalty had been incurred when no other native was near, the alarm of the wretched man soon betrayed itself, and discovered his secret to those around him. Fully convinced now that his doom was sealed, he would lie down to die, refusing nourishment of every kind, and eventually confirming by a death, in the agonies of starvation, the cruel fable which he so thoroughly believed. This superstition was prevalent among the native tribes when I came to New Zealand. I heard a missionary give an account of an instance that occurred about twelve months after my arrival. A fine young man had accidentally, and in complete ignorance of the fact, trodden on the grave of a chief. A native had witnessed the alarming sacrilege, and at once made the matter known. To the general surprise, the offender at first retained possession of his usual health. As soon, however, as he learned what he had done, he became so alarmed as to fancy that the spell was already at work. He wrapped himself up in his blanket, and lay down to die. The circumstance was concealed from the missionary for some time, and the poor fellow's friends grew very uneasy at the prolongation of his life. At last the missionary heard of it, and was greatly surprised to find that the victim was one belonging to his own district. He immediately

went to the whare, and found him absolutely sinking through sheer exhaustion, as was plainly shewn by his sunken cheek and ghastly countenance. At first the young man refused to listen to him, and, in concert with his friends, laboured hard to persuade him that his death was inevitable. The missionary inquired for the spot on which the young man had intruded. The place was shewn him, and he immediately walked over the grave. The spectators, of course, expected to see his countenance change; but, after gazing for some time (like those islanders of old who saw the viper fasten upon the hand of St Paul) without observing any evil consequences result from the daring act, they arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that from the penalty which would unquestionably have overtaken the Maori, the Pakaha was mysteriously exempt. The missionary again endeavoured to persuade the young man to take something, but his friends emphatically protested. At last he felt the pangs of hunger so sharply, that he was induced to eat, and in a few days he entirely recovered. Now, as all this occurred among natives who had embraced Christianity, the question arises, How can it be accounted for? Alas! in a lamentable way. The very people who ought to have set them an upright example, have been a stumbling-block in their path. The white man has daily degraded himself as a drunkard in their presence. They have been constantly cheated in the most outrageous and barefaced manner. Any earnest longings they might once have cherished to exchange a

heathen for a Christian life, have been utterly put to flight by the disgraceful spectacle presented in the lives of those who professed the faith they were invited to adopt. If we are to credit the statements of missionaries, it is certain that the candle of the Lord shone brightly at one time among this benighted people; and many have been pointed out to me as able once to give a good reason for the hope that was in them, but now living in open rebellion against God. Once the Lord's day was by them esteemed as sacred, and nothing could induce them to desecrate it. Now the calm of Sabbath rest appears to have forsaken for ever this lovely island; while the Christian pen can only write a sorrowing 'Ichabod' over the record of her deserted faith. God, who knows my heart, knows how willingly I would spend my life in the mission cause, were I competent for so glorious a work!

"It must not be inferred, however, from all that has been said, that religious services are entirely abandoned by the natives; on the contrary, they are generally well attended, nor are louder responses to the prayers ever heard from the too silent congregations of Christian England. A remnant there is that shall be saved,—their knees unbent to Baal. A few, we may rest assured, are quietly waiting with all the Church militant on earth, for the promised consolation of Israel.

"In August of this year, a vessel was wrecked off the town, called the *Polly*; but no lives were lost. Earthquakes are very frequent, but they do very little damage; at the same time they display sublimely the power of

Him Who holds the universe in the hollow of His hand. On the morning of the 1st December, a fearful storm of wind arose from the S.-E., but, as 'a mountain blow,' to adopt our Taranaki designation, was, with us, a common occurrence, no notice was at first taken of the event. Towards noon, however, the hurricane became terrific. My whare, which stood between two hills, received the full force of its attack; for just as we sat down to dinner, a heavy gust struck the building so violently, that part of the roof went before it, while the sides bent over to such a degree that I at once apprehended danger. My wife also became very much alarmed, and we began to consider what was best to be done. Two or three more violent squalls had carried away a quantity of the thatch, and shaken down part of my kitchen chimney, which was composed of cob. To all appearance, the whare could not stand long; heavy logs of wood which I had placed on the roof to keep down the thatch were carried away like small sticks, so great was the violence of the wind. I had a kind friend named H——, who I knew would willingly shelter me, and I at once determined to remove my goods and family. I saw my pretty garden disfigured, and my house, which I had taken so much pride in, fast going to destruction; but I bless God, I neither complained nor lamented. I knew that it was His will that it should be so. Before night I had to strip the whare of everything that was useful. The effects of this great wind were not confined to my abode; many others were destroyed, and possibly their inmates did not

fare so well as myself. A large iron store, recently erected, was lifted completely from its foundation and dashed to pieces ; but no lives were lost. I may here state that I remained with Mr H—— four months, during which time my wife was dangerously ill ; but her health was mercifully restored.”

CHAPTER VI

Disturbances.

Katatora and Iheia—Murder of Katatora—War with the Natives—
Description of a Pa—Promoted Serjeant—Establishes an Institute.

“Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature’s sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?”

CHAPTER VI.

DISTURBANCES.

"A DARK and desolate day was breaking. Very shortly after I had removed to Mr H——'s, the whole province was thrown into a state of alarm at the news of a fresh quarrel among the natives. I think it was on Saturday, 5th December, or it might have been on the Saturday following, that Katatora and Iheia, the two principal chiefs, with a few of their followers, met in town. They were apparently on the most friendly terms, and spent the day in drinking and rubbing noses. It would seem, however, that Iheia had never forgiven his rival, (Katatora,) who had murdered a chief three or four years previously, named Rawiwi,—an event which had caused the former war. Since the conclusion of peace, Iheia had on more than one occasion made an open declaration of his resolve to avenge that deed of blood. According to native custom, however, there was no reason for Katatora to apprehend hostilities while his rival displayed such tokens of friendship. Still he could not have been ignorant of his danger.

"Both chiefs lived about five or six miles from the town, in strongly-fortified pas. Towards night they

separated to return to their respective homes, Katatora being accompanied by three attendants on horseback. Four miles from town, on their way home, was a district or settlement of Europeans called 'Bell Block,' with a house and garden at its extremity, occupied by an Englishman. Katatora was decidedly out of favour with the Europeans: having formerly caused many settlers to leave their little farms and happy homes, which had been erected on disputed ground. Then, too, he had prevented a fertile and pleasant portion of the province from passing into the more industrious hands of the British settlers. In reference to the dispute about this very land, a friendly chief had been murdered by his orders. He was regarded as an assassin by the English, whom he detested, and who returned his hatred with interest. Iheia, on the other hand, was regarded as the rightful claimant to the land in question, and he wished to sell it to the Pakahas. Moreover, he had invariably shewn his love to the English, and was sincerely respected by them.

"Before leaving his pa on the morning of the meeting above alluded to, he was said to have issued instructions to a select party of his men to waylay and kill Katatora and his attendants on their return. Some reports state that he knew nothing of the affair until all was over; but be this as it may, shortly after noon a small body of Iheia's men went into the Englishman's house with muskets and tomahawks and created a great disturbance. They were requested to leave, but this they refused to do. In front of the house was a little garden

reaching up to the main road, from which it was separated by a furze fence, sufficiently high for purposes of concealment. It was at the corner of this garden where the road branched off in four directions,—a spot commanding therefore the centre of the four roads,—that the men posted themselves. About dusk Katatora's party were observed advancing from the town; when, just as they were about to turn the corner of the road, several shots were fired from the ambush, and two men fell dead on the spot. Had Katatora put spurs to his horse, and proceeded in any other direction but the one leading to his own pa, he might have escaped. His first act, however, on the alarm, was to dismount. Finding that his two companions were dead, he turned off on foot, and was leading his horse along the road to his own pa, when he was overtaken and shot dead on the spot. Only one escaped out of four, and this was a boy, who on the first discharge had rushed into some fields and down into a swamp, where the poor fellow lingered for some time up to his neck in mud and water. The dead bodies were left by the savages exposed on the road-side, and the whole of the massacre took place in sight and hearing of an Englishman's dwelling.

"No sooner had the alarm been given, than war was renewed on both sides, while many who had previously been the friends and supporters of Iheia, became his enemies. Even some of his own relations fought against him. Still most Europeans were in his favour, and he soon succeeded in building a large number of fortified pas.

"Things continued in this state until the beginning of 1858, during which time many lives had been lost on both sides. It would be impossible for me to enumerate the contradictory reports that were constantly reaching town. At one time the natives were about to murder all the out-settlers, which, beyond all doubt, they might easily have done; at another, some of the inhabitants were unresistingly robbed. Petitions were got up, urging the necessity of commissioning the troops to put a stop to this savage warfare. Towards the beginning of the year, Iheia was compelled to retreat by night to another pa on the north side of the Waitera. As soon as his enemies discovered that his pa was unoccupied, they proceeded to tomahawk the pigs and cattle, burn up the carts, ploughs, and harrows, and destroy everything that came in their way. The loss of property in this pa alone was estimated at £700.

"It was in the month of April that I went in disguise on a visit to this pa, accompanied by the assistant native secretary, a gentleman well acquainted with native matters. My orders were to examine their system of raising breastworks and entrenchments, so that in the possible event of our having to attack them in their pas, we might be better able to judge where to throw our shot and shell. The day selected for this undertaking was as mild and bright as any Englishman could desire, and our horses were in good condition for a long journey. After riding for some miles, we arrived at the spot where Katatora's party had been first surprised. We passed on for some

distance till we came to an outwork which had been thrown up to blockade the road. This was now deserted. After examining two or three similar places, we arrived at the Eikamoana pa, which had been occupied by Iheia, where we saw the bones of the poor animals that had been burnt, with other accumulated evidence that war had done its work. We went from this to the Ninia, a pa standing about half-a-mile away, deserted, but in good repair.

“When a pa is besieged, a portion of the defenders occupy the ditches, which are about four or five feet deep. By kneeling down, they are perfectly covered from the enemy’s shot. Their muskets, at the time of firing, are supported on a log of wood, a few inches from the ground, and can thus be elevated or depressed at pleasure. The bank or breastwork thrown up from the ditch is about four feet high; and should any shot pass through the stockade, it lodges here. The stockade is composed of logs of wood about ten feet long driven into the ground pretty closely together, in two rows about two feet apart. These stakes are lashed with pliable runners, very plentiful in this country, called supple-jacks. They are also tied with strong rods or poles from top to bottom, at intervals of about one foot. In order to take the stockade down for the purpose of gaining admittance, this work must be all undone by slow degrees, so that, while the attempt is being made, an opportunity is afforded to those inside to bring down all who may be engaged in it.

“This description is fully borne out by the fact, that when a party of soldiers advanced to take a pa at the Bay

of Islands, about one hundred and fifty were shot down in the endeavour to cut away the stockade. Of course, when artillery is brought to bear upon these defences, they soon give way; but otherwise, these pas are all but impregnable if well manned.

"We went from the Ninia to one that had just been very strongly fortified with stockades, breastworks, and platforms, but was now quite deserted. We tied up our horses, and, on entering the place, ascended a platform three stories high. We had no sooner gained the summit than we heard a fearful neighing from our horses. On rushing down, we discovered a troop of others—useless to the natives, and allowed to run wild since the commencement of the war—gathered round the spot where ours had been left. One of these brutes had his fore feet upon my horse's shoulder, with his teeth in his neck, when he immediately broke loose. I mounted my friend's horse, and gave chase at full speed: I soon came up with the runaway, but found it difficult to separate him from the rest. Thereupon the whole drove made off across the country towards a pa, just visible in the distance, which I fully expected to find deserted, like those we had already visited. On arriving at the stockade, however, several savage-looking men came out, nearly naked, with a bunch of feathers stuck in their hair. As I could speak a few words of their language, I requested them to assist me in catching the horse; but I soon discovered that I should have been better without their help, for when they might have succeeded they were afraid to make the at-

tempt. At last I rode smartly up to him myself, and caught hold of the rope that was round his neck. I now began to think I was not in very friendly company, as one of the men demanded payment. I asked him, 'What for?' He replied, 'For catching the horse.' I told him he had not caught him. All this time I was trying, with very poor success, to pull the brute along. I had but a half-crown in my pocket, which I offered to one of them. At this moment a woman came outside to see what I gave, and as soon as she discovered the amount, she threw the money to the ground in high displeasure. I was many miles from a European abode, and could not tell how this might end; especially as the natives had recently displayed no large amount of good feeling towards the English.

"Still, to shew any sign of alarm would have been inexpedient. As soon as I had given the man the money, two or three others, who had nothing to do with the affair, came up and demanded payment as well. I told them that I had no more money; and they then asked me where I came from. I said Taranaki. One exclaimed, 'That's a soldier!' The other answered, 'No.'

"By this time I had succeeded in overcoming the stubbornness of my horse, and to my great relief made my escape. I very soon met my friend, who inquired if I knew where I had been. I answered, 'No; but I was very glad to get away.' He then told me that I had been in Katatora's pa, the chief who had just been shot by one of Iheia's men.

"I ought to have mentioned before, that I was pro-

moted to the rank of serjeant on the 10th January 1856. On the 9th May 1858, Captain K——, commanding the Royal Artillery in New Zealand, arrived from Auckland with a party of gunners and a detachment of the 65th Regiment. Their object was to put a stop to the native war; but they returned about a month afterwards without any fighting having taken place.

“It was in the month of August that I began to think seriously about the immoral state of the soldiers in this garrison. Drunkenness abounded to a fearful extent. Nearly forty soldiers’ children were left without schooling; and my conscience bitterly accused me of neglect of Christian duty. I had no one who would apply to the commanding officer for his permission for something to be done; so, after much prayer and meditation, I decided upon writing to him myself, desiring only that God would use me as an humble instrument in doing good.”

The following is a copy of the letter which Marjouram sent to the officer commanding the troops at Taranaki:—

“TARANAKI, N. Z., 2nd August 1858.

“SIR,—I beg leave respectfully to address you upon matters which refer to the present state of the soldiers under your command, and which claim the special attention of every Christian who feels an interest in their welfare. I must confess my conscience has long condemned me for neglecting to ask your sanction to put into practice those measures which will, I trust, act as a check to

drunkenness and immorality, and tend to improve the present condition of my comrades. Before I give a statement of my plans, I would mention that many of the soldiers' wives are willing to receive instruction. One of them came to my house on Saturday last, and earnestly requested my wife to teach her to read. This circumstance put to flight all my scruples, and I resolved to delay my application no longer. I therefore propose, that the men who are willing to pass their evenings in a proper manner should be invited to meet in the school-room three or four nights in the week, and that lectures should be delivered by some of the more intelligent of their number, the subjects to be arranged by a committee selected from among themselves. As lectures might not always be agreeable, I suggest that one night in the week should be devoted to studying the Scriptures, or reading the biography of some Christian soldier, such as 'General Havelock' or 'Captain Vickers.' The former book, I have no doubt, could be obtained; the latter I possess, and prize as a record of the life of one with whom I was well acquainted. We might also form a class for sacred music, which would, I think, be well attended. In fact, anything calculated to keep men from the public-house, and to improve their minds, should be resorted to. Should these propositions meet your approval, Sir, I shall gladly engage in anything that may not interfere with my duties. Some of these propositions may seem objectionable because of the different views entertained by the men on religious subjects; but I believe there is no danger of any mis-

understanding arising from this cause. In attending Bible-classes I have met with men of different corps, but I know of no instance in which unpleasant feelings were ever shewn towards each other by the different parties present; and as no man will be compelled to attend, we may conclude that those who do will wish to be instructed. I have mentioned the school as the place best adapted for our purpose, inasmuch as the men could come in their barrack-room dress, and would always be at hand should they be required. The lighting will involve but little expense. I also beg leave to state, that previous to my leaving Woolwich, Colonel A——, R.A., and our garrison chaplain there supplied me with a large quantity of tracts, published by the 'Soldiers' Friend' and other societies. These I have still on hand, and with your permission, Sir, should like to put into practice the request that was made to me when they were intrusted to my care, namely, that I would distribute them among the soldiers where I might be stationed. Should you wish to examine these tracts, I will willingly leave them at your quarters when ordered.

"Having thus feebly stated to you, Sir, my object and desire, I will venture to add that similar means of improvement are now in active operation at other home and foreign stations, and in many instances are crowned with success. I have lately received information from a missionary in Woolwich, who is chiefly supported by the officers and soldiers there. He tells me that they have a Bible-class exclusively for soldiers, at which the chaplain-

general often presides, and from which he selects men to visit the hospital, and read and pray with the sick. At present this class is numerous, and is blessed with that blessing with which, I doubt not, God will own every effort made for the spiritual and moral welfare of the soldier.

W. M."

"I received from the adjutant the official intimation that I had full permission to do as I desired. This was indeed joyful news, and I resolved that no time should be lost. So the next day I placed the following placard in the barrack-yard:—

" 'NOTICE.—All the soldiers off duty are requested to meet in the school-room this evening at six o'clock, where they will hear of something that has special reference to themselves.'

"At the appointed time the place was full. I thought the best way to let the men know what I intended to do, would be to point out their conduct in plain language; I told them of the sin of drunkenness; their neglect of the Sabbath; the common practice of swearing; and their utter disregard of their souls' salvation. Not one attempted to deny what I had said. I then stated my plans, and, after some conversation, it was agreed to adjourn the meeting until the next night, when those on duty would be able to attend. Reflecting on my plans during the twenty-four hours that elapsed, I thought that my views were too confined, and that it would be better

to form an institute. Our next meeting was well attended, and every one put down his name as a member. A subscription was then got up forthwith, which enabled us to put up desks, and supply ourselves with other necessities. A president, secretary, and committee were also appointed; and it was agreed to have school on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday; lectures on Monday and Thursday; sacred music on Saturday; and a Bible-class on Sunday. Thus every evening was to be occupied with its own special employment. The officers became members, and the commanding officer was pleased to be our patron. The first few nights witnessed an excellent attendance; but, as is too generally the case, with the novelty declined the interest. However, I have reason to believe that much good has been done.

“Three weeks after the institute was opened, I proposed to form a ‘Military Total Abstinence Society.’ Many agreed with my plan, and it was at once carried out. At the time I write I have about sixty-five members, most of whom have kept the pledge for two months, and are determined to continue their adherence. I also formed a day-school for the soldiers’ children, which was attended by about thirty. These I instructed on Sunday morning and afternoon. I have had much pleasure, too, in witnessing unmistakable signs of progress in the men’s night-school. Some who, when they first attended, could neither read nor write, are now in a fair way to succeed in accomplishing both. All my spare time is, of course, fully occupied, as the night-school and lectures entirely devolve on

me. At the same time I feel myself, through the mercy of God, to be engaged in a good work, in obedience to the constraining dictates of my Master's love.

"Having thus hastily reviewed the occurrences of the last two or three years, I shall, if God spare me, be more particular in noting down passing events as they occur; for I believe it to be the duty of every man to record, for his own edification, the chequered scenes of trouble and relief, of sorrow and joy, through which the Lord has brought him."

It will easily be seen, as the diary progresses, that Marjoram took no ordinary interest in these undertakings so happily inaugurated. The expediency of institutes is universally admitted, but the friends of total abstinence have had a harder battle to fight. For this they are in some measure indebted to themselves. Their cause has ever had bitter enemies even amongst those who might have been expected to support it. This hostility may be attributed partly to misrepresentation, partly to prejudice—or even to both combined. Unquestionably many advocates of the movement have hindered its progress, and prevented it from obtaining that ascendancy in our garrisons, which every true friend of the soldier must long to witness. It would be temerity, indeed, to question its expediency, or deny the existence of those blessings which follow in its train. It may be compared to a cornucopia—filled to the brim with invaluable blessings. Health, wealth, happiness, and uprightness, sparkle in the

silver beads of the cup of pure cold water. And were some of those who fight for total abstinence more sparing of violent dogmatism, and less disposed to invest it with exaggerated importance, most certainly their triumphs would be largely increased. Those who knew the character of Marjouram's advocacy of this good cause, know how temperately and how judiciously he commended it to his comrades, putting it in its proper place, and proposing it simply as a means to an end.

The same sound judgment was discernible in all his philanthropical efforts. In the superintendence of the school or institute, or in carrying out any sudden scheme, he was still the same—ready without rashness, and energetic without vehemence. Those grand words of Solomon, "Commit thy works unto the Lord and thy thoughts shall be established," contain the secret of true moral dignity and administrative ability. It is hardly too much to say that Marjouram exemplified their meaning.

CHAPTER VII.

Tempest.

Whirlwind—Visit from Major-General D—— —Earthquake—Reconsecration—Tea-Meetings—Letter from Serjeant W—— —Christmas Day—Youthful Piety.—Total Abstinence Society.

“The mountains saw Thee, and they trembled :
The overflowing of the water passed by :
The deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high.
The sun and moon stood still in their habitation :
At the light of thine arrows they went, and at the shining of
thy glittering spear.”

CHAPTER VII

TEMPEST.

"A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN DAY was the 15th September of this year. The weather had been unsettled for some time. Towards daylight there was heavy thunder and fierce lightning, and at five o'clock A.M. the shock of an earthquake was felt. Two hours afterwards a fearful whirlwind swept across the province, tearing down houses and fences on its way. Many of the whares of the married soldiers were partially destroyed. It passed about ten yards in front of my house, and over an area of about the same extent; but, thank God, it did no injury to anything of mine. Its passage over us lasted for about three minutes, during which time the uproar was terrific. Those who saw it rise in the sea, supposed that it contained thousands of tons of water; but not a drop fell from it while it passed over the province. It no doubt came in contact with some of the mountains inland, where its fury would meet with strong resistance. At noon, this day, the steamer *White Swan* arrived from the South; a very heavy sea was running, and much difficulty was experienced in landing the passengers. As she could not remain long at this place, it was necessary for those who

were going by her to Auckland to embark at once. This they attempted to do at four P.M. I was standing with several men on the beach when the boat left ; the surge rolled in at this moment, in terrible defiance of the advance of the little craft, with still greater and more savage speed, to the no small alarm of all. The boat was about three hundred yards from the beach, when two or three heavy rollers struck her in rapid succession, and, to the horror of the spectators, she filled and went down. Men, women, and children were thus abandoned to the mercy of the waves. We had no boats at hand to render assistance, and the poor creatures could not be seen. Many on shore actually rushed into the raging surf, and at the hazard of their own lives nobly rescued the drowning sufferers. One young woman was caught with her head under water, and quite insensible. I saw a poor fellow washed towards me by the breakers ; I instantly caught him and brought him safe to shore. I ventured in a second time, but saw no more ; and my impression was, that all were lost except the one I had saved ; for such was the fury of the storm, that it was impossible to know what was going on two or three yards off. After being for some time in the water, with others, searching for any drowning man, woman, or child, we gave up what we deemed a hopeless enterprise. On going ashore, however, we heard the glorious news that all had been saved ; though many days elapsed before they were perfectly restored. Surely these subjects of God's sparing mercy ought ever to give their whole heart and soul to Him, Who

alone preserved them from sudden death. I went home deeply impressed with this occurrence, and taught, I trust, a useful lesson, which I pray God I may never forget.

"*October 16th, 1858.*—A comet was visible from seven to eight A.M.; its tail was of great length, and its nucleus shone very brightly. It appeared to travel in the direction of S.-W.

"I find my health is not so good as it was before my departure from England. Palpitation of the heart is a very prevalent disease in this country, and I suffer much from it. But I know my times are in God's hands, and I hope to continue in calm reliance on Christ, my life and my salvation. Afflictions ought not to be grievous to us, for they are lovingly designed to draw us closer to Him.

"*November 8th.*—Nothing of any importance has occurred since last date. I still continue my day and evening schools, and have every reason to be thankful that God blesses my humble efforts. This day I received word that I was likely to leave Taranaki very soon for England.

"*November 12th.*—Major-General D——, Royal Engineers, at present on the retired list, came to see me. This gentleman has lately arrived from England on a visit to one of his sons. He looked in at my school while the children were there; and, after inspecting my wharra and garden, requested me to call on him before I embarked.

"Yesterday I invited a party of young children to spend the afternoon with my little girl. I tried to get

them seated on the grass, while I questioned them upon Scripture history, but could not succeed in my effort. I cannot understand why parents neglect their children to such an extent. Not only were they very unruly, but they could not answer the simplest questions I put to them. Unhappily fathers and mothers (especially in this colony) allow their offspring to grow up unchecked, and through the mistaken indulgence of sparing the rod, invariably spoil the child.

"November 19th.—To-day the atmosphere has been very oppressive, and, what is most unusual, a dense fog or vapour has set in this evening. About six o'clock P.M. a poor soldier, named Murphy, suddenly fell down dead. He was at the time in the theatre, and about to take some part in a rehearsal for a coming play. The doctor stated that he died of disease of the heart.

"November 20th.—It is sad to see the little effect this event has had upon those with whom the deceased has so long dwelt. Oaths and curses are as freely indulged in this morning as if nothing had occurred. For my own part, I feel very depressed. O blessed Jesus, shew Thyself, and dispel these clouds, and let my soul delight itself in Thy love; for when Thou hidest Thy face our wretchedness is great.

"The poor fellow who expired so suddenly last evening will be buried this day at five P.M. in the Roman Catholic burying-ground.

"November 22nd.—This morning, at eleven o'clock, occurred another of those dreadful earthquakes. It was

not preceded by that rumbling sound that is usually heard, but everything began to shake at once. It lasted for about six seconds, and then for two or three more it all but died away, but returned again with redoubled violence, and continued for about five seconds longer. This poor sinful heart of mine trembled at the awful phenomenon ; when God utters His voice in the earthquake, man's heart quakes at His power.

"November 26th.—During the past few days, my mind has been greatly clouded. I feel I have so many evils dwelling in my heart, that if any proof were needed of the indwelling of sin, with its attendant consequences, my present state is sufficient to decide that question. I am certain that I indulge in many needless pleasures, and this fact alone robs me of much inward peace. Christ does not appear so precious as I could wish. The influences of the Holy Spirit are not enjoyed as they used to be, and I feel it to be high time for me to consecrate myself afresh to God. My worldly acquaintances tell me I am a good man, and this adds to my misery, for I conceive myself at once to be acting the hypocrite, the very name of which stinks in my nostrils. God forbid that I should ever play the deceiver! Although I may spend my days in sorrow, and mourn because of the depravity of my heart, yet I hope I shall always be able to utter the language of Job—'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'

"I have suffered very much of late from my disease, which reduces not only my physical but also my mental

powers, and possibly tends to cause my present gloom. O Lord, hide not Thy face from my trouble, but wash my sins away in Thy precious blood! May Thy Holy Spirit dwell in me, and make the barren waste to rejoice and blossom as the rose! Oh, let not Satan triumph, but do Thou claim me as Thine own, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood!

"November 30th.—Thanks be unto God for His great mercies! I have been much better in body and more cheerful in spirit during the last few days than I have been for a long time. Oh, that I could always feel how much I owe to God for His daily mercies! Oh, that a sense of the favours He is ever bestowing might lead me oftener to Him from Whom all blessings flow!

"December 2nd.—This has been a great occasion among those of the soldiers' children who attend my day-school. I promised them, a few days ago, that I would give them a treat before I left, so I appointed this day for them to meet and have tea together. There were nearly forty present. We assembled at three o'clock on a delightful grassy slope, and were soon visited by Major M——, (commanding officer,) his lady, and two daughters, besides most of the officers of the garrison, the whole of whom remained until the close. The children thoroughly enjoyed their tea and cake, and their singing delighted our visitors. Indeed, I have not heard better for many years. After tea, I distributed rewards to every child, some of which had been given me for that purpose. The children sang some hymns together, and at the close of the proceed-

ings we read a portion of Scripture, upon which I questioned them. At the conclusion of the proceedings, Major M—— expressed his entire satisfaction at all that he had seen and heard.

“December 3rd.—This day I invited a few of the reformed ones of the 65th Regiment to take tea with us; and glad I was to see their respectable appearance. I sincerely hope that these men will not relapse into drunkenness any more. At any rate, they ought to be encouraged in their efforts to redeem a lost character.

“December 4th.—I have just received a letter from one of my dear Christian friends, a serjeant belonging to the 65th Regiment, at present stationed at Wellington. He is an ornament to his profession as a soldier, and a bright and shining light in the Christian Church. He is one who loves with a true Christian spirit all those who love the Lord and wait for His appearing. I had the pleasure of enjoying his company and conversation for more than two years at this place, and parted from him with the greatest regret. I will just give a few extracts from his letter, as they will shew the character of the man far better than I can describe it:—

“ ‘ WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND,
29th November 1858.

“ ‘ I know not what to say. I could tell you of all my sinfulness and indifference to the cause of my great Redeemer; but this is worse than not writing at all. I cannot say that I have the witness of the favour of God in myself. I feel that my heart is hard,

and at times I have great disinclination to attend the means of grace. I often fear I am but a barren fig-tree; that all my profession is only a delusion. I am tempted to think that this or that sin is only a little one; and that if I were to do this or that, I could repent again; and that as long as I am saved, it matters little what I do. My soul recoils at such suggestions. I know where they come from,—even from the bottomless pit. Thank God, we are not altogether ignorant of the devices of our great adversary. I am prevented from attending the house of God on Sunday mornings, but thanks be to Him Who hath said—“When ye pray, enter into your closet and shut the door, and pray unto Him Who seeth in secret.” I have been enabled to enter the Holy of Holies by the blood of Jesus, and I feel very much refreshed. I have not forgotten you and the rest of my Christian comrades. I pray God to bless both them and you. I can say this morning, in the words of the hymn—

“I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall.”

Well, my dear friend and brother, if it must be so that I am to see you no more,—good-bye, good-bye, good-bye. I can add no more. It is out of a full heart I speak. I know that the Lord Jehovah’s presence will go with you. He has not brought you so far through, to leave you at last. I am sorry to tell you that religion is at a very low ebb just now; the fault is not in the ministers, I can safely assert. May the Lord pour out His Holy Spirit

upon the people here, and cause His blessed name to be glorified !—Farewell. W. W——.'

"I hope the Lord will indeed grant the request of my dear brother W——, that we may meet in glory, if we meet no more on earth.

"*December 12th.*—The steamer *White Swan* again arrived from Auckland, conveying the tidings that the *Spirit of Trade* has brought over a detachment of Artillery for New Zealand. I have not, however, received word when I am to go to Auckland.

"*December 20th.*—This morning the inhabitants were aroused from their slumbers by a rapid firing of musketry, and many were puzzled to know the cause of it. Soon the news spread that one of the native chiefs was dead, whose name was 'Hona Ropea,' and with whom I was well acquainted. I perfectly remember, on my first arrival here, I walked with this chief from a house in the bush to the town. Not a word passed, except when he intimated his wish to take me by a short cut across a running stream; as soon as I discovered his intentions, I replied, 'Capai,' meaning 'Very good.' This was the only word of Maori I knew. I should think the distance we walked together was about two miles. It appears he was preaching yesterday to the natives, having been many years a local preacher, and he also held the office of native assessor or magistrate. This morning he was found dead in his bed.

"*December 24th.*—This evening I had a pleasing proof

of the estimation in which my humble services in connexion with the institute had been held. I was asked to attend a meeting of my comrades. One, deputed for the purpose, addressed me in their name. A handsome present was then made to me. It only remained for me to add my fervent thanks.

"December 25th.—We joyfully recognised this day as being of peculiar interest to the Christian; but it is a sad fact that it witnesses iniquity more than any other day in the year. We trust our dear friends will enjoy themselves as Christians ought. We are not without either plum-pudding or roast beef; but after all this is no English Christmas Day. We hear no bells chiming, neither have we any frost or snow, but as hot a sun shining upon us as on any July day at home. I was very doubtful of the stability of my total abstiners, as a large quantity of rum had been collected in barracks, and many of the men were drunk before noon. After dinner, all the teetotallers were invited down to the institute, where we had tea together, and leave was obtained for them until eleven o'clock. I went round the rooms late at night, and was glad to see that so many had refrained from drink. I believe about forty out of sixty were true to their pledge, although the greatest inducements were offered them to violate it.

"December 30th.—All are subject to trouble; thank God, mine is not of a very serious character, being one of disappointment only. I feel that impatience is one of my greatest failings, and nothing but close intercourse

with God can heal the breach it makes. The cause of my present annoyance is the non-arrival of the detachment from Auckland. I fully expected to have left here this week, but (for some reasons, best known to the authorities in Auckland) I am likely to remain for some time longer. I hope I shall not weary God with my sinful thoughts on this subject. 'Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done!'

"*January 1st 1859.*—This evening I had the greatest enjoyment I have experienced for many years. About thirty members of the institute got up a tea-meeting. Everything bespoke the greatest good taste and harmony, and the kindest feelings were exchanged. I have reason to believe the Lord is blessing these men, and I sincerely hope He will enable them to see more and more the folly and sin of drunkenness, and incline their hearts to love and serve Him.

"*January 7th.*—I have often read pleasing accounts of young children shewing early signs of their sense of guilt. Many have, in earliest youth, given ample proof of a renewed heart; while, by their simple expressions, they have put to shame many old professing Christians. This morning, after prayer, I observed that my little girl* (who is between eight and nine years of age) was troubled about something. I asked her what was the matter, when she instantly burst into tears. I again repeated the ques-

* This little girl they adopted as their child in 1853. Her father, Mrs Marjouram's brother, was accidentally killed while repairing a church.

tion, at the same time pressing her head against my breast, for I suspected what was distressing her. To my repeated inquiries she at length replied, 'I am afraid I am not good enough to God;' and then she broke out into a fresh flood of tears. I was so overjoyed at this confession, I could scarcely contain myself. I told her God would make her good, if she asked Him; and added, to my wife, that I would sooner hear this from that child's lips than receive five hundred pounds in gold. Nor did my words belie my feelings. I could not but reflect on the fearful condition of those who had lived so many years in guilt and unbelief, and yet never shed one tear for their offences against God, while this dear and innocent child shed bitter tears because she was 'not good enough to God.' Did I say bitter tears? No, my child, they are not bitter tears, but tears of joy. Oh, that the Holy Spirit may always keep that fear within your heart, that you may never become hardened or careless! One thing I feel most deeply, that God is among us with power; His presence is here. Oh, that we may all be kept humble, and may praise Him for His unspeakable gift!

"*January 11th.* — This has been a day of cheerful pleasure with the temperance societies in this place. A pic-nic on a large scale was advertised to take place at the 'Wiawakaiho,' and a prettier place could not have been selected. The arrangement was that the New Plymouth and Military Societies should meet at the market-place, whence we were to go in procession to the spot

selected. At the appointed hour, however, none but the soldiers were assembled; the rest having gone off in separate parties. So we marched off, headed by the military band, and, after an hour's walk under a burning sun and clouds of dust, reached the banks of the beautiful river. The Band of Hope children were there in high glee, and by one o'clock most of the company had arrived. Although the heat of the sun was almost unbearable, yet all were in the highest possible spirits; nor could any one say that total abstinents were without enjoyment. We reached town about sunset, and repaired to our homes, quiet and happy, and I hope more than ever resolved to maintain the total abstinence cause.

"January 26th.—It has given me much pleasure of late to witness the altered conduct of a young man named Copelin. Thank God, a few are beginning to hate sin, and to experience some anxiety about their souls. This young man is a cheering proof of the Spirit's work. May his example induce others to forsake the bondage of Satan, and fly to a redeeming Saviour!*

* The annexed letter was written by Marjouram to this young man's mother in England. It may interest the reader:—

"TARANAKI, 26th January 1859.

"MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—I am sure it will be gratifying to you to hear of the welfare of your son William, who is now quartered in the same barracks with myself. I feel some degree of reluctance in writing to a perfect stranger, but at William's request I cannot refuse to comply. One thing gives me great pleasure—I believe I am writing to one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and although we are unknown to each other in the flesh, we are known by Him Who hath redeemed us with His own precious blood. I am delighted to be able to inform you that

"February 1st.—This morning I was informed by Major M—— that the officer commanding in New Zealand highly approved of my work at the institute, in the temperance cause. I feel I want something to cheer me, for of late I have felt a great depression of spirits. Although I am slowly moving on towards the heavenly kingdom, yet how weak and feeble I am! Instead of carrying all my troubles to Christ, I allow despondency and gloom to settle on my mind. I can well imagine what the feelings of Moses were when he beheld Israel repeatedly rebelling. But I have not the faith of this good and great man, or else I should more earnestly plead for help from God. At present I feel like some forsaken traveller in the midst of the desert."

your son is walking consistently, in the principles of the doctrine of Christ. He has been led to repent him truly of his former sins, and I trust faith has been given him to believe to the saving of his soul. The things he once hated, he now loves; and those he once loved, he now hates. From my own observation of his conduct and character, I have reason to bless God for His unspeakable mercy towards him. But, my dear Christian friend, your son is weak, and surrounded by wicked men. He needs your prayers on his behalf, which I am sure will be freely offered. The little assistance I have been enabled to render him must now cease, for I am about to return to the land of my birth. Poor fellow! he has but few to share with him either his sorrows or his joys. But we know that, while his trust is in God, he has a friend in Christ, who sticketh closer than a brother. William spends his nights with me in school, and I am glad to see he is making great progress. On Sunday nights he attends our Bible-class. I hope to be able soon to give you more information, as it is my intention, on arriving in England, to pay you a visit. In the meantime, I wish you every blessing Heaven can bestow, and remain, your Christian friend,

"W. M."

CHAPTER VIII.

Sunshine and Harvest.

Climate and Harvest—Thoughts of finally settling in New Zealand—
Arrival of the Governor—Public Amusements—St Patrick's Day
—Services of the Sabbath—Bible-Classes—Effects of the Races—
Christian Communion.

“There was light upon the flowers,
And light among the trees;
And joy was in the falling show'rs,
And on the passing breeze.
And peace was breath'd through all the scene,
Down through the quiet glade,
Through the glad sunshine on the green,
And in the azure shada.”

CHAPTER VIII.

SUNSHINE AND HARVEST.

"GLORIOUS summer days! Types of times more beautiful. The past two months have been one continuous sunshine. Even that dear old gentleman, "the oldest inhabitant," is ready to agree that this has been the finest season known for many years. We have not for some time experienced those sudden changes I have already described; and were this state of things to be looked for as a matter of regular recurrence, instead of as a strange marvel, I should have no hesitation in saying that New Zealand would be one of the pleasantest countries in the world. The harvest has just commenced, and the fields and bushes are ringing with the song of birds, and clothed with nature's loveliest flowers; in fact, one is almost led to wonder how it is that any should be sorrowful in the midst of scenes so pleasant and so gay. But sin—that monster sin—is the evil which causes the heart of man to be sad. Even the beasts of the field and birds of the air testify their joy to their Maker. But man alone remains insensible to the glorious evidences of creating power and love, and, turning from them, plunges into the vortex of drunkenness and guilt. Oh, for

a Moses or a Daniel to intercede for this people with the Lord!

“January 8th.—To-day I went to see a dear Christian friend who has just begun his harvest. I endeavoured to assist him a little, and the day was pleasantly spent, but I fear I shall make a poor harvest-man. While engaged in work, I frequently thought of the great harvest, when the sons and daughters of Adam shall stand before God. I asked myself the question, ‘Shall I see Him with joy, or with grief?’ As I looked at the sheaf of corn fully ripe, and remembered how it had been brought to that perfection by His mighty power, my thoughts turned to the condition of the Christian, who, receiving nourishment from a good soil, and warmed by the sunbeams of peace in his soul, ripens in inward sanctification, and is made meet for glory. Such thoughts as these tend to bring the Christian nearer to Christ—Christ’s love and goodness become more clearly visible, and faith is strengthened, while we admire and meditate upon the wonderful condescension of our long-suffering Lord.

“February 19th.—The last mail from Auckland having brought word that an opportunity was offered me to get my discharge in this colony, I have ever since been reflecting upon the course I ought to pursue. I have laid my difficulty before the Lord, in perfect confidence that He will guide me aright. He knows what is best for me, and I may safely rely on His providential care. As it was my intention to settle in this colony from the first, I have no present wish to the contrary, although I see no

particular prospect before me. This day I have written an application for my discharge, believing that He whose name is Jehovah-jireh will in some way or other provide for me. One resolve I have made,—to engage in nothing that will in any way employ me on Sundays, or connect me with dishonest practices.

“The enemy is busily at work among my comrades, and many have been induced to break the pledge. I could assign several causes for this outbreak of evil, but I believe it is principally to be accounted for by the undoubted truth that men are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. Yet many, I rejoice to say, are true to their pledge, and I entreat the Lord to enable them ever to trust in Him.

“*February 24th.*—We have lately been blessed with lovely weather. The labours of the husbandman have been crowned with an abundant harvest. ‘Our garners are full, and plenteous with all manner of store.’ ‘Bless the Lord, O our souls: and all that is within us, bless his holy name!’

“*March 6th, (Sunday.)*—The inhabitants of the town were thrown into a state of excitement to-day by the arrival of Her Majesty’s ship *Iris*, having on board His Excellency the Governor. All the troops had to turn out, and a salute of seventeen guns was fired on the disembarkation. It is easy to imagine how this interfered with the quiet keeping of God’s holy day. My mind was quite unsettled, and everything I did was done in haste. It has often been asserted that soldiers cannot be good Chris-

tians, inasmuch as they are necessarily compelled at times to break the Sabbath, and in many other ways to transgress the laws of God. I am quite of a contrary opinion; and while I freely admit, that the Christian soldier has to perform many duties which he would not undertake in civil life, and which are often a source of perplexity to him in the army; still I would refer the objector to the histories of General Havelock, Captain Vicars, and Captain Hammond, as well as to those noble soldiers whom Mr Wesley mentions in his journal, together with many others, whose Christian characters have been an honour to the Church. And may I not quote the language of our Lord to the centurion,—‘I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.’ This man had to perform all the duties connected with his military life, yet he was not accused of Sabbath-breaking, nor excluded from being a member of the Church militant. When the soldiers came to John, and said, ‘What shall we do?’ he did not require them to give up their profession, and so escape the duties they were compelled to perform, but simply ‘to do violence to no man, and to be content with their wages.’ An expression enjoining cheerful performance of the duties of their sphere, as well as complete satisfaction with its rewards.

“*March 8th.*—This day I was visited by a poor unhappy soldier who formerly belonged to the Temperance Society, but, unfortunately for himself, was induced to violate his pledge. He is a very clever man, having an extensive knowledge of engineering, and being at present employed in the Engineers’ office. He is greatly wrapped

up in the theatrical performances of this place, and to this fact his fall may be traced. He implored me to do something for him, stating that yesterday his mind was so deranged, that while painting some scenery in the theatre, he had taken a pistol to shoot himself. As I had frequently advised him to give up drink, I had but little hopes of doing him any good, but I thought if I could persuade him to abandon all connexion with the theatre, there would be some chance for him. On my proposing this, he said, he would if he could, but that if he did, he might expect to lead the life of a dog. I at last prevailed upon him to write a letter to the manager of the theatre, stating that in future he would have nothing more to do with it. He then signed the pledge, and seemed by doing so to be relieved of a heavy burden.

" March 9th.—How pleasant it is to be able to perform acts of kindness to our fellow-men! I feel quite happy to-day on account of the successful issue of an application made to His Excellency the Governor on behalf of a bombardier belonging to my detachment. As he was shortly to be discharged, he requested me to endeavour to procure him a situation vacant in the colonial hospital. I recommended him to the colonial surgeon, and have since received a favourable reply, informing me that his services were accepted. I hope he will continue worthy of the confidence he has received. Strictly and sternly moral as he is, he needs what Nicodemus needed, 'to be born again.' May the Lord open his heart, and write forgiveness there!

"Although I have received no reply to the application I made for my discharge, yet I feel I must begin to look out for something for myself. However, I cannot allow myself to become uneasy, but would rather hope and quietly wait, learning by happy experience to rest in the Lord.* I am willing to be anything, so long as I am His. Without His smile, I am sick and faint; but peace takes possession of my heart when Christ is there.

"*March 15th.*—I have of late been sadly distressed to witness the partiality our military temperance men are acquiring for balls and dancing parties. This evening a grand ball, got up by the soldiers, is to take place at a hotel, and I fear many will violate their pledge. Another evil is, that the school is greatly neglected by many who were formerly constant in their attendance. As several of these do not feel their need of Christ, my remonstrances are of little avail; but, blessed be God! a few are thirsting for salvation, and gladly listen to good advice. I have this day brought these anxieties before God, and have earnestly prayed for the careless, that they may see their folly; and for us who love the Lord, that we may

* Marjouram's sentiments in this place, (so thoroughly those of every disciple in the school of Christ,) may perhaps remind the reader of those thoughtful and profound lines of Johnson, at the close of his "*Vanity of Human Wishes*:"—

"Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice;
Safe in His power, whose eye discerns from far
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure whate'er He gives—He gives the best."

grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"*March 16th.*—This morning I felt very anxious to know how the total abstiners had behaved themselves at the ball. I was very glad to find, on inquiry, that only nine had broken the pledge, and that these had conducted themselves well; not one man having got into trouble,—a fact worthy of notice with regard to soldiers. From what I can hear, matters did not go off very satisfactorily. The landlord did not fulfil his contract,—part of which was to supply the party with sufficient ginger-beer and lemonade, until the party broke up,—announcing shortly after twelve o'clock, that the supply had failed, and introducing wine as a substitute. Hence it may readily be understood how so many broke the pledge. One of the leading men connected with the ball told me this morning he would never have anything to do with another while he was in Taranaki. In fact, this species of amusement reveals the utter emptiness of mere worldly enjoyments. After three score years of pleasure-seeking, an aching void will remain. The cry will be bitterer and more hopeless than ever,—'Who will shew us any good?' And, even while it is being uttered, the tremendous realities of the grave and of eternity will reveal themselves, and disclose the unbearable prospect of certain judgment. Oh, that men were wise, that they understood this!

"*March 17th.*—This being St Patrick's day, and more than two-thirds of the teetotallers being Roman Catholics,

and coming from Ireland, it seemed desirable to get up some amusement for the purpose of diverting their attention from the usual drinking customs attendant on such festivals. So we organised a pic-nic, and, after a pretty good muster, marched through the town, headed by the band. Our appointed place of meeting was Captain K——'s field, which he had kindly placed at our disposal. Just before we arrived, we passed the house of a poor blind Irishman who had formerly served in the Royal Artillery; the band was playing 'St Patrick's Day in the Morning.' The old man, on hearing his dear old tune, made his wife lead him to the garden gate, and, with indescribable emotion, took off his cap and cheered for 'St Patrick and ould Ireland,' until his voice failed him altogether. It was a touching spectacle,—those silver hairs uncovered to the summer breeze—those sightless eyes distilling hot tears of deepest feeling—that worn and withered countenance, radiant now with a patriotic fervour all but sublime. No doubt the remembrance of his native land was fully aroused; but, alas! the poor old man thought more of his saint than of his Saviour. Still his example administered a severe rebuke to cold-hearted Protestant Christians. Beyond all question, he believed that his cheers honoured the saint whom he revered, while the very name of that saint caused his heart to thrill with agitation. Would that every Protestant experienced equal joy at the sound of the name of Jesus!

"We spent a happy day, returning to barracks at nine

o'clock in the evening, singing 'God save our gracious Queen.'

"*March 19th.*—This morning I paid a visit to my minister, the Rev. Mr Fletcher, who seems very anxious to get me into the Sydney City Mission Society, provided I can obtain my discharge. After a lengthy conversation, he engaged to make application in order to carry his desire into effect.

"*March 20th.*—I find it is very difficult to live at peace with all men. This day I was compelled to complain of the unjust conduct of a serjeant of the Royal Engineers. I explained the matter to Major M——, who listened with great attention to what both of us had to say, and his decision was quite to my satisfaction; but my opponent thought otherwise. As we left the office, I endeavoured to be reconciled to him; but he plainly told me that he did not want to have anything to do with me. I saw he was firm in his resolve, so I laid the matter before the Lord. I freely forgive him, and pray that his eyes may be opened that he may see his error, for I am sorry to say that he is a professed infidel. He denies the very being of God, and the immortality of the soul. I have often talked to him on the subject, but found that he was very ignorant, and utterly unable to furnish a reason either for his belief or disbelief.

"*March 24th.*—Last night I delivered a lecture on 'Temperance' to the members of the Institute. The attendance was good. Much sympathy was shewn to-

wards the cause I pleaded. After I retired to bed, I had a severe attack of my old disease. This led me to consider that any moment might find me in eternity, and I earnestly prayed the Lord to prepare me for all His righteous will. I sometimes think I should like to live a few years after I leave the service, in order that I might have a small portion of time which I could devote entirely to the benefit of my fellow-men. I have besought the Lord to grant me this indulgence, if it is consistent with His holy will. I fear I do wrong by presuming to ask so largely at His hands, for when I examine myself rigidly, I must confess that I have a lurking love of life. Oh, that I had more holiness of soul, and could more readily exclaim with the apostle, 'I had rather depart and be with Christ, which is far better!' But I feel that my faith is very weak. Sometimes a joy passes through my soul when I think of my Saviour, and the world, with all its pleasures, seems vanity and loss. But this happiness soon departs; disease of body and mind deadens my spirit, and I am led to think that the Lord has forsaken me altogether. Yet His glorious promises remain as true as ever. O Lord, help my soul out of this darkness; and although my body may sicken and decay, yet let my soul trust wholly in Thee! Thou knowest that I hate mere worldly pleasures, that I love Thee, and those that follow Thee. Oh, may Thy name be ever precious to my soul, and do Thou remember me for good!

"*March 27th.*—Holy Sabbath! How sweet is this day to the Christian soul! I would gladly meet with God's

people in His sanctuary, but I am often prevented by the imperative calls of duty. As regards the influence of Divine worship upon my spirit, on some occasions I feel refreshed by the exercise, while at other times weariness, deadness, and wandering thoughts very sadly disturb me. When my mind is earnestly engaged, I find no service more calculated to produce a deep devotion than that of the Church of England. But there have been occasions when the sermon has fallen so far below the prayers, that a soul thirsting for salvation meets with slight satisfaction as it hears but little of Christ, and of how the sinner's guilt is put away in Him. Oh, that every minister who stands before his thousands fully estimated the weight of the charge laid upon him! Could he but feel the misery of one soul lost through his unfaithfulness, or conceive of the height of glory to which a fallen sinner might be raised through his instrumentality, surely his language to his people would be, 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' Yet, blessed be God, there are many who preach from their inmost hearts the truth as it is in Jesus. This morning, the Rev. Mr B—— (lately arrived from England) preached to the troops in St Mary's Church; and a better gospel sermon I have never heard. He spoke from the text, 'And swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that time shall be no more.' Hard indeed must those have been who could sit and listen to these words without emotion. May God grant that as many as listened to this sermon may be warned effectually

ally to flee from the wrath to come! This evening, as usual, I met my Bible-class, and was glad to see an increased attendance. I hope the Lord will write upon their hearts the solemn truths they heard. My state of health is not improving, but, thanks be unto God, I suffer no pain; and I hope I shall be able to exclaim with David, 'It is good for me to be afflicted.' I am brought nearer to God, and my mind is more bent upon holy things.

"*March 31st.*—What an excitement is created in this town to-day! Nearly every settler in the colony, whether old or young, rich or poor, is to be seen out in his gayest attire. Homes are neglected, and in many instances the last pound is expended. The shout of the crowd is, 'The races! The races!' There was a time when I would gladly have joined that throng. But now I am thankful for the grace which has renewed my heart, and changed and sanctified my tastes. Even, as I write, I hear frantic shouts from the excited mass. Blessed Saviour, do Thou satisfy my thirsting soul out of the riches of Thy bounteous grace, and may eternal things be deeply impressed upon my heart! I think my health is a little improving the last few days; but I must not be deceived. The summons may arrive at any moment, and I be required at once to depart. O Lord, stamp Thine image on my heart, for I fear death whilst Thou art absent! Blessed and Holy Spirit, take full possession of my soul, and lead me in the way everlasting!

"*April 4th.*—I find that my mind is easily disturbed,

and that grief or disappointment increases my bodily disease. Many of the men have, within the last few days, foolishly plunged themselves into much trouble. The races have done their invariable work,—degraded the souls of men, and made them miserable after the excitement is over. I have visited our guard-room for two or three mornings lately, and found it well tenanted with prisoners. Some were sorry for their misconduct; others, with a boldness putting virtue and modesty to the blush, declared they would carry it on as long as they could. What was the use of life if they could not enjoy it? In my crusade against drunkenness, I am often deprived of the weapons I most need,—namely, Scripture extracts. Even in my lectures I dare not make any pointed allusion to the sacred pages, for many of my hearers are so bigoted and ignorant, that the slightest offence would cause a row, and eventually a fight, between the two parties. I am often compelled to listen to conversations which go far to drive me out of my expedient reserve, and urge me to declare the truth as it is in Jesus. But were I to act on this strong impulse, my motives and meaning would be at once misinterpreted, and my supporters in the good cause of temperance would most undoubtedly desert me. I can only endeavour, by my poor example, to set forth the Christian's course of life, to check swearing and drunkenness as far as possible, and privately to urge those who are of the Protestant faith, to seek practically to apply to their own souls, that free gospel of the glorious grace of God, which they profess

to believe. I am fully convinced that I do not do all I could. I see so much evil in my own heart, that I often hesitate to remonstrate with others; for while I talk to them, in many things I condemn myself. I do hope the Lord will enlighten my dark understanding, and enable me to feel more of that humility of spirit which will cause me to abhor myself. Yet there are times when I even dare to imagine that I possess all things which are necessary for a Christian's guidance. Miserable delusion! O my God,

‘Let me be little and unknown;
Loved and prized by Thee alone.’

“*April 14th.*—During the past few days I have enjoyed better health than for some weeks past. I bless God for this privilege, and endeavour to serve Him with greater diligence. Still my mind is very much depressed. My system is languid, and, consequently, my spirits often sink. I think, if I had a few hours' conversation with faithful followers of the Lord Jesus, I should be much benefited. I very much miss my old class meetings, where I have often felt the force of that passage, ‘As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the countenance of a man his friend.’

“I must own I am easily encouraged, and as easily disheartened; but my resolve is made. The Truth of God is my guide. This blessed book authorises me to proceed, and Christ has promised to be with me. So, in reliance on His word, I will go forward; and even if it be His pleasure to hide His face for a time, still I am

persuaded that He can save me, and bless my labours. Although my path is gloomy and uneven, my footing is firm ; and while I feel myself the chief of sinners, yet I believe, behind the cloud that envelops the way I take, stands a risen Saviour arrayed in glory. He keeps me, waking or sleeping, and intercedes for me at the mercy-seat. Blessed Lord, I love Thee, and will trust in Thee till I die. Do Thou keep me in Thy fear and love ! I am willing to lie low in the dust, only let my days here be spent in Thy service, and hereafter in Thy presence for ever.

"*April 18th.*—The delightful weather which we have been lately enjoying seems inclined to pass away, and winter is fast setting in. Last Saturday evening we were visited by as heavy a thunder-storm as I have seen in New Zealand. The lightning, which was awfully grand, was followed by the most tremendous peals of the artillery of heaven. Although the flashes are sometimes very fierce and vivid, they are perfectly harmless in their effects. Singularly enough, these storms occur in winter, instead of in summer. We do not experience that intense heat which is their general precursor in England. They take place, as a rule, when heavy squalls are passing over from the north-west, making the atmosphere very cold."

It is evident that Marjouram's ill health at this time exercised a very visible influence upon his spirits and temperament. Those moments of doubt and despondency which so much perplexed and distressed him, were, after

all, easily explained by the physical symptoms which appear incidentally in the narrative. Many, with him, have suffered under imaginary hidings of God's countenance—have been led to write the bitterest things against themselves, and almost to sacrifice their hope, under circumstances traceable entirely to some hidden bodily disease. These especially will be ready to sympathise with this noble-hearted man, struggling on in all the feebleness of shattered health and failing strength,—under all the discouragements of mocking opposition, and in the midst of the antipathies of those whose prejudices he was encountering, and whose influence he was uprooting. “He endured as seeing Him who is invisible;” and such as would learn the source of true spiritual heroism in all its grandeur, will find it where he found it—in supreme trust in Jesus. Principalities and powers—things present and things to come—the rulers of the air, of hell, and of darkness, may be strangled in the grasp of any who dare to believe **THAT THEY ARE CHRIST’S, AND THAT CHRIST IS GOD’S.**

CHAPTER IX.

Progress.

Sunday School—Good Friday—"Southey's Wesley"—Effects of Drunkenness—Sudden Deaths—Queen's Birthday—Remarkable Proof of the Power of Satan—Blessings of the Sanctuary—Maori Tangi—Old Folks at Home—Self-improvement.

**"Desirest thou a teacher's work? Ask wisdom from above;
It is a work of toil and care, of patience and of love."**

CHAPTER IX.

PROGRESS.

"ONE of my most interesting and encouraging occupations is the work in the Sunday school. How can we over-estimate the importance of training the young? Yesterday I had a very good attendance of children. May the Lord bless the instruction given! But the parents of the children set a very bad example—allowing them to attend dancing parties every night, thus causing them to be initiated into many vices and habits which will, I fear, end in their ruin. I have expostulated with the parents on this subject, but where fathers are willing to listen to my arguments, mothers determine otherwise, thinking dancing to be a great accomplishment—perilling, by this resolve, their children's character and happiness. Meanwhile my constant care is to inculcate religious truth into their hearts, trusting to the promise of God, that seed sown in His name shall spring up after many days. Possibly some of these children will remember this when I am no more. May the Lord open their young hearts, and enable them to despise the base things of this world!

"*April 22nd, (Good Friday.)*—I know of no day during the year more suitable than this for humiliation, fasting,

and prayer. Although we have no express command to keep it holy, yet I feel bound, as a believer in Christ, to manifest by its strictest observance my grateful and adoring sympathy with the Divine Sufferer. Surely my soul has not sorrowed in vain. I have pleaded for a fresh application of the Blood, and for a baptism of the Holy Spirit; and while all my own need has been supplied, it has appeared to me this day as though some one afar off was in deep anguish and distress. I have been thinking how unfaithful I have been; and yet I love my Saviour, and by the thankful remembrance of His death am led closer to His bleeding side. Yes, in this far-off corner of the earth the Holy Spirit attends His followers, and here we may drink of the living streams that flow from His throne.

“May 4th.—The past few days of my life seem like a blank. I have met with much disappointment from many sources, and not unfrequently at the throne of grace, because I have not drawn near to the mercy-seat with that humble and contrite heart, without which we cannot expect a blessing. ‘Oh that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away, and be at rest.’ I daily meet with such obstacles in my efforts to do good to my comrades, that I feel ready to give up; but I dare not. I have gone so far, and, by the help of God, I will continue.

“May 6th.—My health is not improved; still I am thankful to say I endure no pain, and sleep well at night. Yesterday I received a visit from my minister. He was most welcome, and our conversation did me much good.

I believe Christian conversation to be a great privilege. He gave me much encouragement to proceed in my work, and kneeling down, earnestly entreated the Lord to bless my efforts.

"*May 7th.*—This morning I heard of a poor man who was found dead in his bed at 'Omata'—another warning to prepare to meet our God.

"*May 10th.*—A few days back I took a work from the library entitled 'Southey's Wesley.' I had never seen it before, and was anxious to ascertain its character. On reading the editor's preface, I discovered his object, and, after rapidly looking over some of the pages, I determined carefully to read it through. I cannot refrain from stating my opinion of this work. The writer's object appears to me to have been mischievous. He endeavours to create a violent prejudice against one of the ablest and noblest of Christ's ministers, though he skilfully conceals his purpose under much assumed liberality. For my own part, I cannot help thinking that he would have effected more good to the world at large had he employed his talents in some other cause than in that of the enemies of John Wesley. True Christians, however, may thank him for his work, inasmuch as it necessarily sets forth the abject and slavish state of the carnal mind, the throbbings of the awakened heart, and the enjoyments of the new-born soul. None can read the life of Wesley or Whitfield, however misrepresented by unfavourable editors, without reverencing the men themselves as pre-eminent in the ranks of gospel preachers, and ascertaining something of their doctrine

and teaching. Southey seems to have been innocent of any suspicion of this when he wrote his book, for I fancy that he expected every one would judge as he did.

"May 18th.—The last few days the devil has been very busy in destroying the faith and love of some of God's dear children. Yesterday, G. T——, an humble believer in Christ for the last three years, fell, for a time, a prey to satanic malice and hatred. The poor fellow had, by the grace of God, long resisted the temptations of the barrack-room, and even his enemies spoke well of his humble and steadfast conduct. Being a total abstainer, he was yesterday strongly urged to partake of a glass of ale, and in the evil moment listened to the voice of the tempter. He sent his pledge to me, stating that he had broken it. I accordingly went to see him, but had no suspicion of further danger, because he stated that he had no intention of drinking any more. Of course, I did not consider that he had committed any sin; but after I left him he went to town, and was induced to take another glass. He then returned to barracks, and, as though possessed by the arch fiend, and regardless of the help that would have come through fervent prayer, he went direct to a public-house, where (I tremble to write it) he became intoxicated. This morning, many who ridicule religion came eagerly to me with the news that T—— was drunk last night. My heart was filled with great sorrow. I sought him out, and as soon as I spoke to him he burst into tears in the presence of all the men in the barrack-room. I could say no more there, but asked him to come down to the

office in half-an-hour; which he did. I then endeavoured, as tenderly as possible, to place before him his awful position. Convinced by his tears and shame that he truly repented, and was heartily sorry for these his misdoings, I commended him to God in prayer; and I hope and trust he will again find peace to his soul. Poor fellow! he said that one glass led him to commit this great sin. The evil one completely overpowered him. O Lord, do Thou keep us from his terrible power, and may our trembling souls find rest in a loving Saviour! Oh, how scoffers delight to see these things! they seem sweeter to their taste than even their own excesses. O Lord, arise and maintain Thine own cause; let Thine enemies be scattered; let them also that hate Thee flee before Thee!

"*May 22nd.*—This morning while on church-parade, I was told that a man had just dropped down dead. The poor fellow was lately discharged from the 65th Regiment, and has left a wife and family to lament his sudden loss. It is strange that nearly every death that occurs here should be instantaneous. Surely these awful warnings may well cause the careless to take alarm.

"*May 25th.*—Yesterday being our beloved Queen's birthday, we made up a tea-party among the soldiers. We sat down in the institute at five P.M.; and a more orderly set of men was never seen. I cannot say that these parties tend to enliven my drooping spirits, as I never had any great taste for them, more especially when spiritual conversation is neglected. Our object, however,

on this occasion was to prevent drunkenness ; as I well knew that the soldier chose these set days for displaying his loyalty over the flowing-bowl. In the evening I went through the barracks, as usual, to talk with the men and induce them to sign the pledge, when I saw two already the worse for drink, dressing to go to the public-house. I spoke to one of them, and reasoned with him on his folly. He said he knew perfectly well that he was doing wrong, but he could not help it. I invited him down to my house to take tea with me, thinking by so doing I might prevent him from getting into trouble. He immediately consented to go with me, and put on his other clothes for that purpose. His comrade, it appeared, depended upon him for the night's supplies, and began to look very cross; assuming an air of independence, he sharply asked the other if he meant to be so readily gulled with a piece of cake and a cup of tea, and then left the room. I soon discovered that he had no money, and that his only object was to entice his companion for his own convenience. I was therefore determined, if possible, that he should be disappointed. In an instant, however, he returned with an unmistakable expression of rage ; took off his jacket and cap, and, dashing them down, began to curse and swear, and use every effort to change the other's mind. Failing in this, he went to the table and dashed the candle on the floor, like a man out of his mind. He next appealed to those in the room ; but they took little notice, beyond shewing their disapproval of his proceedings. He then went to the head of the table, and

called out, 'Is there any one here who will take my part, and go with me?' On receiving no answer, his fury became ungovernable; and we left the room. No sooner had we got outside the door, however, than he made a final, and, alas! a successful attempt. The unstable mind of the drunkard was now more clearly displayed; for in a moment the poor fellow's good purpose was altered by his treacherous and covetous companion, and he resolved on finishing his debauch. I reasoned with him, but in vain; so, seeing that the more I reasoned with him, the more determined he was to go and drink, I was compelled to leave him to his fate.

"*May 29th, (Sunday).*—This evening, in consequence of many of the members of my Bible-class being on duty, I was enabled to attend my own place of worship, where I had not been for nine months, and felt grateful to the giver of all good, that I could once more join with His people in singing His praises. Oh, what a privilege does the Church of Christ enjoy! How happy David must have been in the sanctuary, when he felt the Lord's presence there! and every Christian may delight in the house of the Lord, for 'He is nigh unto all them that call upon Him.'

"My indifferent state of health presses heavily upon my spirits, but I pray the Lord to give me grace to suffer patiently.

"*June 1st.*—This day nine years I was wedded to my dear wife. I have reminded her of the many trials and dangers through which the Lord has brought us, enabling

us, of His infinite mercy, to realize His redeeming love. Nine years ago I was an unhappy drunkard, swearer, and Sabbath-breaker; now the lion is tamed, and my soul hungers and thirsts after righteousness. Do Thou, O Lord, accept the praise and glory, for it belongeth to Thee alone, and grant that our future life may be devoted to Thy service. This evening we elected our officers for the ensuing quarter at the Military Institute. I rejoice to be able to state that the funds are on the increase, and the society is prospering. For what has been accomplished, let God be praised.

"June 7th.—This afternoon, as I was enjoying a pleasant ride to Omata, a distance of about five miles, I overtook a party of natives with a bullock-cart, carrying something resembling a coffin, covered with a white sheet. The spot where I met them was on the side of a steep hill, and the natives were shouting and roaring at the bullocks, who evidently found much difficulty in drawing their burden up the hill. Passing on, and arriving at the top, I rounded a sudden turn of the road, when the scene which presented itself, of the Maori Tangi, riveted my attention. In the centre of the road was a female, only partially dressed; she was standing in a stooping position, her elbows resting on her knees, but her head was erect, and her whole features were frightfully distorted. Her hair was clotted in patches down her face, and her whole appearance was hideous in the extreme. At the side of the road, in line with the female, was standing upright, with fists doubled up under his chin, a man with

no covering but an old dirty blanket. His features, too, were greatly distorted. He was crouching down; and both were howling fearfully, and uttering sentences which I could not understand. Floods of tears were rolling down their cheeks; and their emotion soon made my own eyes overflow. I knew they were performing the 'tangi' for their dead son. I could not help exclaiming, 'Lord, when shall these poor ignorant natives be driven from their superstitions, and led to Christ, the comforter of those that mourn!' I felt deeply impressed, not at their tears, for I am told, by those who are well acquainted with them, that these seldom flow from genuine grief; but because, after all the teaching they have had, they still adhere to their old customs, and repeat their old heathen prayers and incantations. As I passed this couple they took no notice of me whatever, but kept howling on, although no one was there to witness their apparent sorrow.

"*June 10th.*—The weather of late has been very cold, and many people suffer from influenza. My heart seems almost as cold as the weather. How soon may the cheerful soul be cast into deep gloom! I do not at present feel that delight in drawing near to a throne of grace that I once did. Yet, in the midst of manifold temptations, I struggle on. Blessed Lord, chase away my darkness, forgive my wanderings, lay me in Thy bosom, for my enemies are strong and active. Oh, make Christ the joy of my whole heart and soul!

"*June 14th.*—A slight shock of earthquake was felt on Sunday night. I have just heard that Iheia (the native

chief who was the cause of Katatora's death) is very ill, and that he has requested Government to grant him an escort to town, in order that he may receive medical treatment. At present he is living about forty miles from here, being afraid of his old enemy, Wi Kingi.

"This is Whit-Tuesday, and no doubt our friends at home will be enjoying themselves, it being the custom in my county for people to meet together at this time and spend a few days in social intercourse. How can I forget the old folks at home!—though I may never see them again, till, through God's infinite mercy, we enter that home where words of farewell are never spoken, and tears of separation are never shed. I have lately reflected much on self-discipline and teaching, and I thank the Giver of all good that I have been enabled in some measure to succeed in storing my own mind with a little useful knowledge. I remember when I first enlisted, although I had attended a country school for many years I could scarcely write my own name, and simple addition constituted my highest arithmetical attainment; but now I am master of most of the rules, and have a good knowledge of geography and history. As soon as I joined at Woolwich, I was compelled to attend the regimental school; but I did not profit much, for want of paying proper attention. As soon as I arrived in America I applied myself to study, and on returning to England I was appointed assistant-teacher in the regimental school. The schoolmaster (Mr W——) soon discovered that I was anxious to receive instruc-

tion, and kindly gave me his assistance as opportunity offered. But I felt that there was one thing that I must not lose sight of, that, 'with all my getting, I must get understanding.'

"*June 19th, (Sunday).*—My children's school was very thinly attended to-day, in consequence of the withdrawal of some whose parents were Roman Catholics. It was otherwise with my evening Bible-class for the men, and I felt the power of the Holy Spirit while I endeavoured to explain the 6th chapter of Luke. They paid great attention, and I have reason to believe that the teaching was not without effect. I bless God, that although ten months have passed since I began to conduct this Institute, I more and more delight in it in the midst of many difficulties; and, by the grace of God, I hope to continue cheerfully devoted to the good work.

"*June 24th.*—A strange visitor to New Zealand in the person of one Jack Frost! English people would be rather startled by a mild proposition to join a skating party in one of the most glorious of their summer months. Yet in contrast to the warm suns and pleasant breezes—the bees and butterflies at home—has arrived by express from the South Pole a decidedly icy atmosphere, with all its pleasant December accompaniments. Pans of water, exposed all night, were found this morning coated with ice to the thickness of half-an-inch; and the surface of the ground was hardened with that beautiful crust of frosted silver which sparkles round the happy homes of England

under the brief light of the winter sun. Its contest, however, with the god of day was soon ended : under his very earliest golden rays, the silver network had entirely disappeared."

CHAPTER X

Anxieties.

Prospect of Settling in New Zealand—Impatience unbecoming a Christian—Visit to Omata—Bible-Classes, Encouragement in—Fire—Aurora Australiasis—Narrow Escapes from Sudden Death—Trials of Missionaries—Prospect of War—*British Messenger*—Prodigal Son—Solemn Anniversary—Pleasure on Hearing of the Revival—Prayer Answered.

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee,
because he trusteth in Thee.”

CHAPTER X.

ANXIETIES.

“ July 6th.—A time of difficulty and embarrassment. I need much the patience as well as the faith of the saints. I have received letters from Auckland to-day, stating that the order had arrived from England for Captain K—, a serjeant, and myself to proceed home ; but that as I had applied for my discharge, I was to remain in New Zealand until it arrived from England. On receiving this decisive information as to my future prospects, I laid all before the Lord, and entreated Him to point out my way, that I might not engage in anything contrary to His will. I rejoice that I have no fears for the future. I shall build no castles in the air, but content myself with quietly following the course indicated by the finger of the Lord.

“ July 17th.—I find it rather a difficult matter to record the various conflicts which I have recently undergone. Impatience seems to be my besetting sin. A week ago I thought I could calmly wait the arrival of my discharge, but now the time passes too slowly for my anxious mind. I endeavour to guard against this as unbecoming a believer in Christ. I ought to accept present mercies, and take no thought for the morrow. One thing

I feel, that I love the Saviour, and can place full reliance in Him. Joy takes possession of my soul whenever I think of Him ; but I cannot love Him as I ought, nor serve Him as I would. Perhaps I do not enjoy enough of Christian communion ; but whither shall I go ? The Lord alone is my confidence, and I know that He listens to my complaints, and counsels me in my distress.

"July 22nd.—This afternoon I rode to Omata. To a stranger the path would appear impassable, being for miles blocked up with mud, in some parts of which the cart-wheels sink to the nave. This would not be so bad were it not for pits and holes, and other obstacles, such as stumps of trees, rocks, and stones, blocking up the way. I could not help reflecting upon the scene around me, comparing it, in its wild and savage aspect, to the highly cultivated English landscape ; and glancing forward to a period of a thousand years, I pictured to myself the altered appearance of this wild and gloomy country, brought under the labours of the axe, spade, and mattock. This was certainly looking far into the future, and, as a natural result, I thought of the present generation having passed away, and of the few who at that distant period would be able to comprehend the heavy toil endured by their forefathers. Very few of those now alive will ever see an acre of clear ground two miles from the sea-beach. Will the owners of the soil a thousand years hence be more obedient to the law of God ? Will every knee then bow to Jesus, and every tongue confess that He is Lord ? Or will repeated mercy only tend to repeated

rebellion? Blessed be God, a time will come when righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. On my return, I called to see a friend, with whom I spent a pleasant half-hour. His whole heart and soul had been committed to Christ. When I came to New Plymouth, this man was a drunkard and swearer; but Jesus found him when a stranger, and now he is happy in a Saviour's love. May God grant, that when his sun goes down, it may be in a clear sky!

"*July 27th.*—A gentleman who is at present a practical dentist in this colony, called to see me yesterday, and stayed until eleven at night. I endeavoured to direct his mind to the truth as it is in Jesus; he told me he had a great respect for Christianity, and would endeavour to lead a new life. I engaged in prayer with him, and read a portion of Scripture; and from his general manner, I hope the Spirit is working conviction in his heart.

"*August 6th.*—This day the men paraded to witness the presentation of a medal for long service and good conduct to Gunner M'D——. He is a worthy old soldier, and his conduct fully merits this honourable distinction.

"*August 14th, (Sunday.)*—This evening, according to promise, I explained to the Bible-class the 2nd and 7th chapters of Daniel, comparing them with the corresponding texts in the New Testament. Many were present, and I have reason to believe an ardent desire for searching the Scriptures is awakened in their minds. I felt the

weight of this important undertaking, and confessed my utter powerlessness to do justice to my subject. May God the Holy Spirit unlock these important truths, and reveal them to our souls! I must still attend to the day-schools, but the exertion makes serious inroads in my failing health. Hitherto the Lord has wonderfully supported me, and proved the truth of that promise, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.' It is now more than three years since I felt my health give way, and my weakness at times has been very great; yet few of my friends are aware of my enfeebled condition. I pray the Lord to keep me from murmuring and complaint. My dear wife is perhaps the only one who knows the full extent of my disease. Blessed Lord, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence and be no more seen. Thou knowest I love Thee. Oh, may I do all for Thy glory! and grant me grace to remain Thy humble and obedient servant.

"August 19th.—This morning, between the hours of three and four, we were suddenly alarmed by the cry of 'Fire!' On looking out of my window, I saw a house enveloped in flames, which, in consequence of a smart breeze and the dryness of the timber, rose to a great height. My post being the magazine, I hurried to the barracks and assembled the men. When the alarm was given this morning, many were in the ball-room. I could not help thinking of the benefit that would be reaped by the community were the money wasted in worthless amusements devoted to the purchase of a fire-engine. It

will scarcely be credited that we are without one here. Had it not been for God's blessing on the manly exertion of the troops, the whole town might probably have been destroyed.

"August 29th.—This evening we witnessed the grand appearance of the Aurora Australiasis. The whole of the heavens from east to west appeared in flames. The luminous streamers of light were splendid. Many people were alarmed at the sight, but I was well acquainted with the phenomenon, having seen it to even greater advantage in America.

"August 30th.—A slight earthquake at ten A.M. This evening we had a tea-party at the Institute, on the occasion of our first anniversary. About thirty-four of us sat down, and we spent a very happy evening. My health is not much worse, and I rejoice in daily supplies of Divine grace.

"September 3rd.—'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' How wonderfully was this passage fulfilled in my case this evening! I can truly say it is of the Lord's mercy I am not consumed. One of the men was cutting up a log of wood, and I was just behind him, stooping down, collecting the chips for our fire. From some cause or other, the axe missed the log, and flew out of his hand, passing close to my head. Had it been an inch nearer, in a moment I should have appeared before God. I felt no particular fear, but praised the Lord for my deliverance, and now record it with the deepest gratitude. Many, indeed, are the narrow

escapes I have had. In 1850, I was going through a course of laboratory instruction at Woolwich. One morning, while three of us were driving rockets, the rocket next to mine exploded, and fired the two others. As a matter of course, all the composition, consisting of about three half barrels, ignited, setting fire to the whole place. The forehead of one poor fellow was penetrated by a drift, but myself and the other man escaped unhurt. How could I fail to recognise the wonderful mercy of God! Again, about eighteen months ago, when Captain K—— was here, we were firing rockets on the beach. I had just put the priming to one of them, and the captain was about to fire it, when I saw my dog run in front of the tube. I called out to the captain, but he did not hear me; and while I was endeavouring to get the dog away, he fired off the rocket, which, to the surprise of hundreds who were looking on, passed close to my back, without injuring me in the slightest degree. These rockets were iron-cased, and pointed with a six-pounder shot, which would have penetrated a three-inch plank at a distance of three hundred yards. Once I was in charge of a gun, which had been accidentally spiked, and I wanted to unspike it. I loaded it, and fired a train of quick match up the muzzle. It burnt nearly up to the cartridge, but something prevented it from going any further. Smoke issued from the muzzle for about twenty minutes, when I began to get impatient; so I took a wad-hook, and, to the general surprise, drew out the burning mass, and extinguished it. Had this exploded,

I should have been blown to atoms. Having failed in this attempt to ignite the powder, I took a piece of port-fire, lit it, and placing it into the cartridge, rammed it home, and the gun instantly went off.

*"September 11th, (Sunday).—*Bible-class well attended: the men listening with every appearance of interest, while I explained the 14th chapter of Luke. My thoughts were drawn out on this subject, and two hours passed away almost imperceptibly. I thank Thee, O Lord, for opening my mouth, and granting me that aid of Thy Holy Spirit, without which I could do nothing.

*"September 19th.—*I have lately thought much of the trials of missionaries, who are shut out from the presence of God's people, and compelled to spend their days with those who cannot understand their extraordinary difficulties and anxieties. I feel much the want of Christian fellowship myself in my present employment. Few of the men I meet with are able to sympathise with me; and I often suppress my own feelings when I behold the unjust conduct of those who delight not in the truth. But if this is the case with us, what must our poor missionaries have to endure in the midst of savage life! My heart is enlarged on their behalf, for they stand in special need of our persevering prayers.

*"September 22nd.—*War seems to be threatening again: native troubles, instead of being at an end, as we imagined, are becoming more complicated than ever; and it appears to be almost certain that Government must take the matter up. Land is the cause of the present agita-

tion, the Government having offered to purchase from any native, who can prove his title to the property he proposes to sell. This has been satisfactorily done by some; but Wi Kingi, one of the chiefs—a thorough pest to the Europeans—is collecting men and ammunition, and declares he will shoot the first white man who sets his foot on the newly-purchased land. We shall see shortly what will be done. In the meantime, I am on the look out, and am specially engaged in prayer to God to avert the horrors of war. I must say more about this at another time; for, as I write, I hear the joyful sound of a gun, denoting the arrival of the English mail. As I began this entry with tidings of war, I have much pleasure in concluding it with the joyful news, which has just reached us, of peace having been concluded between France and Austria.

“*September 23rd.*—This day I was visited by the Rev. Mr W——, the Church of England minister at Bell Block. I had an intimation of his intended call a few days ago, as well as of its object, so I was prepared with a list of subscribers for the *British Messenger*, which took him rather by surprise. He told me that he had engaged to obtain subscribers for this truly useful paper. Those on my list were all soldiers, at which he was much pleased. After some refreshing conversation, we went to the school, and he expressed great satisfaction at hearing the children sing. On separating, he said, ‘I shall not forget to pray for you, and I am sure the Lord will bless you. Do not forget to pray for me.’ I have felt this

good man's visit to be so cheering to my weary soul, that I am invigorated to push on. Oh, that we all possessed such Christian love!—how comforting it would be. May the Lord bless his ministry, and make him the honoured instrument of bringing many souls to glory!

“*September 26th.*—Yesterday (Sunday) I had an unusual attendance at my Bible-class, and more than one tear was shed during the exposition of the parable of the prodigal son. I felt very happy myself, and saw indications of repentance among some who were present. May the Lord deepen whatever impressions were made! In the afternoon, the children in the Bible-class were very attentive, as we dwelt on the subjects of sin and death, a well-spent life, and everlasting happiness.

“*October 1st.*—A day long to be remembered by me. How awful was our position this day five years; out of reach of all human help, and enveloped in the thick wreaths of smoke that curled upwards from the hatchways of our ill-fated ship! But God was there. Nor has He forgotten the vows that were then made, nor will He forget them at the judgment-day! Lord, do Thou grant me grace to pay what I then vowed—to live a life of humble service in the cause of Jesus. May those who then experienced Thy mercy feel how much they owe to Thee! Forgive all our ingratitude, O Lord, and hear us when we pray for any who may now be in distress like ours; Lord, save them, and deliver them out of all their troubles.

“I hear with much pleasure of the glorious work

which is going on in England, Ireland, and America. Oh, when shall we see the arm of the Lord made bare in Taranaki? For more than two years we have had special prayer for the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit; but vital godliness is very rare, whilst sin of every kind prevails among the whole of the settlers. Surely our pleadings will not be in vain. I daily implore a fresh descent of the reviving influence on my own soul, for I feel how deeply I need it. 'Lord, help Thy people whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.'

"*October 8th.*—Last evening I was earnestly engaged in prayer on behalf of one who needs repentance. I asked that the Lord would mercifully interpose and save before it was too late. I did not pray in vain, for at midnight I was aroused from sleep by a voice calling for my help. I soon found that the Spirit had struck conviction to the heart of the poor sinner in whose behalf I had been pleading, as the voice said, 'I have had an awful night of it. I thought I was dropping into hell. Oh, do pray for me that I may never offend my Saviour again, but that He may pardon me, and give me grace in future to live to His glory.' I endeavoured to point simply to Jesus. The whole scene was one of the deepest solemnity. Who will venture to assert that God does not answer prayer?"

CHAPTER XL

Incidents.

**Birthday—Visit from a Native Chief—Dry Weather—Prayer for Rain
—“Christian Progress”—Institute—Another Visit from Iheia—
Personal Sufferings.**

**“ March on !—strike on !—for hell and death,
And principalities and powers,
And things above, and things beneath,
Are watching feeble blows like ours.”**

CHAPTER XI

INCIDENTS.

"October 20th.—This is my birthday. The Lord has spared me for thirty-one years, and I feel thankful for His mercies, and implore His grace, that if I live through another year, my time may be more thoroughly redeemed for my Master's service.

"October 27th.—This morning the steamer arrived from Auckland, but, as usual, with no letters for the Artillery. I was fully expecting my discharge by this mail, but my patience is to be further tried. What ungrateful creatures we are! I have every temporal blessing I desire, and yet I feel disappointed. O Lord, pardon my distrust in Thee. Thou knowest what is best; enable me to wait with resignation Thine own good time!

"November 5th.—This day I was honoured with a visit from the native chief 'Iheia.' For some time past he has been laid up at the Colonial Hospital with disease of the skin, brought on, in all probability, by exposure and want of food during the late war. He has just received a letter from some of his friends in the south, informing him that about one hundred and forty natives are coming from Queen Charlotte's Sound to join his

bitter enemy Wi Kingi. But this information does not alarm him in the least. He told me his life was in constant danger, as Wi Kingi was determined to shoot him on the very first opportunity, and had employed several Maories to carry out his murderous purpose. He displayed great intelligence, entering very minutely into the details of the late quarrel. He shewed me the chief's stone; in colour a beautiful green, and in shape resembling a cricket bat. He prized it even more than life itself, as he was the only chief in this province who wore one. As our conversation proceeded, I could not fail to realise, more forcibly than ever, the urgent claims of the savage race—in many instances so noble and intelligent—on the missionary sympathies of Christian England. I know that much money has been expended upon this people to reclaim them from idolatry, and that this very man was well acquainted with the principles of the gospel, but utterly destitute of its power. Still we dare not be weary in well-doing. It is not money that is wanted, so much as earnest prayer for the Holy Spirit to awaken slumbering professing Christians in the English as well as the native churches. The New Zealander quickly discovers the worldly avarice and practical infidelity of the European. He notes down carefully his restless efforts to acquire wealth, and conceives but a poor regard for what he says, while he gladly imitates what he does. There are some Wesleyan missionaries here, for whom Iheia has a great respect, and whose ministry he attends. His partiality, however, may be easily explained, for it

was principally through their exertions that he was liberated from slavery.

“November 9th.—True godliness is at a very low ebb at present, and Satan seems to triumph; but who can tell that the Lord will not yet stir up His strength, and come and save us? I feel great pleasure in the thought that I may be of some use to the little ones at New Plymouth. If it is God’s will that I should remain in this place, I am determined, by His grace, to spend every moment in working for Christ, and for the good of precious souls. It brings me new life to think of the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. I feel that nothing in this world could induce me to forfeit my hope of heaven through Christ; and He himself has said, that neither man nor devil shall pluck me out of His hand. O Lord, do Thou send me help from above.

“November 12th.—We have now been a long time without rain. The ground is dried up, and great fears are entertained for the safety of the crops. But I think of God’s mercy through Christ Jesus; and although our sins have been multiplied in His sight, I feel that He does not willingly afflict us. This day, on retiring to my closet at noon, I entreated the Lord to send rain, that the earth might yield her increase. I felt that my faith was weak, and doubted whether I was justified in asking this of the Lord. The issue, however, soon settled the point; for the sky, that had been cloudless when I knelt down, was covered as I rose; a sprinkling of rain was felt, and a few showers fell. I was humbled at the remembrance of

my unbelief, and rejoiced that the Lord had heard my prayer. I record this that the glory may be His. The instance is but one out of many in which He has condescended to hear and answer my petitions. This evening there is a promise of abundance of rain.

*"November 13th, (Sunday).—*This afternoon the windows of heaven have been opened, and the rain is descending in torrents. Many will rejoice over the event; but few will reflect on the goodness of our unwearied Benefactor. I feel very happy to-day, and am led to look upon what has occurred as an answer to special prayer. O Lord, do Thou pour upon my soul Thy healing grace! Thou art pleased to send rain, that there may be food for man and beast; send Thy Spirit, O Lord, and refresh our weary souls, for Jesus' sake.

*"November 21st.—*This day I attended a sale. A gentleman of infidel principles, who stood by my side, purchased some books. As he was looking over his bargain, he saw amongst them a work entitled 'Christian Progress,' by Angell James. He handed it to me, saying, 'Marjouram, if this book is worthy of your acceptance, you can have it.' When my eye rested on the name of the author, I said, 'Thank you; this book is worthy of any man's acceptance.' He took the hint, and replied, 'You and I differ in these matters. It is of no use for me to read what I do not believe.' Poor man! With all the advantages of wealth, education, and refinement, he denies the very being of God, and has no hope beyond the grave.

"*November 27th, (Sunday).*—The steamer *Lord Ashley* arrived this morning from Manakau, bringing the English mail, but it brought me no news about my discharge. The Rev. Mr W—— preached to the soldiers in the English Church this morning, from the words, 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' Most earnestly did he enforce the necessity of true religion, and most simply and beautifully did he describe their peace who possessed it. His discourses have given offence to many who oppose the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I pray Thee, O God, to strengthen his hands. Preserve him from any dread of the threats of sinful men, and enable him boldly to maintain Thy cause. May the fruits of his labours soon be seen in the conversion of many souls! I have felt my heart very heavy of late; my disease being of a very peculiar character, frequently weighing down my spirits and disturbing the serenity of my mind. At one time I am buoyed up with faith in the promises of Christ, and feel that I could give up all, even life itself for Him; while at others I dread the thought of death, and almost believe that I have no love whatever for Jesus. I sometimes pray the Lord to remove this disease; but my faith appears to have departed, and my prayer becomes little better than an empty form of words. Still, when I am most deeply distressed, I look back on what the Lord has already done for me, and this revives my faith and makes all my doubts disappear. 'Because Thou *hast* been my refuge, therefore under the shadow of Thy wings I *will* rejoice.' Blessed Lord, for Jesus' sake, keep my soul

unspotted from the world ; and if it be Thy will that disease should afflict my body, that my pride and lust may be kept down, withdraw not Thy light from my soul, nor let despondency of mind ever cause me to question Thy love.

“ *December 1st.*—Another awful warning. This morning an old man about sixty years of age fell down in a fit of apoplexy, which a few hours after ended in death. His time was principally employed on his farm. At the moment that he was breathing his last, I was gazing on his green fields covered with waving corn ; and as I gazed, the words from the old parable rose to my lips—‘ This night thy soul shall be required of thee : then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided ? ’ His death was quite unexpected, for he appeared in perfect health up to the very moment of the fatal attack.

“ This evening a general meeting of the members of the Institute took place, when we elected our officers for the ensuing quarter. The report shews an increase of funds, and a roll of new names. I wish the Temperance Society were equally prosperous, but many evil influences oppose it. Yet, in the midst of all, it embraces some thirty or forty stanch members, several of whom have been associated with it from the time of its formation. For what has been accomplished I give thanks unto God. And now, Lord, I humbly supplicate Thy blessing on our feeble efforts in Thy cause. Oh, may we all be kept from the drunkard’s grave and the drunkard’s hell ! There are some of us, O Lord, convinced of sin ; may they truly

repent, and shew by a renewed life that they have thoroughly departed from iniquity, and that they are not ashamed to confess Thy name before their more heedless comrades. Grant th's, I beseech Thee, for Jesus' sake.

*"December 4th, (Sunday).—*This day the Rev. Mr W—— preached on the subject of conversion. I believe many ears were made to tingle, and I hope many hearts will be renewed by the word. I had occasion to speak to a man this morning whom I saw engaged in some work which ought to have been attended to during the week. I asked him if he was not ashamed to break the Lord's day in so wicked a manner; and he replied very impatiently, that if he never did anything worse, he need not fear. 'But are you not afraid that God will punish you for your disobedience?' In answer to which he said, 'It is better to do this than to drink rum.' I found it useless to say anything more; so, before leaving, I told him that if he persisted in his sin, the fault and punishment would be his own. As we parted, I lamented over the helplessness of our fallen nature, and the desperate wilfulness with which sin is pursued by those whose hearts are uninfluenced by the love of God.

*"December 5th.—*Iheia paid me another visit to-day. He came to shew me a photograph of himself and his wife, taken in New Plymouth. While we were at dinner, he discovered two decanters standing on the opposite table, and calling my attention to them, said in the Maori language, 'This does not look well for a teetotaller.'

My assurance that they were only used for cold water failed to alter his opinion, though he did not question my word.

"December 6th.—While conversing with my old friend Mr P—— to-day on the subject of establishing a school in New Plymouth, he interrupted me by saying, 'I have got ground in town: if I build you a cottage and school, will you engage to take it for a term of years? You shall have it at as reasonable a rent as I can afford.' Here, thought I, is an end to all our difficulties about raising money to build a school; a more satisfactory offer could not be made; if we do not have a day-school now, it will be our own fault. I thanked him very heartily, and promised to consult my friends on the subject, and give him an answer. He requested me to draw up a plan, describing the house and school required, in order that he might calculate the probable expense. I then went to my esteemed friend Mr D——, and found him in a rather desponding mood. He is very much subject to disease of the heart, and during the previous night had suffered a great deal. He is anxiously seeking rest in Jesus. We had a long conversation—not the first—on the subject that was dearest to us both. He complained of the hardness of his heart, of his unbelief, and want of confidence in the death of Christ as a sufficient sacrifice for his sin. I reasoned with him for some time, and felt convinced, from his replies, and the manner of his life, that it might be said of him as it was of one of old, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.'

"What a privilege it is to meet with those who are really in earnest about their souls! the conversation does one much good. I have more pleasure in talking to an humble penitent believer, than to a mere professor of godliness who knows nothing of its power. Of this latter class, there are, I fear, very many in this place, if I may judge from the cold indifference with which they talk about religion and grace abounding in the soul.

"*December 8th.*—I received a short visit from my minister, the Rev. Mr F——. I have suffered much from my disease during the last ten or twelve days. One advantage is that I am brought more frequently to a throne of grace, and led to cast myself more unreservedly on the atoning merits of Jesus. I bless God that I am enabled to suffer quietly. Can I dare to complain when I think of the sufferings of so many others, all unpitied and unrelieved?"

"*December 9th.*—Alas! how evident that a Christian profession is too frequently assumed to choke an underhand mercenary purpose. All seek their own, not the things that are Jesus Christ's. As an instance I may mention that the other day Mr P——, who is one of our congregation, spoke to me about building a school with a cottage for the master; explaining his proposition by informing me that he was very anxious to benefit the settlement, and that he thought the present a fair opportunity for doing so. I told him that we could not allow him more than 10 per cent. on his outlay; that his estimate should not exceed £150, involving a rent of £15

per annum. To-day on going to learn his decision, I was surprised to hear that the rent demanded was £40, or 15 per cent. on the outlay. My countenance involuntarily expressed my dissatisfaction, and he was at once convinced that his anxiety to benefit the settlement stood little chance of being satisfied by the erection of a school. I then discovered that he had two prices. Painful attempts at bargaining followed, the result being a confirmation of my suspicion that avarice dictated the whole proposal, and the discontinuing on my part any further negotiations in that quarter. Would that there were more of the single eye to God's glory, and less of that fearful propensity to promote worldly interests at the expense of the spiritual necessities of a community."

CHAPTER XII.

A Chequered Path.

Arrival of Maori Settlers—Land Question—Progress of Disease—Glen Almond—Night-School—The Revival in Ireland—Discharge Delayed—Maori Bible—Goes on a Secret Expedition to Waitara.

“For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seem'd greater than I could bear.”

CHAPTER XII

A CHEQUERED PATH.

"*December 10th.*—This morning, a little schooner arrived from Nelson with a cargo of Maories, who have come to settle on some land from which they were expelled about twenty years ago by the Waikato tribe. Iheia tells me that one hundred and forty are expected. But what the end of this movement will be, it is difficult to predict.

"Let me here supply a further instance of the acuteness of the native character. While talking to Iheia this morning, he told me that the Governor was expected to arrive to-morrow, (Sunday,) and that he would then have plenty of *korero* (talk) about the land. I said, 'You would not talk about such matters as these on Sunday, would you? You ought to be at chapel, and not mind the Governor till Monday.' To this he replied, very tauntingly, 'Oh, the Governor come in the ship, the big guns come down to the beach, and when the Governor lands, then bung—bung—bung, (imitating the movements of the gunners.) You do not care about Sunday: bung—bung—bung. Queen care nothing about Sunday: bung—bung—bung. The Governor come—the soldier never mind the Sunday;' and he continued to repeat this

for some time. Of course, I had no reply; so I joined him in a good laugh, for the comical manner he had of expressing himself would have convulsed any one.

*"December 11th, (Sunday).—*This morning I listened to an excellent and most faithful discourse from the Rev. Mr W——, on the text, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Many of the men declared that they had never heard the truth so plainly spoken before. Would God that it might reach their hearts by the power of the Holy Spirit! I had a good attendance at the school and Bible-class to-day; at the latter a lively discussion took place on the subject of the Lord's supper. I was thankful to hear it, inasmuch as it proved that there was amongst us a desire for knowledge, and something like promise of a little understanding of those deeper mysteries which during the past fifteen months I have been compelled to explain, line upon line, and precept upon precept. I trust now that our time will pass more pleasantly in discussing and searching out those subjects which may be brought before us.

"I have felt a strange sensation at my heart to-day. I am sure the disease is gaining rapidly; but the Lord knows when to call me, and it is for Him to say, 'It is enough, come up hither.' I pray Thee, O Lord, keep me watchful; let not my soul be left for one moment unguarded; and, oh, let not the terrors of death alarm me, but may I be fully prepared for all Thy righteous will!

*"December 15th.—*This day, while talking to a friend on the subject of building a house for myself, he said,

‘Why do you not go and live at my place in the country?’ I said the rent would be too high for me. ‘Oh, never mind the rent,’ he replied; ‘you may live there as long as you like. I shall never look for it.’ I told him I would consider his kind offer, and arrange with him in a few days. The house in question stands in a beautiful spot, about a quarter-of-an-hour’s walk from town. There is a comfortable residence, with an orchard, garden, and eight acres of land attached; in fact, it is one of the prettiest spots I have seen, and could not be more retired. The trees are now loaded with fruit of almost every description. The only difficulty arises from the uncertainty of my being able to obtain permission to live so far away from barracks.

“*December 18th.*—I have just got leave to reside at ‘Glen Almond.’

“*December 20th.*—This day I removed to my new abode, and I humbly thank my heavenly Father for providing me with such a retired home, so completely removed from the turmoil and bustle of the world, and so abundantly furnished with every comfort. The grape, honeysuckle, fig-tree, plum, peach, walnut, cherry, apple, and other kinds of fruit and flowers are now in their perfection, and the most delicious fragrance is diffused on every side.

“*December 23rd.*—The *Lord Ashley* arrived with the English mail. I am happy to hear that the revival is creating a great sensation in England. Oh that those balmy breezes of the Holy Spirit’s influence might be

wafted on to New Plymouth! But the Lord will come, and will not tarry · and I pray that I may yet see His brightness chasing away the clouds of sin that so awfully darken this island.

“*December 25th, (Christmas-day.)*—Singing birds, blooming flowers, and a burning sun do not help me to realise that this great festival has again come round. But an excellent sermon on the ‘Babe of Bethlehem’ led me to contemplate the advent of our blessed Saviour into this world; and I believe a happier theme could not be taken up, unless it be that of His second coming, when glory shall end what grace has begun. O Lord, enable me to take heed to Thy warning, and live on the ‘watch.’ It is a sad thing to see so many abusing this holy day. Several of my comrades who attended church this morning were, before the day had closed, the worse for drinking. Last night, while on my way home, between nine and ten o’clock, I found a man lying on the road in a helpless state of intoxication. I asked him who he was, but he did all he could to conceal himself, and answered all my questions in Maori, as though I had no eyes to see that he was a white man. On closer examination, I found that it was Mr —, a justice of the peace! Yes, here lay one of our guardians—a man who violently resists the temperance movement—rolling in his own filth, besmeared with blood, while his horse, wiser than himself, had left him and gone home.

“*January 1st, 1860.*—‘Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.’ I heartily

thank thee, O Lord, for Thy mercies during the year that is past; do Thou forgive all my sins, and pardon all my ingratitude. And now that I am spared to begin another year, give me grace to serve Thee. I dare not depend upon my own promise; but if Thou grant me Thy grace, O Lord, I offer myself to Thee. I am willing to be led by Thy Spirit, and I pray that I may always incline to His blessed teaching. If it be Thy will that I should be spared another year, grant me wisdom so to employ my time as most to promote Thy glory and the good of souls.

“*January 3rd.*—This evening I began my night-school at town, in a school-room kindly lent for that purpose. Men and boys are admitted, and a father and his two sons may be seen quilling away together.

“*January 4th.*—To-day I met with an unexpected testimony of respect. A gentleman told me that he knew that I had but little means for commencing civil life, and that the place I now occupied was too far from town; and finished by offering me a loan of £100 or £150, with which I might build myself a house. ‘I want no security,’ he added: I wish you well. You can pay me when you like.’ I was about to thank him for his kind offer, but he interrupted me with, ‘I want no thanks,—you may take it when you like;’ and then left me. Surely I have cause to be thankful to God for giving me such kind friends, and I ought to trust Him with my whole heart.

“*January 8th, (Sunday).*—This day I have been very unwell, having lately undergone much fatigue. I felt

better in the evening, and attended the Bible-class, where I met many of my comrades, and spoke to them at some length on the death of Christ.

"*January 15th, (Sunday).*—I find I have very much neglected my journal of late, as I have been almost incessantly engaged. My duties are numerous, and press upon one another; but I trust that on the arrival of my discharge I shall be able to devote myself more entirely to the school.

"*January 17th.*—This day I went to the gentleman who had offered me the loan I previously mentioned, an opportunity having presented itself of purchasing a piece of ground. I fully expected he would have given me the money without hesitation, when he suddenly exclaimed, 'Why, you have ready cash, have you not? because I have none at present. In fact, I thought you had about £100 to go on with, and then if you wanted more I would have supplied you at ten per cent.' I was completely thunderstruck; but disguising my disappointment as well as I was able, I bade him 'Good morning.' Thank God, I have a comfortable place to dwell in at present, and nothing but the great distance from town would induce me to leave it. Hitherto, however, I have been in a way which I knew not; and now, blessed Lord, direct me to guide me. May I not be troubled at distractions here, but look forward in constant readiness to rest that remaineth.

"*January 21st.*—The English mail arrived to-day. It seems to be in a highly inflammable state, and

things wear a very gloomy aspect. But, in the midst of all this tumult of war and contention, there is a power above all, working gloriously in Ireland. This revival is truly a modern miracle; so much evidence does it supply of God's presence to save us, so deeply does it amaze lukewarm professing Christians. Oh that the heavenly shower might descend on the churches of New Zealand. What a thorough reformation we need, before we can honour God and His gospel with genuine Christian fervour!

"*January 25th.*—I have just been conversing with an aged sinner, who has spent the greater portion of his three-score years in a state of intoxication. I pointed out to him the dangerous road he was taking; begging him, for his soul's sake, to renounce his intemperate habits, and implore the forgiveness of his offended God. The poor man trembled under the power of the gospel, and admitted the truth of all I said. But, alas! he had always been accustomed to his glass, and he shrank from abandoning it. I then reminded him that God would grant him His help if he earnestly sought it. After half-an-hour's anxious conversation, I left him to reflect on what had been said. He seldom attends any place of worship, but, like many others of his age and character, lives without hope and without God in the world.

"*January 31st.*—The mail arrived from England this morning. The promised leave has not been granted, and my discharge has not yet arrived. The reason assigned for not granting my leave is, that the colonel understood

I was to be discharged on pension, but that, on discovering that I had claimed a free discharge, he found himself unable to comply with my request. At first I felt the disappointment very acutely; but God has graciously enabled me to submit to His will and wait His time. As a solace in my disappointment, I have received several letters from Christian friends, some of which, from St Helena, were most encouraging. One from Mr C—— informs me of the doings of a young Christian officer at Canton. May the Lord graciously raise up many more like him in the British army! We should then be well supplied with Christian missionaries; for every Christian soldier in a foreign land is a Christian missionary, and, indeed, many have done their duty most nobly in this capacity. I have been strongly urged by my friend N—— to write to the Secretary of the Army Scripture-readers' Society, giving him all the information I can about the Institute, and requesting a supply of their publications, to be given to the soldiers.

"February 1st.—This day I visited a poor Maori lad in the Colonial Hospital. His life is evidently drawing to a close. I took a Maori Bible down from one of the shelves, and asked him if I should read a little; but, on seeing the book, he replied that he would not listen to me unless I used Kawirois's* Bible. That in my hand was his own; but such is the attachment of these natives to their chief, or any article belonging to him, that no other copy would satisfy the wishes of the

* This chief was killed five years before this circumstance occurred.

dying lad. Poor boy! dark as his skin is, I could not help feeling deeply for his condition, for I knew that within that dark skin dwelt an immortal soul, now fast approaching heaven or hell. I pointed out to him the last portion of the 11th chapter of Matthew, and asked him if I should read it; but he would not allow me. Death had now evidently set its stamp upon his forehead, so, with the promise to send him the Rev. Mr W——, I left him. Strange as it may appear, I was scarcely out of the room before he got up and walked outside. I mentioned this to the hospital steward, who said that he could not prevent it, inasmuch as the patients had permission to go out whenever they wished.

"February 3rd.—Native affairs are again beginning to look rather gloomy. In accordance with yesterday's instructions from Colonel M——, I accompanied (in disguise) the Assistant-Native Land Commissioner to the river Waitara, to spy out the adjacent country. As the strictest secrecy was enjoined, I was compelled to keep my wife in total ignorance of my movements. At eleven o'clock A.M., I mounted Colonel M——'s horse, and, avoiding the town, rode along the beach, until I overtook the Native Commissioner. The day was delightful, the sun shone down upon us with his full strength, and the gentle waves rolled up the level beach to our horses' feet. After riding about eight miles in one direction, and getting clear of the settlement, we turned into the interior, and came upon the main road at the Eikamoana Pa, formerly occupied by Iheia, but since burned down by

Wi Kingi. At this spot the contrast between civilisation and barbarism became very marked. Beyond, in front of us, and towards the Waitara river, was to be seen a vast level country, overrun with bush and fern, and, with every capacity for yielding the best crops, stretching out in one vast waste of desolation. On looking towards the town from this point, the trimmed fields and neat homesteads of the Bell Block settlers presented a beautiful and striking contrast. Were these natives possessed of any sense of shame, they must feel bitterly reproached by this happy scene of industry, as they emerged from their thousands of acres of waste uncultivated land. We rode on our way and soon sighted the summit of a very high mountain, covered with snow, the name of which I now forget. Mr P—— said that it was about eighty miles off, and three hundred feet higher than Mount Egmont. Behind it could be distinctly seen the black and white streams of smoke from Tongariro, a very lofty volcanic mountain. After passing through this barren desert, which with a little cultivation would maintain every inhabitant in New Zealand, we came in sight of the Waitara. We found it necessary to use the greatest caution here, as the slightest suspicion of our object would have cost us our lives. I selected the spots most suitable for our forts, and we then rode through about a mile of the Waitara valley (which was thickly covered with the Scotch thistle) to the spot where Iheia and Wi Kingi had their last struggle. Here we suddenly came upon a group of *almost naked* natives sleeping in the fern. They soon

awoke, and Mr P—— entered into conversation with their chief, whose name was Tomati, a brother of Iheia's, and the very man who had killed Katatora. I talked to the rest, and found that this was the manner in which they spent their time, working only when compelled. I found they were all in expectation of a fight; but I reminded them that they ought to love God and leave the fighting alone. We then retraced our steps,—Mr P—— going to a distant pa, and I returning slowly home, thankful to God for a fresh escape. What the end of the present movement will be I cannot say; but I am unable to see the wisdom of allowing so many acres of land, so dearly bought by the costliest struggles, to lie uncultivated, while thousands of our countrymen are unemployed at home.

"February 4th.—I have just laid my report before Colonel M——, and ascertained the exact distances between the various spots which I have selected.

"February 5th, (Sunday.)—The school was well attended to-day, and the children appeared much interested in the instruction imparted. Here is additional evidences of the expediency of the prize system. I distributed some reward-books last Sunday; and to-day the children told me that they had each read them, answered questions about them, and appeared greatly delighted with the little gifts.

"Our subject at the Bible-class this evening was the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Who can exaggerate the interest attaching to the record of the struggles and triumphs of the early Church? Her day of opening

conflict serves but to typify the first experience of each of her genuine members.

“The weather lately has been one perpetual golden ~~calm~~. To-day, the peace of the landscape is indescribable. Sabbath rest seems breathed around ; yet, ~~in~~ the midst of all, many, with hearts untuned for holy worship, are wasting their day of rest in pleasures of their own providing.”

CHAPTER XIII.

War !

An Aged Sinner—Rumours of War—Preparation—War resolved upon
—Maori Warfare—Prayer-Meetings—Wi Kingi—Martial Law—
Camp Life—Taking a Pa—Bible-Class in Camp—Open-Air Meeting
—Proceeds to New Plymouth for Guns—First Engagement—Narrow Escape.

“ He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread—
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ! ”

CHAPTER XIII.

WAR!

"THE sky darkens. All hopes of an arrangement of the differences with the natives are rapidly expiring. These quiet homes and pleasant fields are soon to be scourged by war.

"*February 10th.*—To-day as I was walking home, I overtook an old man staggering through intoxication. He was saying something to himself, and he did not seem to notice my approach. He is upwards of eighty, and I have not failed frequently to press upon him his awful condition, and the certain nearness of his end. But he has always replied with oaths and curses. On the present occasion, however, I thought that I had met with a very favourable opportunity of speaking to him, as we were some distance from home, and not likely to be disturbed. So I began by asking him, rather abruptly, whether he knew that he was going to hell as fast as he could. This unexpected salute astonished the old man; he hiccupped out some drunken jargon by way of reply; and I added, 'Remember, hell is before you!' and pursued my way. As I left him, I heard him say that 'Hell was made for dogs,' and when I was nearly out of sight, he called after me;

but, seeing that I took no notice, he called louder still, 'Don't you say that to me again, mind.' I prayed the Lord that the arrow of conviction might go home to his heart, and that he might be led to abandon his sinful course, and flee to Christ for pardon and deliverance.

"*February 11th.*—We are busy in preparing for our expedition to the Waitara. Everybody knows something about it, but nobody knows the truth. I fear I shall yet see a few shots fired in anger before I leave the service, and I pray the Lord to give me a Christian's faith and courage. Then let balls and bullets fly; I shall still be safe to praise God on earth if I escape, and in heaven if I fall.

"*February 13th.*—The settlement is in a state of excitement, principally caused by false reports. The Maories are evidently expecting something unusual, for they are now making a great stir. The out-settlers are seeking protection from the Officer Commanding, and, as I understand, are about to build a stockade for self-defence. Several natives have come in from the south, and it is reported that hundreds more are on their way. The troops are busy practising the art of constructing entrenchments, and my gunners are daily at gun-drill. In fact, every movement has the appearance of a coming contest. Those who have hitherto been loudest in denouncing the Government for their forbearance towards the natives, are now to be heard expressing their dissatisfaction at their interference; over and over again have they brought up the charge of cowardice, complaining of

troops not having been sent to compose the quarrels of the natives and maintain the peace of the province.

"It is a difficult thing to please every one; for my part, I hope and trust it may please God to avert the coming struggle, and give us peace and prosperity. But it is not difficult to see that the natives are ten times more frightened than the Europeans; their inquiries and manner fully bear me out in this belief. They see that the settlers are preparing themselves for any emergency. One man is getting his revolver in order; another looking to his fowling-piece; a third arming as a volunteer; and all assuming a warlike appearance. The settlers at Bell Block are erecting a stockade for their defence. These things make the natives look on with surprise. But we are not without a few amongst us who, with despair in their countenances, anticipate the horrors of Cawnpore, and believe that the natives are planning a second Indian revolt. Some foolish person has stated that there is an intention to murder secretly all the white people in Taranaki; and so easily are the fears of some people worked upon, that many believe in the rumour. I saw one man yesterday who had provided himself with a new bolt for his door. I asked him why he had bought it just at this time. He replied, with the utmost seriousness 'It's the dreadful massacre I'm thinking about;' and, turning towards his only child, added, with a look of sorrow, 'I don't care so much about myself, but for that little one to fall into their hands would be horrible!' I replied, '*You may safely trust it with any native in New*

Zealand; they would take as much care of it as you would yourself.' But I might as well have talked to the wind, as have attempted to allay his fears.

"*February 20th.*—The question of peace and war which has so long been in agitation in New Plymouth, has at length come to a decision. Unhappily war is inevitable. Where, how, and when it will end, it is difficult to determine. No one can imagine our present condition; whole families are flying here from the country, leaving their houses and lands to be destroyed by the savage natives. I have been compelled to quit my beautiful retreat, and take up my residence in town; and even at midnight, cart-loads of timid and trembling women and children may be seen making their way to some more secure abode. Armed men are patrolling the town and its suburbs during the night, and everything denotes the coming conflict. In a few days we expect martial law to be proclaimed, and hostilities to begin. This has been a doubtful, anxious day; for the surveyors were sent down to inspect the newly-acquired land, and any interference on the part of the natives would have been considered a declaration of war. At noon they returned, stating that their chain and other instruments had been seized, and that they had had some difficulty in regaining possession of them. Just at this time the town was full of natives, who, as soon as they heard the result, left for their several pas.

"Unfortunately we have no vessel in harbour to enable us to communicate with Auckland, but the steamer with *the English* mail is hourly expected. At length the worst

has happened. Hitherto I have thought nothing of the affair, for I did not suppose that the natives would offer any resistance. But now I fear our out-settlers will suffer most severely, for the savages will not face the soldiers, but will aim at burning and destroying all before them at Bell Block, Mangorea, Tataraimaka, and other places. The settlers are building blockhouses and stockades, into which they may retreat on an emergency until assistance arrives. I am so far prepared to resist any invasion of my castle, that I sleep with a loaded pistol and a good bowie-knife at my head. This is, indeed, a pretty general precaution, for should we be first attacked, it will be a struggle for life, without hope of mercy. We are all expecting to see a man-of-war arrive shortly: this will greatly relieve our minds, by insuring to us the welcome power of communicating with the rest of the world.

“And now having said so much in reference to our present danger, and our preparation for resistance, it gives me great pleasure to be able to state that prayer-meetings are being held every night for the success of our arms, and the speedy restoration of peace. For my part, I believe it to be God’s will that rebels and outlaws should be punished. I therefore engage the more cheerfully in this expedition, because it is for the maintenance of law and order; and I pray with all my heart that God may defend the right.

“*February 21st.*—A messenger was sent to the chief rebel, Wi Kingi, this morning, giving him twenty-four hours to consider the step he had taken, and offering him

an opportunity to repent of his folly, and place himself at the mercy of the Governor.

"*February 22nd.*—Wi Kingi's reply has just been received, stating his adhesion to his former policy. So we are now waiting for the order to march against him. Possibly, however, hostilities will not be commenced until a man-of-war arrives. A mounted troop of twenty civilians is being organised, under the command of Captain R——, 65th Regiment, and whole families are flocking into town with all their movable property.

"*February 23rd.*—Late yesterday evening, martial law was proclaimed in this province.

"*February 24th.*—No steamer has yet arrived. To-day I forwarded a small sum of money to the Secretary of the Army Scripture-readers' Society, requesting him to send me a few of their publications.

"*February 28th.*—Everything has been quiet for the last few days. We are awaiting the arrival of the steamer from Auckland with troops and orders. News has reached the town that the Maories are entrenching themselves on the Devon line, near the Waitara, and many of our friendly natives are joining the rebel mob. Loads of furniture arrive in town every day from the bush, and the present delay will enable the settlers to save much of their corn, which otherwise would have been destroyed. Union prayer-meetings are being held in the various places of worship every night this week, to implore God to have mercy upon us, and to save us from the horrors that

threaten us. Do Thou hear us, O Lord, and deliver us, for Thy great name's sake !

" *March 2nd.*—Yesterday, the *Airedale* arrived from Auckland, bringing the Governor, with the whole of his staff, and about one hundred and ninety men of the 65th Regiment. In the evening, the war-steamer *Niger* came in with fifteen men of the Artillery, and two 24-pounder howitzers.

" *Camp, Waitara, March 6th, 1860.*—We are now in camp ; and as I have not been able to write for the last few days, I will state what has occurred. Sunday was a busy day with us. The usual bustle of packing up ammunition and camp equipage tended in no slight degree to disturb all Sabbath thoughts. At half-past two on Monday morning, we started on our march. The guns were in the centre of the line, and the baggage in the rear. We passed on through Bell Block, and on reaching Maori ground, we proceeded with greater caution, halting every now and then to enable the skirmishers to ransack the vast plain of fern-land around us. We exchanged the main road for one parallel with the beach. After crossing the Mowanaka and another river, we came up to a pa, which proved to be deserted. Just before we arrived at this spot, an accident occurred which nearly cost me the loss of a leg. Being much exhausted after the previous day's work and a sleepless night, I mounted the limber-box, but from some cause or other my foot got entangled in the spokes of the wheel, and before the bul-

day ; this will make it appear like Sunday.' I am thankful to say that oaths are not heard in my tent now ; constant remonstrance has had the desired effect.

" *March 15th.*—Last night I held another service, which was well attended. This evening, as I was going out of the camp to hold a meeting, one of our officers said to me, 'What have you got there?' I replied that they were hymn-books, and asked him if he would take one to his tent and read it. He refused ; but another gentleman present said, 'I will have one.' I told them that those books taught me my duty to my superiors, and my allegiance to God. Holding one out in my hand, I said, 'The Bible and these hymns have been my comfort for eight years, and I hope they will continue to cheer me till the day of my death.' My class was well attended, and the presence of God was with us. After it was over, I suggested that we should put by, while we were here, sixpence a week each for the cause of God—half to go to the Church-Mission Fund, the other half to that of the Wesleyans,—a proposal which was cheerfully agreed to.

" *March 16th.*—This morning we discovered that another pa had been constructed near us during the night. On climbing to the top of the flag-staff, I saw a very large pa about half a mile from us, and on the land we occupied. I reported the circumstance to the Colonel, and was ordered to go to New Plymouth to bring back a 24-pounder howitzer.

" *March 18th, (Sunday.)*—On the afternoon of the 16th I went to New Plymouth by sea, arriving there at ten

o'clock P.M. I got two 24-pounder howitzers, with ammunition, into the boats, and by one o'clock had everything ready for my return. My orders from the Colonel as I left the Waitara were, 'Mind what you are about. I depend upon you, and shall look out for your signal about three o'clock in the morning.' So far I had complied with his command, not even going to my own house, my dear wife having come down to the beach to see me. At one o'clock we put off, and by three A.M. the boatmen announced that we were off the mouth of the Waitara, and wanted me to communicate with the camp by sending up a rocket. But I knew very well that this report was incorrect, so I would not give the signal. However, we cast anchor, and waited for daybreak, when we had the mortification of seeing that the boat was off Bell Block, some five or six miles from the Waitara. We arrived there about seven o'clock, after crossing the 'heavy bar' in safety, when the guns were landed and conveyed to the camp. I had suffered a great deal from cold during the night, having had no clothing but a serge shirt and a pair of trousers, and when I arrived at camp I was very much fatigued. But I forgot the hardships when the Colonel met me at the gate and said, 'Well, you are back all right. I knew you could do it; I knew my man.'

"I hoped now to get a few hours' rest, but soon found out my mistake; for we had to march at once against the newly-erected pa; and as we passed it, we saw the natives eyeing us from the interior. On we went, however, to a *hillock about one thousand yards from the stockade.*

Taking up our position, we opened fire with three guns and one rocket-tube. The latter was manned by sailors. We poured in torrents of shell, and expected every minute to see the besieged fly from their garrison. After firing about a dozen rounds per gun, we advanced upon them, and they opened fire in return. The position taken up by my gun was about two hundred yards from the pa, and I fired every shot through the place. After halting here for a short time, we advanced still nearer, but more towards our left. While we were making our last move, some of our mounted civilian troops rode up to the pa, taking away the flag, which had been shot down and was hanging over the stockade. This was a very daring act, and brought forth a volley which flew about us like hail. One poor fellow was killed near me; I heard his mournful cries as he lay in the fern, hid from our view; another was brought down from his horse, and a third was shot through the thigh. The cries from the pa were terrible in the extreme, and I could not make out why the rebels remained there so long. Our ammunition being now expended, and night having come on, we assembled our forces about two hundred yards from the pa, and lay down in the fern while ammunition was being brought from the camp. Meanwhile the enemy kept up at intervals a well-directed fire, some of the shot striking my gun, and whizzing past my ears, others entering the ground close to my feet; and yet, through God's mercy, I was spared. We lay upon the ground until daybreak, without coat or blanket, trembling with cold."

CHAPTER XIV.

The Conflict Deepens.

War continued—Thanksgiving for Deliverance—Prayer-Meetings—
Sorrow of Parents over their Son—Rebels at Omata—Blockhouse
—Murder by the Rebels—Attack and Defeat of the Rebels—Nar-
row Escape of the Rev. Mr B———Appearance of Omata—Supple
Jack—Presence of Mind—Signal Station—Public Auction—Rein-
forcement—Preparation for the March—Service in Camp.

“High on the demon's brow, in scrolls of flame,
Destruction glares—his message and his name;
While as his sable pinions onward sweep,
The unseen watchers fold their wings and weep.”



CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONFLICT DEEPENS.

"March 17th.—This morning, on receiving our ammunition, we advanced towards the pa, and opened fire. As guns had been heard at daybreak, we concluded that the Maories were ready for us. Still no sign from within, though our lines drew closer and closer. Had we received the expected volley at this critical point, we must inevitably have been cut down like grass. But no resistance was attempted as yet; so we halted again and fired several rounds, tearing away a large portion of the stockade. Lieutenant M'N——, R.A., went forward, and was immediately followed by several men, who rushed into the pa, only to discover, to their excessive mortification, that it was quite empty. Now we saw how the enemy had been enabled to maintain their position so long. The stockade was very strong and of great circumference, but the whole of the interior had been cut out into galleries, far below the surface, with roofings of split-timber extending throughout the pa from side to side and from end to end. Above was a thick layer of earth, having a small aperture here and there to admit air. The galleries were lined *with fern, while the standing walls of earth were pierced*

with holes just large enough to admit a man, thus opening a communication throughout. The place had evidently been deserted in a great hurry, for we found potatoes, Indian-corn, dried fish, a war-horn, and several other articles. We soon burnt down the stockade and levelled the pa. What loss the Maories met with, we never shall know, for they are always careful to keep this secret. Close to the stockade was one of them with his head nearly off, leaning against the fence, quite dead; another was shot by one of our mounted troops at some distance from the pa. After the work of destruction had been completed, we returned to camp. On our approach we saw the flag half-mast high, telling us that one of the wounded was dead. The poor fellow's name was Corbett; he was shot through the spine, and only lived twelve hours afterwards. Another man is not expected to recover; but the third, who was shot through the thigh, is doing well. Few were able to recognise us when we presented ourselves, for our faces were black, our clothes torn, and, exposed as we had been to a very heavy rain, our looks were haggard and pitiful. During the action we fired about two hundred shell into the pa; and to one who does not understand the construction of these native fortifications, their powers of resistance would naturally be a cause of extreme surprise.

"This evening, (Sunday,) as soon as we had obtained some refreshment, we assembled to give thanks to Almighty God for our safe deliverance. The congregation consisted of four officers, and about twenty non-commis-

sioned officers and men. After a few opening remarks on the peculiarity of our position, we joined in prayer. Every one went down upon his knees, and I read the prayers from the Prayer-book. At the conclusion of our little service, an officer came to me and said, 'Let me know when you have any meetings, and I will attend them; and if I can assist you in any way, I will gladly do so.'

"Now I know what has long perplexed me,—the nature of the feelings with which a Christian soldier goes into action. Thank God, I had no fear whatever; I was enabled to lift up my heart in prayer, and I know He heard me. I record my humble gratitude to Him for my safe deliverance, and pray that He will enable me to fulfil my vow to live nearer to Him than I have ever done. On returning to camp, I received a note from my dear wife, telling me that while she was writing she heard our guns, and trembled as she thought of the danger to which I was exposed. I immediately sent her a note by the mounted escort, to acquaint her of my safety.

"*March 21st.*—Since we returned from our fighting expedition, we have remained pretty quiet; but, unfortunately, the road between our camp and the town is taken up by the natives, who have located themselves in a pa, about four or five miles from us. The bullock drivers and most of the mounted escorts have refused to bring us fresh provisions from New Plymouth. Yesterday the Revs. Mr G——, Mr W——, and a German missionary visited the enemy's pas, but they could not ascertain their loss.

During the last two days a flag of truce has been hoisted by the natives on the other side of the Waitara.

“Last night I held a prayer-meeting, which was well attended. I have frequent opportunities of conversing with a few of God’s children, and we endeavour to build each other up in our most holy faith. As an instance, a recent subject of conversation with us was the necessity of confessing Jesus in the camp. Some of our ungodly comrades have been trying to ridicule our psalm-singing; but I pray the Lord to open their hearts, and to enable them to see their dangerous position.

“*March 23rd.*—Last night two field-officers attended the prayer-meeting, to our great encouragement. A poor man who was wounded on Saturday appears to be sinking very rapidly. I have just been sitting up with him; his painful sufferings and cries for mercy were truly heart-rending. I frequently pressed him to engage in prayer; but, alas! only to discover another instance of the hopelessness of seeking mercy through Christ when the agonies of death have arrived. The scene was a sad one. His poor mother sat on the ground beside him, weeping bitterly, her face buried in her hands. His sorrowing father, a man who has led a dissipated life, was on his knees, entreating the Lord on behalf of his suffering son—the tears rolling down his cheeks, his hands clasped, and his whole soul prostrate with grief. I took this opportunity of speaking faithfully to him on the subject of his own life and conduct, and urging him to prepare to meet his God.

"We hear several reports of the doings of the natives, but none of them can be relied upon. The Governor has established a corps of native infantry to act in conjunction with the troops, which is placed under the command of R—— B——.

"*March 24th.*—This evening, about five o'clock, a message came from New Plymouth, stating that the rebels were collected at Omata, a village about four miles distant. In less than half an hour the whole of the artillery, with two 24-pounders, one 12-pounder howitzer, and about two hundred men of the 65th Regiment, were on their way to New Plymouth. After a heavy and dangerous march along the beach, we came to the Bell Blockhouse, built with heavy logs of wood, and manned by the settlers. The appearance of the neighbourhood was very gloomy, and as the surrounding houses were all closed and deserted, the sad tale of apprehension was sufficiently told. On passing this lonely house we gave its noble defenders three hearty cheers, which were as heartily returned. Proceeding on our way, we arrived in town about ten o'clock, greatly to the relief of hundreds of terrified women and children.

"*March 25th, (Sunday.)*—This morning, at four o'clock, a party of soldiers, militia and volunteers, under the command of Colonel M——, proceeded to Omata to spy out the enemy's camp. They surprised them about six, and, had they had permission to attack, might have done them great mischief; but as it was, they returned without firing a shot.

“March 27th.—This day news reached the town that three men had been murdered in Omata. With wilful imprudence, and in defiance of general remonstrances, they had persisted in looking for some stray sheep. As they were engaged in their fatal search, several rebels in ambush sprang suddenly upon them, and put them to a horrible death. Their bodies were afterwards discovered, frightfully tomahawked, and a pair of bullocks that had been shot, lay beside them. This event has caused a great sensation, and a deep thirst for revenge among the settlers, each of the murdered men having left a wife and family to lament his loss.

“March 28th.—Late last night, the bodies of two English boys were found at Omata, both fearfully mutilated. Surely the Lord will avenge the blood of the defenceless and unarmed on the heads of these savage butchers! The Rev. Mr B——, with two or three English families, being still at Omata, and great doubts being entertained of their safety, a strong body of troops, under the command of Colonel M——, had been ordered to proceed by different routes, for the purpose of removing them from so dangerous a neighbourhood. They had scarcely arrived before they were attacked by the rebels, who had taken up their position in a gully thickly studded with trees. Soon a smart fire commenced on both sides, and our rockets did much execution. The action continued until after dark, about which time Captain C——, with a portion of the *Niger's* crew, rushed to the pa and seized the enemy's colours. Unfor-

tunately, at this critical moment, an order arrived for the troops to return at once. I need hardly add that it was most reluctantly obeyed. We arrived in town about midnight, our loss being two killed and about fourteen wounded. We ascertained that the natives had lost by this affray, ten chiefs and ninety killed and wounded.

"*March 29th.*—Everybody expected that the troops would again march against the natives this morning, but it was otherwise ordained. In the evening, to the joy of all, the Rev. Mr B——, with about thirty-three others, arrived in town under a friendly native escort. Their deliverance was truly wonderful. The savages were frequently in their houses, and took whatever they required; but, by the assistance of a friendly chief, their escape was ultimately effected.

"*April 2nd.*—To-day an escort, consisting of two hundred militiamen, with one 24-pounder howitzer, and about thirty carts, went to Omata to fetch in some potatoes and wheat. We remained there all day, during which time about one hundred and forty bushels of wheat were threshed, and forty tons of potatoes dug, or rather ploughed, up. The appearance of the village was dreary in the extreme: every house had been plundered; and many of the natives seemed to have taken more than they were well able to carry, for the road was strewn for miles with feather pillows, chairs, wearing apparel, and articles of every description. The offensive smell arising from the thinly covered graves of the Maories, and the carcasses of the *still unburied cattle which had been shot and left to*

decay, together with the innumerable signs of desolation on every side, rendered the place as loathsome as it is possible to conceive.

"April 3rd.—To-day I mounted guard for the first time in New Zealand. I had charge of the main guard, and at night a drunken prisoner was committed to my care. He was so riotous that I was compelled to bind him hand and foot.

"April 5th.—This morning I was ordered to proceed to the blockhouse at Bell Block, to establish a code of signals for the use of the settlement. Soon after my arrival, six of us went armed to the bush for supple-jack, (a kind of wood found there in great quantities,) to make balls for the telegraph. While the men were engaged in the cutting, I placed myself on sentry outside. I had not been there many minutes before I saw a Maori creeping along under a furze hedge about two hundred yards from me. In a very few minutes, three or four others followed him. My first impulse was to fire, but on second thoughts, (generally the best,) I deemed it more prudent to collect the men, and make a hasty retreat. However, as our business was nearly over, they preferred to remain. So keeping a good look-out, in order that our retreat might not be cut off, we collected a sufficient quantity of supple-jack, and returned safe to the blockhouse. We had scarcely arrived, when four or five houses were observed to be on fire. I immediately recollected the villains I had seen creeping towards those very houses, and the mystery was at once cleared up. The

owners of the ill-fated dwellings were standing looking on at the conflagration, but allowing no murmur to escape their lips. As we expected an instant attack, we manned the loop-holes; but the night passed without any extraordinary occurrence.

*"April 6th, (Good Friday).—*We had a service in the gloomy blockhouse this evening, which was well attended.

*"April 9th.—*Having completed all my signal arrangements, I returned to town about noon, when I received orders to proceed at once to Omata, for the purpose of erecting a telegraph post at the stockade there. It was composed of logs fixed upright in the ground, as close as possible together; a roofing ran all round the interior, but the front being open, and the stockade not being perfectly close, we were frequently disturbed by the wind, which blew off our blankets, while showers of rain penetrated the roof. But such inconveniences must be expected upon active service. I feel truly thankful to my heavenly Father for the excellent health I enjoy; and I can cheerfully endure any amount of hardship, because I know that we are engaged in a just cause.

*"April 10th.—*This evening, at the request of Captain B——, I sold, by public auction, in the stockade, the effects of the late Sergeant Fahey of the militia, who was killed in action. I had calculated upon obtaining about £5; but, incredible as it may appear, no less a sum than £15 was obtained. I sold three twopenny postage stamps for 2s., an old penknife went for 10s., and a purse, not worth *carrying about*, fetched 3s. 6d. Every one seemed anxious

to obtain some relic of the deceased ; but, to crown all, I sold some pipes at 6d. each, which could have been bought in the town at 1d. It turned out that these belonged to another man, who had deposited them in Falny's box for safety ; but I was ignorant of this at the time of sale. The poor fellow's watch, knife, and purse, were covered with his blood ; hence the extraordinary sum they realised.

"April 15th.—The Rev. Mr B—— came from town, and held service in the stockade this evening.

"April 16th.—Two steamers arrived from Sydney to-day, with a reinforcement of two hundred and twenty men, forty of whom were of the Royal Artillery, and the remainder of the 12th Regiment. They brought with them guns and mortars.

"April 17th.—Some natives have been heard firing and shouting in the bush ; but none were to be seen. Many of our men are suffering from sickness—a circumstance not to be wondered at, considering the heavy rain and cold winds to which we have been recently exposed, sufficient to rack the strongest constitution. This evening, having completed my arrangements here, I returned to town, thankful to God for all His mercies. I believe there are now about three or four hundred on the sick-list, suffering from dysentery. About four hundred of our women and children have been sent to Nelson for safety. The inhabitants, with true English kindness, *have offered* to provide for them during the war. *Rumours are afloat* that Auckland is in danger ; so the

Governor has gone there in the *Niger* to prepare for the worst. Should the Waikato tribe rebel, the whole of the northern portion of New Zealand will be in a state of revolt; but, at present, the disturbance is confined to New Plymouth. Our total loss in men, up to the present time, is four killed in action, sixteen wounded, and five murdered; but the destruction of property is unknown, and nothing is more certain than that the settlers will lose their all. Now that God's judgments are abroad in the earth, will the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness?

"*April 20th.*—Early this morning, we paraded with six field-pieces, and mustered fifty-eight officers and men of the artillery, one hundred and fifty sailors and marines, and three hundred of the 65th Regiment, with a long train of bullock carts. Our destination was not generally known; but on receiving the order to march by the Omata road, we knew at once that we were going south to Taranaki and Warea,—the latter place being about thirty miles distant. After a heavy day's march—a great portion of which was along a sandy beach—we reached Mr B——'s farm at Tataraimaka, where we encamped for the night.

"*April 21st.*—This morning, four guns and a portion of infantry were ordered south, for the purpose of reconnoitring. While we were engaged in preparing, a sailor, by some mistake or other, let his musket fall; it went off, and shot him through the thigh. We marched over a very bad road for about five or six miles, without seeing the enemy, or being in any way molested by them.

In the evening, we returned to Mr B——'s farm, where the remainder of the men, with the guns and camp-equipage joined us, and we encamped for the night.

"*April 22nd, (Sunday).*—As no Divine service was officially performed in camp to-day, I was desired to hold a meeting at three P.M., which was attended by Colonel G——, several other officers, (naval and military,) and about sixty men. I spoke from 2 Pet. i., the subject being—'The necessity for keeping constantly in remembrance the truths of our holy religion.' At first, I was doubtful whether I should be able to proceed; but utterance was given me, and I was enabled, thank God, to deliver the truth without embarrassment.

"*April 23rd.*—I was sent to Omata to-day to select a suitable place for a telegraph station, and returned in the evening.

"*April 26th.*—Since Monday, we have remained in camp on Mr B——'s farm; the light company 65th Regiment having joined us. To-day we broke up our camp, and marched south. Towards evening, we bivouacked at a large abandoned pa, situated about half a mile from the beach. Here we found a quantity of clothing and other articles which had been stolen from the settlers."

CHAPTER XV.

Camp Life.

March to Waera—Native Signals—Courage of the Maories—Arrival at New Plymouth—Proceeds to Bell Block—Discomforts of Camp Life—Short Council of War—War-dance—Total Abstinence—Narrow Escape of Mr P———Alarm—A Spy Shot—Marching to Church with Loaded Rifles—Narrow Escapes from Drowning—Waikato Tribe—Maories very Daring.

“I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone before us
In long reverberations reach our own.”

4

CHAPTER XV.

CAMP LIFE.

"*April 27th.*—This morning early, we were on our march to Waera. As we advanced, we had to cross several rivers, one of which goes by the well-merited name of the Stony River, and is forded with the greatest possible difficulty. We had next to pass through a vast extent of country, covered entirely with flax, which completely concealed us as we made our way for miles along a road through the centre, just wide enough to admit of a very small number passing abreast. About four P.M., we suddenly came in sight of a large pa, situated about one hundred and fifty yards in front. We had no sooner made our appearance, than several shots were fired at us; our guns were immediately brought into action, and, after a few rounds of well-directed shell, a party of the 65th, under the command of Captain S—, of H.M.S. *Pelorus*, rushed into the pa. However, as usual, it was empty, as the enemy had been taken by surprise, and, after discharging their pieces, had retreated to the bush. We set it on fire, but spared the little church, at one time the scene of the labours of a German Lutheran missionary, now resident in the town. After pitching our

tents, we kept a good look-out through the night, and I had a fine opportunity of witnessing the signals used by the natives. These are, by day, puffs of white smoke, which, after ascending twenty or thirty feet, suddenly vanish—a certain number signifying a sentence. By night, fire is employed. We could plainly discover the two parties communicating with each other, but as they were in the thick bush surrounded by large swamps, we had no means of reaching them.

“April 28th.—We all expected to enter the bush to-day in search of the rebels. I was instructed to be ready with two guns at seven A.M., but at that hour the order was countermanded, and by eight o'clock we were all on our march to New Plymouth. As we were leaving, some daring Maori had ventured sufficiently near to fire a shot at us from the bush, but did no damage. When we came in sight of the place where we had encamped two nights previously, we saw several natives about eight hundred yards in front of us. A smart fire was opened upon them by our rifles, to which they feebly replied. As they were making a hasty retreat, one of them was seen to fall, upon which two others returned to pick him up, the whole immediately disappearing in the swamps and bush out of our reach. We were all anxious to reach Mr B——’s farm by nightfall. On our way, we burnt the rebel pas, and exchanged a few straggling shots. After marching over sixteen miles of bad ground, and crossing several rivers, we arrived at our old spot, very glad to get a night’s rest.

"*April 29th, (Sunday).*—Many of our men are suffering from severe colds, caused by exposure at night and wading through so many rivers. I marched barefooted, in preference to wearing my wet boots and socks for so many miles. This afternoon, I again held a service, which was attended by upwards of one hundred officers and men.

"*April 30th.*—Marched into New Plymouth, having left two guns and about three hundred men encamped on Mr B——'s farm. When we arrived in town, we were as black as sweeps. One gentleman paid me a compliment by saying I was the blackest-looking blackguard in our party. We encamped on Poverty Square. During the day, a vessel arrived with a portion of the 40th Regiment from Australia.

"*May 2nd.*—Having received orders to march to-day with a company of the 40th, I took with me two gunners, a rocket-tube, and a supply of rockets; setting off at seven A.M. We arrived at the far side of Bell Block at about ten. We immediately commenced a stockade after the Maori fashion, and by night were surrounded by a ditch, encamping in safety. My business here is to establish a telegraph with New Plymouth.

"*May 4th.*—We have had very heavy rains since our arrival, and as we have established ourselves in the middle of a ploughed field, our position is very unpleasant. We can frequently see the rebels passing within eight or nine hundred yards of us; but our orders are to remain on the defensive.

"*May 5th.*—Last night was a night long to be remembered. Heavy squalls set in from N.W., accompanied by a terrible thunder-storm; the rain descending in torrents. This morning, there is no sign of improvement. Our tents are in a perfect pool of water, and our blankets and clothing are thoroughly soaked. I now begin to feel symptoms of a cold for the first time since the outbreak; but I cannot find words to express my gratitude to God for giving me such good health as I have enjoyed, and I could not have credited that my constitution could have endured so much exposure.

"*May 6th, (Sunday.)*—Some time before daybreak this morning, the bugle sounded the 'turn out.' The tents were struck, the stockade rooted up and burnt, and in a short time we were on our way to Waitara. This sudden movement was kept secret until the hour of departure, the cause of it being known only to a few. Information had been received that the Waikatos were on the march to assist Wi Kingi, and that it was their intention to attack the camp. Our detachment was ordered for the defence. The weather still continues unfavourable—incessant rain, with thunder and lightning. Our clothes have not been dry since we encamped. On arriving at the Monataka river to-day, we were obliged to halt for some considerable time, as the water was very deep and the current swift; so we took advantage of this delay to cook our dinners. I could not help contrasting my present Sabbaths with those peaceful ones I have spent in the Sunday-school. But even here I can lift my heart

to God, and pray that He will bless, not only me, but every one who may be peacefully engaged in His holy worship this day. Towards evening we crossed the river, and arrived in camp about sunset. Our old companions were glad to see us, and we pitched our tents in mud ankle-deep, and prepared as well as we could in that wet state for the storm that was evidently threatening.

"May 9th.—Another awful night. Yesterday the weather appeared to be breaking up, but last evening it set in with double violence. The very ground shook beneath us, and it seemed as if the elements of fire, wind, and water were leagued for our destruction. Yet, blessed be God, we passed through it all in safety. A few of us retired to my tent before we went to bed, as it was too wet to have an open-air meeting, and passed the evening in singing some of Wesley's hymns.

"May 11th.—Having obtained the loan of a horse, I went off to town about sunset. I had to ride through the enemy's country for about eight miles, so I scanned very closely every bush and hillock as I passed. After I had accomplished some three miles of my journey, I saw two men galloping towards me in great haste. Of course, I put them down for Maories, and had a short council of war with myself, which resulted in a determination to press on and face them. I had a single-barrelled pistol, (loaded,) with which I prepared for action, and reining in my horse to a walk, I advanced to meet the supposed foe. My intention was to fire, and then beat a hasty retreat; but *on arriving within a few yards of the horsemen, my fears*

vanished on my discovering that the new-comers were two officers going to Waitara. They had a good laugh when I informed them of their narrow escape. I soon reached the town in safety, thankful for preservation on my way. I find sickness prevails among the inhabitants to a fearful extent; the men, women, and children under medical treatment being, in all, four hundred. This unpleasant state of things has altered the countenances of many. Men who were, three months ago, stout, lusty-looking fellows, now shew the hollow cheek and tottering frame.

"*May 14th.*—Intelligence arrived to-day that two hundred and thirty of the Waikatos have joined Wi Kingi. Mr P——, our native commissioner, had a very narrow escape among them.

"*May 15th.*—Telegraphic news from Bell Block that the natives are displaying the Maori-king flag. This is its first appearance in Taranaki. They performed the war-dance around it, discharging their pieces in succession. Several parties of them are driving our settlers' cattle into their pas. I hope they will soon be called upon to pay them back, with interest.

"*May 16th.*—Fifty of the 12th Regiment left town this evening for Bell Block. News has just arrived that two of the Royal Engineers stationed at Waitara were shot by the natives. I feel thankful to God that my health still continues good; I enjoy this blessing more than thousands do their gold and silver. O Lord, in *mercy* preserve me through this trying scene, and fit me *for every duty to which I may be called!*

"I still adhere to my pledge of total abstinence; and although I am allowed a gill of rum a-day, I never take it. I do not feel that I require it, although I have been as much exposed as any other man here.

"*May 18th.*—The little steamer, *Tasmanian Maid*, from the Waitara, has just brought the joyful tidings that the report of the murder of the two Engineers was false.

"*May 19th.*—Mr P——, the native commissioner, has had another narrow escape. He was sent down the coast to reclaim some Waikatos, who were coming to join Wi Kingi. A party of Taranakies, and other southern natives, were with them, on their return from a mission to King Potatau. Mr P——'s orders were to see these natives safe past the Waitara camp, as they were in no way implicated in the murders committed by some of their tribe. But the ungrateful savages, as soon as they saw him, determined to shoot him, and lay in ambush to carry out their plan on his return home. The Waikatos, however, informed him of their design, declaring that they had not come there to murder unarmed men, and offering to escort the party safe to the Waitara. This was accomplished in the dead of night. As their head chief was taking his leave, he shook hands with Mr P——, and said, 'I leave you as a friend now. By and by we shall meet in the field; you will then be my enemy.'

"*May 22nd.*—Much alarm was created in town to-day by a report that the natives were gathered in great force

at Bell Block. The troops were quickly assembled, and as I heard that two guns would accompany them, I made my way to barracks. But when the troops were ready to start, a message arrived that the natives had gone into the bush, so the men returned to barracks, and I to bed, none the better for my trip. We are now in danger of being attacked in the town at any hour of the night, inasmuch as though the place is well guarded, there are still many ways by which an enemy could find an entrance. But I feel that our help is in God; I thoroughly believe that He hears prayer for our safety.

"*May 24th.*—The Queen's birthday was celebrated here to-day. A royal salute and *feu-de-joie* were fired, and three hearty cheers given. God grant that she may reign many years in peace and happiness over an affectionate and devoted people!

"*May 27th. (Sunday.)*—Word came from Waitara Camp to-day that R. B——, Esq., lately appointed Captain over the Native Irregulars, had been shot by the rebels lying in ambush. He was out as a spy, when suddenly three shots were fired, two of which took effect, one passing through his thigh, the other entering his shoulder. He rode three miles to camp after he was wounded, knowing full well that if he had fallen from his horse he would have been cut to pieces. On his arrival, he was quite exhausted from loss of blood. I hope he may recover, for he is one of the most useful men we have for obtaining information as to the enemy's movements. One of those who shot at him had been his servant for seve-

ral years. We hear that one thousand Maories are now collecting south, and are about to join Wi Kingi.

"*May 29th.*—Wrote to the secretary of the Soldiers' Friend Society, forwarding £5 for supply of tracts.

"*June 1st, (Wedding-day).*—Ten years of married life our God has given us. Many are the troubles we have seen, yet here we are surrounded with every necessary comfort, and I trust looking forward to the time when we shall enter into that rest which no battle or distress will ever disturb. Accept, O Lord, our humble and hearty thanks; and increase in us more love to each other, and more willing obedience to Thee! If we are spared another year, do Thou be our counsellor, and incline our hearts to that holiness without which none can see Thee!

"The weather has been very bad all the week. We have had no communication with Waitara since the 29th. Mr B—— was then a little better, but I believe no hope is entertained of his recovery.

"*June 3rd, (Sunday).*—The epidemic raging here has taken a fatal turn in many cases, several having died during the last few days. All this is owing, no doubt, to an entire alteration in the mode of life amongst us. Change of diet, loss of property, fear of attack, and night duty, combine to aggravate the symptoms of the disease. Day after day this gloomy state of things becomes more observable; would to God that His grace was felt in every heart! but 'there are few that seek after Him.' Nothing speaks more plainly of our insecure position here, than the spectacle of our troops marching to church with loaded

rifles, just as though they were going into the field. This evening I again met my Bible-class in the Institute, having reopened that place last Friday. There was a very good attendance, and many new members. I also collected the children together, both in the forenoon and afternoon.

"*June 4th.*—A little boy was drowned to-day while attempting to cross the river on horseback. The rapidity of the stream appears to have turned him giddy, and falling from his horse, he was instantly swept away. His body has not yet been found. A noble captain of the 12th Regiment nearly lost his life in attempting to save him. Seeing the poor little fellow in the water, he immediately rushed in after him, but soon found himself carried away by the current, and was about to sink when he was rescued by a party of boatmen. His life was despaired of for several hours after he had been taken out, but he is now recovering.

"*June 8th.*—This morning, Mrs C——, the wife of one of my men, died, having never recovered from her confinement, which took place about five weeks ago. She has left four children. My wife has undertaken the care of the infant, and I am endeavouring to provide for the other three. May God incline some to come forward and remember the orphans!

"*June 9th.*—We hear that a great meeting of the Waikato tribe has been held. A new flagstaff was made and erected, and Potatau was proclaimed King of the Maories. The national flag, representing the Maori

nation, was hoisted, and it was announced that Queen Victoria held rule no longer in these islands. Many of the chiefs would not agree to this step, and at present there is a great division among them. But those who have thus discarded the Queen's authority, and sworn allegiance to Potatau, will inevitably be punished for their folly,—the result of which will be, in all probability, a general war, the struggle at present being confined to Taranaki.

“This afternoon we buried poor Mrs C——. At the funeral, I observed fifteen or sixteen new graves which have received the mortal remains of persons dying during the last three months. Besides these, several have been buried in the Dissenters' burying-ground,—an extraordinary degree of mortality for Taranaki, as the average number of deaths does not exceed four annually.

“I forgot to state that, on the 6th of this month, I entertained the military-school children with tea, and was very glad to see so many happy faces. Colonel G——, Colonel M——, Mrs M——, Mrs W——, and several other officers and ladies, were present, and expressed themselves highly delighted with the children's singing, and their ready answers to the questions proposed. I have had word from the Waitara that my dear friend Sergeant W—— is dangerously ill. Blessed be God, he has in his affliction a strong consolation in Christ. The Maories have been very bold of late. A day or two ago, they went to within half a mile of the Waitara camp, into which they fired a volley. *They have also ransacked several houses at Bell*

Block, within rifle-shot of the blockhouse, without molestation,—our orders being not to fire upon them.

“*June 13th.*—Nothing of importance has taken place since last date. Mr B—— is no better, and no hopes are as yet entertained of his recovery. There is a rumour that some natives wish to desert Wi Kingi, and give themselves up to the authorities.”

CHAPTER XVI

Maori Tactics.

Surrender of Two Chiefs—Increase of Drunkenness—Proceeds to Waitara—Hot Work—Evening Service in Camp—Memorable Day—Battle of Puketakauere—Waikatos—Pleasing Account of an Officer—Arrival at New Plymouth—Appointed Signal-Master—Tents very Cold.

“ And thou, as one whose course has been
Across a changing sea,
Wilt note how storms and calms were seen
In turn to visit thee.”



CHAPTER XVI.

MAORI TACTICS.

"*June 15th.*—Two petty chiefs and fifteen natives surrendered themselves to-day to Mr P——, the native commissioner. They laid down their arms in front of Bell Block, and after a space of ten minutes were allowed to take them up again and join the friendly natives. This affair has created much dissatisfaction among our settlers. Perhaps these were the very men who fired upon Mr B—— but a few days ago; at any rate, they have been in rebellion against Her Majesty for some months, burning and destroying the property of the settlers on every side. Now, however, when hunger and cold are pinching them, they are permitted to resume the arms they have surrendered, and mix securely amongst those whose husbands, fathers, and brothers they have murdered, and whose property they have destroyed.

"*June 20th.*—A steamer from Waitara to-day. Mr B—— getting worse. The native rebels have built another pa near the camp at Waitara. An attack was expected last night, but there was no sound except that of the war-horns of the natives. Another rebel, the owner of the mill we destroyed on our march south, and

one who fought against us at Waireka, has given himself up, and is now walking at large in our streets, at full liberty meanwhile to rejoin the mutineers whenever it may suit his convenience.

"The advancement of drunkenness and other vice in New Plymouth is very fearful. Children, utterly neglected by their parents, are allowed to wander about the town wherever they please, while from little boys may be heard language the most blasphemous and obscene. May God in His infinite mercy turn the hearts of the people! Prayers, exhortations, and the inroads of death, appear to be of no avail. Satan has his seat here, and the poor deluded people seem willing to remain in his service. This is grievous to the few who do really love the Lord; and I confess I find it very hard to maintain my own steadfastness. David grieved when he saw the prosperity of the wicked; but I believe what distressed him most was the thought of their future punishment. Awful indeed is the end of the wicked! O Lord, I pray Thee sustain me: I am very weak and feeble, do Thou make me strong; increase my faith; enlarge my heart's desires; quicken me in Thy work; keep me to the end; and receive me to Thyself in glory, for Christ's sake!

"*June 22nd.*—Ordered to Waitara, per steamer *Tasmanian Maid*, to choose a site for a signal-station. In the evening, I spent a few hours at a friendly native pa, within a few yards of the place where Mr B—— lay wounded.

"*June 23rd.*—I have not been able to find a spot suit-

able for a flagstaff; and as the steamer was about to return, I went on board. The weather, however, became very tempestuous, so we did not cross 'the bar.' The captain and engineer invited me to remain to dinner, but just as we were about to sit down, the alarm-gun was fired at the camp. I immediately leaped into the boat, and, after landing, rushed up to see what was going on. A number of natives were assembled in front of our position, and had attacked a party of our men who were out reconnoitring. They were ordered to retire, and we opened fire from our camp. They returned it for some time, but soon found the place too hot for them, and scampered off in terrible haste to their pa. None on our side were wounded, but some had very narrow escapes. The muzzle of one man's musket was shot off, while a ball passed through the tail of his coat; and another had a button carried away.

"*June 24th, (Sunday).*—The steamer cannot venture out to-day. This evening I held a service in the camp, which was well attended; and another afterwards, by the captain's wish, in the cabin of the steamer. The Rev. J. W—— visited the rebel pa to-day, when the chief, Hapuroua, told him he was much obliged to the commander of the troops for the powder expended on his men the other day; adding that he was not ready to fight yet, and he should keep a white flag flying until he was, and he expected Major M—— to do the same.

"*June 25th.*—The steamer took 'the bar' to-day, but struck on crossing. We anchored off New Plymouth in a

very heavy surf. One man, in coming away with the boat, was washed overboard ; but although he sank and passed under the keel, he was caught on the other side. Thank God, we all landed safe.

"*June 26th.*—In consequence of the native aggression on our land last Saturday, the authorities have determined to resent the outrage, and have sent to-day about fifty sailors and marines, under the command of Captain S——, of the *Pelorus*, about thirty of the 40th Regiment, one officer, one sergeant, and eighteen gunners of the Artillery, having with them two 24-pounder howitzers, to join the camp at Waitara. The sailors and marines marched overland, while the artillery embarked on board the steamer. The rain fell fast, with a strong wind blowing in-shore, and an awful sea running. On arriving at Waitara, we encamped on the beach, in a very deplorable state of moisture and misery.

"*June 27th.*—A most memorable day! At three o'clock this morning we were turned out, and marched towards the Waikato pa, about a mile distant. The morning was wet and stormy. We assembled a few yards outside of the camp—our force consisting of two hundred and fifty of the 40th, fifty sailors and marines, and eighteen artillerymen. This small body was divided into three divisions, the whole under the command of Major N——, 40th Regiment. One division was sent round to the rear of the pa, to lie in ambush near the river, and *cut off* the retreat of the rebels ; the other two *advanced* with the guns to the front. Our silent march

through the darkness was gloomy enough ; the morning was raw and stormy ; and to heighten my distress, I fell into a ditch of water, it being too dark to distinguish any object before me. We arrived off the pa at daybreak ; and placing the guns in position about three hundred and fifty yards distant, we opened fire at seven o'clock. The natives at once returned the attack. Having destroyed a portion of the stockade, Major N—— was determined to take the place by storm. The 'advance' was sounded, and now began a struggle from a quarter quite unexpected. The division lying in ambush in rear of the pa was attacked by a large body of natives, who rushed down from the bush and overpowered our men, outnumbering them by hundreds. The fight that ensued was fearful. Many of our poor fellows belonging to this division were driven into swamps, and even across the river. They fought well, and had they been assisted, might have beaten the rebels ; but no aid was at hand. The natives rushed upon them like tigers, tomahawking the wounded in the presence of their comrades. Poor Lieutenant B—— was shot and tomahawked whilst endeavouring to escape ; two were drowned in the swamp ; and as for those who escaped, their deliverance was a miracle.

"Rebels were now arriving from all quarters in large force, and as our men were advancing to attack the pa, they came along an entrenchment until they were within a few yards of us, when they opened a heavy fire. *Our musketry replied without delay ; but the*

natives ran upon our men, yelling like fiends, and even dared the British bayonet. At this moment they received a reinforcement, and sprang upon us more furiously than ever. Our guns, however, did much havoc, frequently checking their advance. About this time one of my gunners was assisting me to fix the fuse in a shell; he was sitting with his back towards the pa while I was facing him; the shell lay on the ground between us; suddenly the poor fellow fell over, casting a look at me which I shall never forget, at the same time crying, 'Oh, I am shot!' I had not time to pay him any attention. The ball had entered the hip, passing out through the groin, afterwards passing between my legs. We were evidently getting the worst of it. Many of our best men had been cut down, while the rebels seemed rather to increase than decrease; so Major N—— thought the wisest plan would be to retire at once. The 'retreat' was sounded, but our men were so mixed up with the enemy that we could not bring away our dead and wounded—many of the latter having been tomahawked during the fight. All that were able to creep away to the rear did so; Captain S——, who was wounded in the calf of the leg, being among the number. We mustered in good order, returning to camp about eleven o'clock A.M., disheartened and dispirited, when we ascertained that our loss amounted to thirty-two killed or missing, and thirty-three wounded; about eighteen per cent. Thank God, my life was spared; and I *hope eternally* to praise Him for this deliverance. What *an awful thing* to fall into the hands of these unmerciful

savages ! Their numbers were estimated from eight hundred to one thousand, and they had the advantage of entrenchments, except when they charged upon us. The sights we witnessed to-day were truly horrifying ; nor can they ever be erased from my memory. Fighting with these Maories is ten times worse than engaging with an honourable foe ; for a civilised enemy knows how to spare the wounded. We have since been informed that Colonel G——, commanding the troops, was on his way to our assistance with four hundred men, but that when he had arrived within two miles of the scene of battle, believing the affair was over, he returned to town. Had this force only come in time, the Maories would have been taught a lesson they would never have forgotten. But I would remember that God reigns above, and that this defeat was not suffered to befall us without His consent, and was perhaps entailed upon us by our own sins. O Lord, turn the hearts of this people, and enable us always to seek counsel in Thee !

“During the afternoon a poor fellow managed to creep through the fern towards the camp, and on being observed was immediately rescued. He stated, that when he found himself enclosed by rebels on every side, he plunged into the river and swam to the opposite bank, the balls flying about him like hail, he meanwhile marvellously escaping unhurt. On arriving at the other side of the river, he lay down in the fern for a few hours, and when he saw all was clear, swam back again and made his way towards the camp. About six or seven o'clock in the evening, loud

shouting was heard in the direction of the rebel pa, evidently the voice of an Englishman. Several of us instantly started off in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and after some search we found a poor sailor who had been four hours creeping through the fern on one knee, a shot having struck the other and remained in the joint. The joy of the poor fellow was very great when he found himself once more among his countrymen. Another man, who returned to camp with us in the morning, wounded, had a very narrow escape. During the heat of the fight, several natives came up to tomahawk him, as he lay for dead. Supposing, however, that the breath was really out of his body, they did not molest him; and as soon as he saw his way clear, he crept towards our party, and arrived in time to return to camp with us. This affair is termed the battle of the Waitara, but as it is probable many battles will yet take place in the same district, I shall call it the battle of Puketakauere, the name of the pa we attacked.

"*June 28th.*—Poor W——, the man who was shot while we were fixing the shell, died this morning. I forwarded a few lines to my dear wife at New Plymouth by Mr H——, who came overland for news, instructing her to obtain all the old linen and other comforts she could for the poor wounded, and forward them to me. Several rebels have been observed straggling about the fern, evidently in search of rifles belonging to our wounded, but a few shots soon dispersed them.

"*June 29th.*—The Revs. W—— and G—— went up

to the rebel pa to-day, requesting to see our dead, but were refused. The missionaries, who generally receive great respect from the natives, were on this occasion treated with marked coldness. They were not allowed to come inside the pa. A promise was, however, obtained that the dead should be buried, if we would engage not to fire while the ceremony was being performed. This day the little babe which my wife had taken into her charge died in convulsions.

"*July 1st.*—Another of our wounded expired to-day, named M'Q—. He was shot through the neck, and suffered greatly before his death. News has arrived in camp that four or five hundred Waikatos are on their way to join the rebels, whose loss at the late engagement is generally computed between one hundred and fifty and two hundred, killed and wounded.

"*July 7th.*—Nothing of importance has taken place during the week. The rebels have been reinforced by several natives from Waikato, and are busily engaged in enlarging their strongholds. We gave them a few shots now and then, but they ran into the caves as soon as they observed the smoke from our guns.

"*July 8th.*—I forgot to state that twenty-five of our wounded were taken away by the *Tasmanian Maid* to New Plymouth a few days ago, leaving but a few in camp. This morning I received a letter from my dear wife, informing me that, according to my instructions, she had collected for the sick and wounded; but I fear the affair has aroused the jealousy of some New Plymouth ladies.

Having obtained leave, I embarked in the steamer for New Plymouth this evening, after holding service in the camp. There was an officer of the 40th present, who had regularly attended. He was very much affected on this occasion, and, as he sat next to me, his sobs and tears went to my heart, for I felt that God was present. After I had gone on board I received a note from him, requesting me to purchase him a Bible in New Plymouth. I feel grateful to God for such manifestations of the working of His Spirit, and I pray that that blessed influence may spread till all feel His power.

"*July 9th.*—Landed this morning at New Plymouth, and was informed that the Governor had appointed me signal-master of the province. My time to-day was entirely taken up in business. I found my dear wife quite delighted at my arrival. Her joy, however, was speedily damped when I told her that I must leave again in the evening. I returned on board at six, and arrived at camp next morning.

"*July 10th.*—Two 8-inch guns having arrived from the *Cordelia* for service at Waitara, we landed them with some difficulty, and got them safe to camp.

"*July 11th.*—One of the 40th who was drowned during the late engagement, was picked up this morning. The poor fellow had been shot through both legs. He had his musket in his hand, and was fully accoutred. He was buried this afternoon. We suffer very much from cold; our tents being a very sorry protection against white frost and heavy dews. I thank God my health is in

general good, although at present I am attacked by a sore throat and cold on the chest. I should have stated before that our troops, which we left at Tataraimaka about two or three months ago, were withdrawn a few days since. As soon as they left, the rebels set fire to every house, burning all to the ground. Nearly thirty dwellings, once the homes of industrious parents and happy children, are now a mass of blackened ruins."

This was perhaps the most unpromising period of the New Zealand campaign, and the battle of Puketakauere its most startling episode. Too great attention cannot be paid to the narrative where it indicates the tactics of the Maories as distinguished from those of civilised belligerent nations, if the critical position of our troops is to be properly appreciated. Heroic courage and hardihood, skilful stratagem and brilliant manœuvring, the well-known characteristics of British fighting, were at a discount against an enemy that avoided all engagements, and knew only how to sneak along like serpents under waving fern,—despatch hundreds through the long grass,—butcher solitary sentries,—dress up in hogs' skins—contrive night-surprises,—run away with any who might chance to fall under their first discharge, and occupy the interval in leisurely tomahawking them to their satisfaction. Nor must it be forgotten that they swarmed like rabbits in a boundless warren, and like them, or like other vermin, were partial to underground holes, and when concealed in these, could not possibly be ferreted

out. Now, all this puzzles an English soldier; he is a match for men, but he feels at a loss with an army of *rats*, simply from his ignorance of their habits. Experience would doubtless add to his accomplishments by qualifying him for even this novel species of warfare, but it would take several similar campaigns to bring him up to the mark. No *visible* foe, however powerful, can daunt him, or cool that unostentatious bravery peculiarly his own; but an underground enemy demands somewhat curious dealing, and is not quite so readily coped with. All this must be remembered, or Marjouram's perplexities and apprehensions may lay him open to hasty and inexperienced criticism, or even bring into dispute those very qualities of cool courage and endurance which were so severely, and at the same time so successfully, tested.

CHAPTER XVII

Gloomy Anticipations.

Perilous Position—Prayer for New Plymouth—Eight-inch Guns—
False Alarm—Use is Second Nature—English Mail—Proceeds to
Waireka—Horrors of War—*Tasmanian Maid*—Frightful Death—
Heavy Squalls—Danger of Women and Children—Waireka Besieged
by the Rebels—Danger of New Plymouth.

“Forward with thought, for many a shoal
And many a reef will peril bring;
As, swifter than an eagle's wing,
Beneath thy bark the billows roll.”

CHAPTER XVII.

GLOOMY ANTICIPATIONS.

" July 13th.—My heart is very heavy this evening. News has just arrived from town that a large body of natives are at present encamped within three miles of New Plymouth, and that it is their intention to attack the place to-night. Our position is very perilous; we are beset by savages on every hand. Although the troops protect our wives and children, the thought of their being borne down by numbers sinks deep into my soul. What will become of those I love? I endeavour to confide in God. Lord, Thou canst save the helpless; do Thou have mercy, and send us help from on high; calm my doubts and fears, and preserve us from those dangers that threaten us on every side! Thou hast been my help in times past; oh, do Thou be very near now to save and deliver! Turn the hearts of our enemies, O Lord; they thirst for blood; calm their rage, and disturb their guilty consciences! They know the letter, may they feel the power of Thy word! And, O my God, give me grace to rest my troubled soul in the bosom of a compassionate Saviour! Do Thou this night banish my fears, and make *the wrath of these Thine enemies to turn to Thy praise!*

Lord, again I pray Thee to have compassion on my dear wife and child, and upon all the helpless in New Plymouth, for Jesus Christ's sake.

"*July 14th.*—Having mounted one of the 8-inch guns in its new position to-day, about eighteen rounds were fired at the rebel pa, which no doubt did much execution. We have not received any news from town to-day. O Lord, spare that place, and, if it please Thee, open up a way that I may send my wife and child to Sydney; and grant that my troubled spirit may be calmed by the assurance that they are safe.

"*July 15th, (Sunday.)*—The Rev. Mr W—— arrived to-day, reporting all well at New Plymouth. The southern rebels are still at Tataraimaki. He paid a visit to the rebel pa opposite our camp, and on his return informed me that they were very confident, and had addressed him in the following terms:—'Tell the Major to take his soldiers out of that place, or we will come to-morrow, or next day, and rout them first, and next those at New Plymouth; but we will save you, Mr W——, and take you back to Kawhia.'

"Very few have shewn themselves to-day. Strong S.-E. wind—very cold. I held a service this evening, and was glad to see the wharra crowded. Many appeared deeply affected while I expounded the passage, 'Let the wicked forsake his way.'

"*July 17th.*—Mounted the other 8-inch gun. The rebels do not appear to relish these 56-pounders, and few appear outside their pa; but our belief is that

they are concealed in the fern, under the impression, that if we see the pa empty, we shall go with a few men and take possession of it, thus giving them an admirable opportunity for surrounding us. I do not imagine, however, that this bait will be taken. I have written to my wife, advising her, if possible, to go to Sydney.

"*July 18th.*—My supposition relative to the rebels lying about in the fern proves correct; but they are evidently getting tired of that sort of work during this wet weather, for to-day they crept as near to our camp as they deemed advisable, and gave us a few volleys. However, they soon discovered that the place was too hot, and prudently retired. I think that they intend to attack us without delay.

"*July 19th.*—Last night, at about twelve o'clock, something was observed approaching the camp. The sentry challenged and fired, and instantly a 12-pounder howitzer was discharged, creating a general alarm. After waiting in suspense a few minutes, nothing more was seen or heard, so we went to rest again, and slept undisturbed until morning.

"*July 22nd, (Sunday.)*—The Rev. Mr G—— arrived from town to hold service in camp this morning. The weather being very cold and stormy, and the service being in the open air, it was thought advisable only to read the prayers. In the evening, I held service in one of the wharras, which was well filled; and I have great reason to believe that the blessing of the Lord was present. I pray, O Lord, that I may continue to be guided by Thy

Holy Spirit, and may speak with a lowly and contrite heart, and with a sincere desire to be an instrument in Thy hand of bringing poor sinners to Jesus.

"*July 24th.*—The nights are very frosty and cold. This morning the ice was one-sixth of an inch thick, and the ground was very hard. A tent is but a poor shelter under such circumstances, and having to sleep in our clothes, we feel the cold very much when we turn out in the morning. I have been a month to-day without taking off my clothes, except to change my linen. The *Tasmanian Maid*, which went to New Plymouth yesterday, was expected to return to-day, but has not yet made her appearance, and cannot arrive now before midnight. In all probability she is detained for the English mail, which is now due.

"It is said that use is second nature. We give and take shots now with as little concern as we engage in our everyday duties. We may be said to be in a state of mutual siege; certainly we are afraid to expose ourselves at any great distance from our camp, and the natives are very shy of shewing themselves near their own works. They creep about the fern, let fly a volley, and then make off. An 8-inch shell was lodged inside their pa to-day, to their evident confusion.

"*July 25th.*—The *Tasmanian Maid* has just come in, bringing our portion of English correspondence. I received several letters from friends at home. One gave me great pleasure and satisfaction; it came from an old friend, Corporal W——, who joyfully acknowledged that

I was the instrument, in God's hand, of bringing him to Jesus some years ago. Since then we have been quartered in different parts of the globe. He had just returned to Woolwich, and in the course of conversation with a friend, heard my name accidentally mentioned in connexion with my letters to the secretary of the Army Scripture-readers' Society. He was so much delighted at hearing of my proposals to that gentleman, that he went to London and saw him, and was informed that they had met with a very favourable reception, and that an answer would be forwarded next mail.

"*July 26th.*—I obtained permission to go by the steamer to New Plymouth to-day. We leave at three P.M., and I must discontinue my journal until my return.

"*August 3rd.*—Returned from New Plymouth per steamer. While I was there I was sent to Waireka (a station of about two hundred men) to erect a telegraph. Much alarm and confusion had arisen in New Plymouth; reports having been received that the rebels are about to attack the town. At Bell Block, they came in large force and drove off the remaining portion of the cattle. A slight skirmish took place, in which it was rumoured that a few natives had been wounded. A proclamation has been issued to the effect 'that all persons, heads of families of five children and upwards, are to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Nelson on Friday next.' This order has created much indignation, but I think it quite necessary. Most probably, before long, the women and children *will be ordered away*. I have been compelled

to give up my house, and have now to pay 5s. per week for a small hole with no fireplace, nor even sufficient accommodation to erect a bedstead. Those who have the power seem to be grasping all they can, and even the once friendly are now selfish and disagreeable.

"Oh, what horrors result from war! A melancholy event has taken place here since I left. A young man, a bullock-driver who came from Bell Block, has been brutally murdered by these savage rebels. He was a few hundred yards up the beach, collecting firewood, when suddenly four or five natives sprang upon him, and shot him through the head and heart. Not satisfied with this, they vented their rage upon him with the tomahawk. He was accompanied by a soldier, who was about fifty yards distant when the occurrence took place, and only saved his life by flight. The young bullock-driver bore an excellent character, in proof of which he had supported his father, mother, and five sisters for the last ten years and I trust he is now enjoying that rest where the wicked cease from troubling. I believe he was a good Christian, and his conduct was such a source of pleasure to me, that I took him into my own mess. Poor fellow, his place is now empty. The rebels are getting very daring, and it is necessary to guard against a surprise outside the camp. The *Victoria* arrived this morning at New Plymouth from Melbourne, with General P—— on board; but the passengers had not landed when we left.

"*August 5th, (Sunday.)*—The *Tasmanian Maid* arrived to-day, bringing General P—— and staff. After

inspecting our position, he expressed his satisfaction at what had been done. News also came to the effect that natives were surrounding the town, and that an attack was hourly expected. Women and children had been ordered to the barracks on Marsland Hill, and every man was ready at his post. My prayer is, that the purposes and plans of the enemy may be frustrated, and that New Plymouth may be spared so awful a struggle in the presence of so many of the weaker sex.

"Another melancholy affair has taken place at Omata. A settler, named Hereford, with three artillerymen, had gone from the camp into the bush to visit his farm. On their way, a body of rebels concealed in ambush fired a volley at them. Two rushed into the thick bush; one succeeded in making the Omata stockade by sunset; the other arrived in camp at midnight. But as neither could give any account of the fate of those they left behind, the following day a party was sent out in search. They discovered the artilleryman, named G——, dead, and hideously tomahawked. He had evidently made much resistance, for his arms were a great deal cut about; but as he had no weapon with him, his struggles were in vain. He was a fine strapping young man, and came from Sydney with a detachment a short time ago. The other man, Hereford, was not discovered till the following day. His body was hacked almost to pieces. He has left a wife and nine children, who are now refugees in Nelson.

"Skirmishes are almost daily occurring at Bell Block,

and the rebels appear to be far outnumbering us at every point.

"This evening the General embarked with his staff on board the *Tasmanian Maid* for New Plymouth, but it is believed that he will speedily return and commence operations. I have just been holding service in camp, and as several have hinted to me that they desire to forsake sin and commence a new life, I spoke from the words, 'Be not weary in well-doing.' Lord, let Thy blessing accompany the message, and bring these inquiring souls into the glorious liberty of Thy dear children.

"*August 6th.*—Heavy squalls. The *Tasmanian Maid* was compelled to run for the river this forenoon without taking in much cargo at New Plymouth. At that place matters look very alarming, as large bodies of rebels are hanging about on the outskirts. The steamer *Airedale* has taken two hundred women and children to Nelson, and is to return immediately for others. No one ever imagined that affairs would reach such a crisis. The *Tasmanian Maid* is now lying snug in the river. She has been of the greatest service to this province since the commencement of the war, having kept the camp supplied with provisions and ammunition, and rendered us the most invaluable aid. She was kindly placed at the disposal of the authorities here by the Nelson Provincial Government. The inhabitants of that place have given abundant proofs of their sympathy with our suffering settlers; our fervent and grateful prayer is, that Nelson may continue to prosper.

"*August 9th.*—The steamer returned from New Plymouth to-day, and is riding at anchor in the quiet river, safe from the perils of an evidently approaching stormy night. She brings intelligence that a soldier has been shot while on sentry at the Waireka camp. This gives a good idea of the characters we have to deal with. The rebels are also gradually advancing towards the town. Their numbers are evidently increasing, and, beyond all doubt, we are at present in a very critical position. The women and children have to sleep in the camp at Mount Elliott, in two large marquees erected for that purpose, under the protection of the Naval Brigade. Reports state that every one of them will have to leave that place for Nelson or Auckland; indeed, large numbers have been removed during the last week. The General, who intended to have left for Auckland on Monday, to see the Governor, has deemed it advisable to remain in New Plymouth, in consequence of the present dangerous state of affairs, and has sent the steamship *Victoria* to that place, to convey His Excellency here. My anxiety for the safety of my wife and child is very great, as I have not received any letter by the *Tasmanian Maid*. I fear this perpetual state of alarm will undermine her health, already weak and feeble, as for anything I know she has been sent to Nelson or Auckland. O Lord, I commend her and the dear child to Thee. Mercifully preserve us from our enemies, and bring us out of our present troubles in Thine own good time.

"In consequence of our cattle and sheep straying over

surprise at any moment ; and should we be overcome, we have no place of escape but the sea ; and it then becomes a question of exchanging tomahawking for drowning. We have no harbour for shipping, and even if we had, we have no shipping to receive us, should we be compelled to leave. The road to town has been blockaded for some weeks, and we have no other alternative but to fight for our lives, looking only to Him for help, who is 'mighty to save.' My service this evening was well attended. Men come now as a matter of course, so I could not disappoint them, although my heart was heavy and sad. Still I thought an impression was being made, as I spoke from the words, 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' Never has my faith been so greatly tried as at present. Yet, Lord, may I believe Thy word ; Thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me.

"August 15th.—The *Tasmanian Maid* arrived last night from New Plymouth, and I received an order to proceed to town. So, if the weather permit, we leave to-night. I held a service this evening, which was numerously attended. This was on the eve of my departure. Warm acknowledgments of the few efforts I had made were poured in on every side. I thanked my dear friends for their approval of my services, reminding them, at the same time, that I had but done my duty, and that they must not forget to render their thanks to God."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Sorrowful Story.

Stormy Weather—Surrounded by Rebels—Incendiarism and Destruction
—Wreck of the *George Henderson*—More Murders—Women and
Children to proceed to Nelson—Settlers' Cattle—State of Siege—
Chapels turned into Lodging-Houses—Sudden Disappearance of the
Waikatos—More Fires—Sad Scene—Enters the Bush—Fearful
Night.

“Father, whate’er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :

“Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessing of thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

“Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey’s end ! ”

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SORROWFUL STORY.

“August 22nd.—The past week has been stormy, with cold winds and rain, in consequence of which we have not, as yet, been able to leave the river. This afternoon we sail for New Plymouth. Nothing out of the common course has taken place since my last entry. I have been busily employed in improving my code of signals, which I intend to introduce on my arrival in town. On our way from Waitara to-day, the settlement of Bell Block wore a very dismal aspect; most of the houses have disappeared, and the blackened ruins tell too plainly the sad tale of war and destruction. Scarcely a dwelling was to be seen. About a mile from the anchorage, we discovered the hull of a vessel lying high and dry upon the beach. This spectacle, while it deepened the gloom of the scene, made us feel thankful for the secure and quiet rest we had enjoyed in the Waitara. We landed this afternoon about four P.M., when I learned that the object of my coming to town was to proceed to the camp at Waireka, at present one of the most dangerous positions in our occupation. Being almost surrounded by the rifle-pits of the rebels, communication is only attempted once a week,

under a strong escort of three or four hundred men. But to this change I must cheerfully submit, and trust in God for help and defence. I learnt, also, that many incidents of a startling character had taken place during the week. A skirmish between a party of the 65th Regiment and the rebels, had taken place just outside the town. A head chief had been killed, and several natives either killed or wounded. No casualties had occurred, however, on our side. The town is completely surrounded by the rebels, who are burning every house, and driving off every horse and head of cattle they can find. And as if to prolong the torture of the owners, they select a dwelling here and there, reserving the others for a future day. It may seem strange, perhaps, that we cannot prevent this; but one or two of them only proceed to a house, set fire to it, and then speedily retire to the bush, before the few men we can spare reach the spot. The hull we saw on the beach is that of the brig *George Henderson*, chartered by Government to convey women and children to Nelson. She was at anchor off the town, waiting for her living freight, when the recent gale began; she held on until it was too late to weigh and stand out to sea; consequently, she dragged her anchors, until the waves made complete breaches over her; she then slipped her cables, and ran ashore on a sandy beach. The crew, with the assistance of a strong-armed party ashore, were safely landed. Fortunately none of the passengers had embarked. A strong guard was placed over the wreck the first night. Mr C——, who had taken some supper to one of the men, was shot on

his return to town, about three hundred yards from the vessel, several balls passing through his body. His death was instantaneous. A dog, which accompanied him, received two balls in his body, yet, strange to say, the poor brute crept into town next morning. Mr S——, the old man before mentioned, whose son was shot at the Waitara, died yesterday, after a very short illness. A woman also died, through sheer fright. In short, everything appears to make our prospect more gloomy, and to shew that God's vial of wrath is being poured out upon this place. O Lord, mercifully look upon our affliction, and stay Thine hand. Give repentance to the people, Lord, and turn Thy wrath aside. Fight for us, O Lord God of hosts, and give us deliverance from our enemies.

"*August 24th.*—A man was shot dead on the race-course this afternoon, and was fearfully mutilated with the tomahawk. He was outside the town, looking after his bullocks. The *Tasmanian Maid* came from Waitara to-day, bringing the body of poor Mr B——, who died about an hour after we left on Wednesday last.

"*August 26th.*—Got up at half-past four this morning, having received orders to proceed to Waireka with the escort, but the rain has prevented our march.

"*August 28th.*—The *Victoria* has returned from Auckland, with General P—— on board. He paid an unexpected visit to the Governor on the subject of the war, and it is evident that he now intends to begin work in earnest. Shortly after disembarking, he issued a proclamation, that all the remaining women and children,

without distinction, should be prepared to leave the place for Nelson by the 1st of next month. This notice has created a great sensation among the ladies, and there is every appearance of a civil war between them and the authorities. Should such a struggle occur, they will, I fear, come off second best. Our once beautiful province is now a desolation. Tataraimaka, Omata, and other places have not a house standing. The settlers' cattle are nearly all gone; and what is to become of the settlers themselves? They cannot return to their homes for many years to come. The labour of eighteen years has been destroyed by the ruthless hands of the savage Maories. Many once happy families have now left the settlement, weeping. Their eyes will probably never see their homes again.

"Our town is now in a state of siege. An entrenchment has been thrown up all round it, and we can speak of our barriers and bastions as if we were before Sebastopol. The graves in our churchyard are being trampled down by bullocks, placed there for safety. Our chapel exhibits the appearance of a lodging-house. During service, we find half our pews occupied with bedding and wearing apparel. The chapel yard is filled with tents, and in front of the door a large fire is blazing, at which the men are busy cooking their meals. The streets, from constant traffic, are ankle deep in mud, and bodies of armed men are incessantly on the move. At night may be seen women and children, dragging along, looking for a place of rest,—a general order having been issued that

every person must sleep within the entrenchment. I have reason to believe I am not destined to go to Waireka now, as it is probable the camp will be broken up. The natives have deserted their pas and rifle-pits in that locality, and, it is supposed, are gone further into the bush.

“August 29th.—A most unaccountable change has taken place among the enemy. The forces south of the town have gone, nobody knows where, and those at the Waitara have decamped in the direction of Waikato. An officer came from the Waitara to-day overland, but did not see a native. The strong pa which cost us so much loss on the 27th June, has been evacuated, and destroyed by our troops. The officer reports that the whole of the rebels have crossed the Waitara river, and that the Waikatos are gone home with a large quantity of plunder. What the present movement means, it is difficult to say. I cannot suppose that they are satisfied; but no doubt they intend to follow their old custom during war, of going home to plant potatoes, and then returning to fight. Yet, unskilled as they are in the stratagems of war, they are wise enough to leave a few men behind, who move about the bush within sight of the camp, lighting large fires, to make us believe that they are still present in force. Doubtless, however, a few days more will throw considerable light upon their purposes and movements.

“September 1st.—Captain K——’s house was burnt to-day by the enemy. It stood just outside the bush, and could be plainly seen from Marsland Hill barracks. Its

the commencement of the war. The divisions separated for different roads at the Omata inn, or rather where the inn once stood, for it has met with the fate of the rest of the village. Our party entered the bush at once, and made its way slowly to the expected scene of conflict; the mud in the road frequently allowing the wheels of our guns to sink until the axle-tree was grazing the ground. The keen S.-E. wind made our march a very cold one, and we were glad to reach our intended position. We expected to attack at once; but the General determined to wait for daybreak, as the extent and exact whereabouts of the rebels' position was not known. So we endeavoured to pass two hours of intense cold as best we could. Some lay down in the mud, and were asleep in a moment; others, with myself, preferred to move about. When day broke, we began to look out for our foe, but, as usual, we were too late, for it was evident they had decamped the morning before our arrival, having, no doubt, received information of our intended movements. A question naturally arises—Who is the traitor? In every attack we have made or attempted, the enemy has been prepared to move off, should he find us too strong, or to take up a favourable position, should he intend to make a stand. Here they had no pa, but had been living in temporary huts, being ready to enter the bush at any time, in case of sudden attack. Our plans, however, had been so carefully arranged, that it would have been difficult for a single Maori to have escaped, and this they seemed to have thoroughly understood. So,

after a night of fruitless expectation, we started for town, arriving at ten A.M. I had not sat down to rest since ten o'clock on the previous night, therefore it is no wonder that I feel tired to-day. Our expedition reminds me of the celebrated couplet—

‘The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
March’d up the hill, and then march’d down again :’

while our mortification is increased by the terrible certainty that there must be foul play amongst us, or the enemy could never obtain such accurate information respecting our intended movements. We are almost tempted to cry out, with the Assyrian king in old time, ‘Will you not shew me which of us is for the king of Israel?’ True, we believe that the very One Who thwarted Benhadad is now on our side, and will one day overthrow the designs of those who have risen up against us; in the meantime, ‘Duties are ours, events are God’s.’”

It is impossible to quit the mournful record of this disastrous chapter without noting the evidence it presents of the reality of Divine Faith. To no weaker principle than this could that distress have succumbed which Marjouram has so feelingly portrayed. Here, however, as ever, we are shewn that what the Bible declares the Church experiences, and that, too, neither in a modified nor yet in a diminished sense. To plant her foot into the void, expecting a rock to rise and meet it, has ever been the prerogative of saintly faith: that which reigned within this good *man* achieved similar marvels. And so we find him sur-

rounded by perplexities, yet exulting in the glorious consciousness that God is with him.

How blessedly, amid the roar of battling elements, steals in that tender whisper of the ancient hymn,—

“There is a river!”—

and how ineffably happy they who in such seasons can wander peacefully by that river's banks!

CHAPTER XIX.

Progress of Events.

Camp at Waireka broken up—Drunkenness on the Increase—Proceeds to Waitara—Service in a Marquee—The L Pa—Subtlety of the Rebels—Sharp Work—Gallant Conduct—Return of Expedition to New Plymouth—Interview with a Sailor—Health Failing—Soldiers' Friend Society—Ngateruanui and Taranaki Tribes—Subscription for Tracts.

“Fear not! Though legion enemies
Encamp around, a stronger host
Is his defence who maketh boast
That God the Lord his banner is.”

CHAPTER XIX.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

“September 7th.—A large body of natives have been discovered in a pa at Waitara, which stands just within the bush. To-day, the camp at Waireka has been broken up, and the men returned to town. This step has greatly dissatisfied many of the settlers, as well as the militia at the Omata stockade. It is very probable we shall have to fight for this very same spot; for when the rebels return from the south, they are sure to take up their position here. I went to the Omata stockade this morning, to instruct the signalman in the use of the improved signals.

“Great confusion exists among the ladies at present; no less than three steamers, carrying from two hundred to two hundred and fifty women and children each, have left this week for Nelson, and the remainder are to follow in a day or two. Many who had received notice to go on board, hid themselves, and could not be found; others had an escort sent after them, which they resisted, declaring they would never leave. One militia captain was ordered to go with a party of men to fetch away a few women by force; and, on refusing to obey the order, was

CHAPTER XIX.

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“Great confusion exists among the ladies at present; no less than three steamers, carrying from two hundred to two hundred and fifty women and children each, have left this week for Nelson, and the remainder are to follow in a day or two. Many who had received notice to go on board, hid themselves, and could not be found; others had an escort sent after them, which they resisted, declaring they would never leave. One militia captain was ordered to go with a party of men to fetch away a few women by force; and, on refusing to obey the order, was

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placed under arrest. Many people are dying from various causes, chiefly from the depression created by the desperate state of things in the province.

"Still men will not hear the warning voice. Drunkenness is more frequent, the closing of the public-houses at three P.M. rather increasing than decreasing it. I could wish I had the same opportunity here, as in the camp, of talking to the men; but no one is allowed outside the lines, and it is impossible to collect them within. My own communion with God is much disturbed, but I still cling to Him. My hope of salvation is still in my dear Saviour; and I pray that the day may speedily come when I shall again be able, more peacefully than at present, to devote my heart to Him and His service. O Lord, watch over me, and keep me amidst this sin and wickedness; incline my heart to obey Thee; and let my soul be comforted by Thy Holy Spirit.

"*September 8th.*—I have just received orders to proceed to Waitara to-morrow morning, by the steamer *Wonga Wonga*, which Government has recently hired. We take with us a quantity of shot, shell, and ammunition.

"*September 9th, (Sunday.)*—Embarked at half-past seven this morning, and after a very pleasant run, arrived safe at Waitara. The day is harbinger of an approaching summer; and every one who has felt the inclemency of the past winter cannot but be delighted at this agreeable change. On landing, I was welcomed by both officers and men, who expressed themselves highly pleased at my

return. The *Maid* is lying in the river undergoing repairs in her boilers, one of which burst on her last trip to New Plymouth. Since I left the camp, a large marquee has been erected for the use of the Church of England and Roman Catholic ministers, and is capable of accommodating one hundred and fifty men. This has been kindly placed at my disposal for evening services. I was thankful for the offer, for the place which I had been in the habit of using for the purpose was very small. This evening I had the pleasure of seeing upwards of one hundred men seated around me on the ground, paying the greatest attention, while I explained the memorable words, 'Marvel not that I say unto thee, Ye must be born again.'

"A large body of troops is expected from town tomorrow, and an attack on Wi Kingi's stronghold anticipated.

"*September 10th.*—Troops with baggage arrived within two miles of this place at noon, where they encamped, preparations having been made for a double attack tomorrow. A few of the rebels came to the dismantled and bleak looking pa at Puketakauere, to watch our proceedings, but a company of the 40th Regiment soon put them to flight.

"*September 11th.*—Early this morning, three hundred men belonging to this camp marched off under the command of Major N—— to a place appointed near the river, about two miles from camp. Two 24-pounder howitzers, (under my charge,) two eight-inch guns, and a few sailors, in charge of a naval officer, left camp at about half-past

five, to join the main body under General P—. We arrived at the L pa, where we were joined by the first division, composed of the General, the staff, commissariat, artillery, (consisting of two 24-pounder howitzers, and two 3-pounder guns, under the command of Captain S—,) and a force of about three hundred and fifty men of the 65th with volunteers. A second division, under the command of Colonel L—, 40th Regiment, had taken another route, and was intending to cut off the rebels' retreat, should an opportunity be offered. We now advanced towards the bush, over as fine a country as ever was seen. We soon saw some pas in the distance, and fully expected to meet with a stout resistance. We fired a few shells into the first of these which we reached on our march, but received no reply. Then a detachment charged it, but, as usual, found it empty. It contained several wharras, which were instantly set on fire, the stockade sharing the same fate. We soon came up to another and much stronger one. This was carried by storm, and burnt. These pas were frequently seen at Bell Block, and supposed to be very strong; but their position was not good for defence, as they were situated in a flat, open country. We were on the point of leaving this place, and continuing our march, when a shot was heard at a pa, on the edge of the bush, supposed to be Wi Kingi's stronghold. This we considered to be a challenge. Leaving here a large reserve under the command of Major H—, of the 12th Regiment, we proceeded on our march, until we came to the pa in question. We went up to within a

hundred and fifty yards of the stockade, and, as no resistance was offered, a small body of friendly natives, who had accompanied our force, made a splendid rush, and entered the place, in conjunction with a company of our own men, who had seen the Maories press forward, and were determined not to be outdone. As soon as these had entered the stockade, about three hundred men, with two 24-pounder howitzers, under the command of Major N——, made their way through a narrow clearing in the bush, with the intention of destroying a pa supposed to be in that vicinity. They had proceeded but a few yards, when the rebels opened a very heavy fire of musketry, which compelled them to retire with the loss of one man, (killed,) who fell into the enemy's hands. The Maories proved to be much nearer and far more numerous than we had expected; and in less than five minutes the artillery were pouring into the bush torrents of shell and cannister, which created awful destruction and confusion among the tender branches, and must have occasioned great loss to the rebels, some of whom were seen to fall from the trees where they had concealed themselves. Their balls flew over and around us in all directions; and had they understood the art of taking a cool and steady aim, they might have picked us off at one hundred and fifty yards' range at pleasure. The bush here is very dense throughout, and, consequently, affords a splendid cover. Here, unseen and protected by rifle-pits, they took shelter, and kept up a constant fire, which broke into furious volleys when they saw the pa in flames. But our can-

nister and shell, ploughing through the bush with rapidity and precision, soon silenced them. We maintained our attack for almost two hours, and as the rebels seemed to have had quite enough of it, the order was given to return to the camp at Waitara. Our loss was very slight indeed, considering the number of men scattered about, and the heavy fire kept up. It consisted of only one killed and three wounded,—one of the latter, a bombardier, being severely injured in the foot. Too much cannot be said in favour of the friendly natives, who were in the thick of the fight during the whole time, and stuck manfully to the guns. The General, with indomitable courage and coolness, sat on his horse, calmly watching the progress of events, utterly heedless of the balls flying about him. The lion of the day was Major N——, who, having put on his war cap, appeared delighted at the prospect of paying the rebels off for their butcheries on the 27th June. He is indeed a brave and noble officer, and his men worship him. Captain S—— was also there, and displayed his usual contempt for Maori balls, never feeling satisfied unless in the midst of danger. A company of the Taranaki volunteers, under the command of Captain W——, and a few militia men, under Captain S——, were in rear, ready to do their work as soon as their turn came. The order to retire having been given, we were enabled to practise retreating with the prolonge,—a manœuvre well adapted to protect a body of retiring troops. Inexperienced and injudicious criticisms have been vouchsafed, condemnatory of the General's conduct in ordering the troops to with-

draw when they did. Some, indeed, have gone so far as to insinuate that the retreat was compulsory. I must, however, enter a respectful protest against these various judgments. We did a good day's work, and taught the enemy a lesson they will not readily forget. And now, O Lord, I thank Thee for sparing me again. Many were the narrow escapes I had ; but still Thou didst not suffer me to fall. May I love Thee more, and cling more closely to Jesus ; and may the rest of my days be spent to Thy glory, for Jesus Christ's sake !

" *September 12th.*—This morning, about nine o'clock, the expedition was mustered, and withdrew to New Plymouth, under the command of Colonel L——, the General having returned last night by the *Wonga Wonga*. It is rumoured that despatches have been received, directing the General to cease hostilities for the present ; but this report is not generally credited.

" *September 13th.*—A sailor came to me this evening, as I was taking a quiet walk, anxious to explain to me the state of his mind, and, I believe, fully resolved to give his heart to God. Happily he is but one among many other recent instances of a similar character. I gave him the best advice in my power, telling him not to look to me for help, but to Jesus. Oh, the happiness of witnessing the return of a sinner to his God, of seeing the swearer and blasphemer weep tears of repentance at the throne of grace ! May Thy Holy Spirit, O Lord, awaken many more, and do Thou bless every effort to win souls to Jesus ! My health has been *failing* for the last few weeks, and I am afraid I

shall not be able to continue my duties much longer ; but I am inwardly rejoicing in a Saviour's love. I only wish I was more faithful ; still I am grateful to God that I am what I am.

"September 16th, (Sunday).—Having received, by the last English mail, a supply of *British Flags* and tracts, published by the Soldiers' Friend Society, I have distributed them among the men. One of the tracts was read to a man who was unable to read himself. He was evidently much struck with its contents, and asked me last night if I would give it to him to keep. I joyfully complied with his request ; and this morning I heard him say to his comrades, 'I never had anything touch me so much in my life as the contents of that tract.' May the Holy Spirit fix its great truths in his heart ! The title of the tract is, 'Grasping the Promise.' While I am writing this, a few of the Royal Engineers are making a great noise around me, having obtained some spirits, with which they have made themselves half-drunk. Their obscene language is disgraceful to British soldiers ; all remonstrance, however, is out of the question in their present state. No minister came here last Sunday, and there is no appearance of one arriving to-day ; but, with God's help, I intend to speak this evening from the words, 'It is appointed unto man once to die, and after that the judgment.' The *Tasmanian Maid* has just left for New Plymouth, with Captain S—— on board, who received three hearty cheers as he quitted the camp.

"*September 18th.*—The *Maid* returned from town to-day, and we hear that an expedition is expected to proceed south, to drive out the rebels who have located themselves on the land of those settlers who fled from Tatariwiki. It is very probable that they will find the place evacuated; for rumour states that the two tribes—Ngatiruanui and Taranaki—have had a split in the camp; to what extent, however, is not known. These two tribes are the worst in New Zealand; they engaged in this war without any provocation, their sole object having been plunder and murder.

"It has also been ascertained that, during the engagement on Tuesday last, one of Wi Kingi's head chiefs was killed. The circumstance occurred thus:—As the men were advancing up the avenue leading into the bush, a volley of musketry came from the rebels, upon which they were ordered to fire and retire. Lieutenant D——, of the 40th Regiment, and a few men who were with him, had rushed a few yards into the bush, and did not hear the command. The lieutenant accidentally fell into an old pit, and just at this moment a huge Maori rose up from behind a log, and was in the act of raising his tomahawk, when a soldier levelled his piece and shot him dead. Their loss is reported to be twenty-seven killed, and thirteen wounded.

"In consequence of the stout resistance of the women, the authorities have ordered that no more shall be compelled to leave; those that remain must do so at their

own risk. Tidings has arrived that a regiment is on its way from India ; its arrival, I need hardly add, is anticipated with much joy.

“ On Sunday evening last, at the conclusion of the service, I stated to the men that I should be happy to receive any small amount in the shape of contributions for the Army Scripture-readers’ and Soldiers’ Friend Society, in order to insure a constant supply of their publications. I told them I should make no collection at the present meeting ; but that, if they felt disposed to give, I should always be glad to take their offerings at any time most convenient to themselves. In answer to this appeal, several shillings have been quietly dropped into my hands as I have been performing my duties. One sailor, who had been waiting for an opportunity to see me, intrusted me with half a sovereign, saying that he gave it with very great pleasure. I mention this to shew that both sailors and soldiers are as ready as others to subscribe to a good cause.”

CHAPTER XX.

Maori Warfare.

Wi Kingi's Plan of Defence—Service in a Whare—A Word in Season—Preparation for the March—Encounter at Huarangi—Medical Inspection—40th Regiment Proceeds to New Plymouth—Heavy Rains—Still on Sick List—Wi Kingi's Force Increased—Anxious Times—Goes to New Plymouth.

“The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.”

CHAPTER XX.

MAORI WARFARE.

"September 22nd.—Further information, relative to Wi Kingi's plan of defence on our recent attack, has been received through the friendly natives. It appears that each side of the avenue leading into the bush in the direction of the pa had been lined with rifle pits, well manned. Some distance up the road a trench had been made, and the Maoris had intended to allow us to march up to the muzzles of their pieces before they opened fire, well knowing that we could not bring our guns into action in such a narrow place. After discharging their pieces, every one of which must have told in our crowded ranks, they had purposed rushing on our men with the tomahawk. Their arrangements, however, were frustrated by a mere accident, or else through the cowardice of one of their young men, whose musket went off just as we entered the avenue, and so commenced the engagement.

"This morning, Tamiti, Iheia's brother, who killed Katarora, was accidentally shot through the side. Two hundred men, under the command of Captain R——, 40th Regiment, left camp for Bell Block in charge of one of the 8-inch guns, a messenger having arrived from town

yesterday requesting Major N—— to forward this gun immediately, as it was required for an expedition which had recently marched against the southern rebels. We hear that they have burnt three pas. As our men were forcing a side entrance into one of these places, the rebels made a prompt escape, leaving an old woman, who was taken prisoner. A rebel Maori was also captured by one of our men, but by what means I cannot at present say. It is reported that a strong pa lies a few miles south of our present camp, and on the arrival of the 8-inch gun the troops will proceed against it. May God grant them success, and of His infinite mercy bring this war to a close!

*"September 23rd, (Sunday).—*The Rev. G—— came from town to-day, and held service at the camp. This evening the men belonging to one of the whares fitted it up, and requested me to hold service there; the large marquee being now occupied as an hospital. There was a considerable attendance, several Roman Catholics being among the number present. Many felt the power of the word of life while I explained to them the touching story of 'the healing of the centurion's servant.' I have refrained hitherto from mentioning an interesting little incident, which has occurred with one of the Royal Engineers, because I thought I should like to watch the case for a few days. This man was one of the most profane I ever met with. If he spoke thirty words, twenty of them would inevitably be oaths. Some of these were of the most horrid description. On one occasion, indeed,

after I had gone to bed, I was thrown into a very excited and feverish state, as I had never heard the name of Jesus so frightfully blasphemed before. Seeing, however, that the man was intoxicated, I reserved my expostulation until he became sober. Availing myself of an opportunity next day, and speaking to him of his awful conduct, he was at first inclined to be angry, upon which I said, 'Well, if I were to get behind your back, and now and then give you a gentle push down the road to hell, I suppose you would think me a better friend than you do now, for warning you before it is too late.' The muscles of his face slowly relaxed, and not wishing his comrades to see his weakness, he rushed out of the place. Some time after, he came in, and said aloud, 'I tell you what, chaps, I am not going to lead this sort of life any longer, and to-morrow I shall begin a change!' He has kept his word, and I have not heard an oath from him since. I endeavour to encourage him, for I believe he is in earnest. May God lead him to still higher resolves! He is a man of great intelligence, and may yet become a credit to the British army. The *Maid* went to town and returned to-day, reporting that the southern expedition has come back, and that the whole affair has proved a complete failure. Four hundred Waikatos are reported to be on their way to join Wi Kingi.

"*September 25th.*—The remainder of the 40th Regiment, under the command of Colonel L——, arrived at this camp to-day from New Plymouth. Various reasons are given as to the object of this reinforcement; some re-

port that the regiment has been collected for the purpose of regulating the companies, but the reason will shortly be known. The English mail has brought the intelligence that eight hundred men of the 14th Regiment are on their way here from Corfu. A party from our camp went out to-day for the purpose of bringing in cattle. As they were employed in collecting them, they were fired upon by a party of rebels in ambush, but no casualty occurred, and the cattle were conveyed safely to camp.

"September 29th.—This morning early we were aroused by the unexpected orders to prepare for the march, but the point of attack was known only to the head authorities. At half-past eight the party was under arms; it consisted of one sergeant (myself) and eighteen gunners, with two 24-pounder howitzers, under the command of Lieutenant M'N——, and two companies of sailors and marines, under the command of Lieutenant B——, with a 12-pounder howitzer in charge of S——, gunner, H.M.S. *Pelorus*, and between three and four hundred men of the 40th, under the command of Major N——. Colonel L—— was general on the occasion. We took the road past the L pa and Puketakauere towards Huarangi, and it was soon whispered that we were to fill in the entrenchments at Kiarora. This pa had been destroyed during the late expedition, but through some mistake or other the rifle pits and galleries had not been filled in. Arriving at the spot, the guns were advanced about four hundred yards to the front, on the road leading to Huarangi, and a line of skirmishers was thrown out right and left.

Thus protected, the Royal Engineers went to work with a will, and in a short time had completed their task in a most scientific manner. Whilst this was being done, the enemy was observed collecting in the avenue leading into the bush and the peach grove, from which they kept up a desultory fire, some venturing a few yards into the open ground. But it was evident our commander did not intend to return their fire. So after enduring this state of things for about an hour, we received orders to retire, on seeing which the rebels boldly advanced, and kept up a smart fire. As we proceeded towards Puketakauere, they had advanced within a hundred and fifty yards of our rear line of skirmishers, and although some of our men were wounded by their discharge, we received no orders to return the attack, until their increasing numbers and rapid firing rendered it impossible for us to remain silent any longer. We at length gave it them in right good earnest, and speedily checked their insolent advance. A few volleys, and they made off to Huirangi, leaving us to retire to camp, which we did without further molestation. Our casualties were only five wounded; but it was God's mercy alone that they were not much heavier, as balls were flying about us very thickly.

*"September 30th, (Sunday).—*I ought not to have accompanied the party yesterday, being very unwell; but I did not like the idea of remaining in camp while my comrades were out fighting. I was medically inspected this morning, and the suppressed opinions of the doctors gave me but little hopes of recovery. I was ordered to remain

quiet for a few days, but I could not help ministering to a congregation assembled as usual in the whare for service. I felt great power and freedom of utterance as I expounded the words, 'Felix trembled.' In whatever part of the whare I cast my eye, I could see men with their faces buried in their hands, while their tears were flowing fast. Yes,—strong, brave, tough men, who would not flinch from a savage foe, were now trembling like Felix under the power of the word of God! I stated a few days since that a sailor, under deep conviction of sin, and animated by an earnest wish to testify his desire to promote the spread of the gospel, had given me ten shillings to be forwarded to the Soldiers' Friend Society. This day he came and gave me a similar sum for the same purpose. I told him I thought he was parting with more than he could well spare, but he insisted upon my accepting the amount.

"October 1st.—Memorable anniversary! I called to mind our forlorn position this day six years, and record my gratitude to God for not giving us to the fury of the flames, and for sending prompt deliverance when all earthly hope was gone. This morning a few of the Naval Brigade, Lieutenant M'N——, R.A., with two gunners and two howitzers in charge, together with between four and five hundred of the 40th Regiment, all under the command of Colonel L——, marched out of the camp *en route* for New Plymouth, to join another expedition about to proceed south. This deduction from our force has left us rather weak, there being only about one hundred and

eighty effective men to defend a position requiring at least four hundred. But we must put our trust in God, Who is an almighty Deliverer. Lord, be merciful to us : protect us from all those perils by which we are surrounded.

" *October 4th.*—We have had eighteen hours' heavy and continuous rain, which has caused a high rise in the river, and a very swift current. The *Maid*, moored in the stream, parted with her cables, and was carried with the flood into the breakers on the bar. Her position was a very critical one, and for some time it was doubtful whether she would right herself or not. The seas made complete breaches over her, and her engines seemed of no avail against the force of water. Happily a shift of wind occurred about ten A.M., which enabled her to combine sail and steam. By this means she overcame the strength of the current, and soon reached the sandy beach, high up the stream, in perfect safety.

" *October 7th.*—The Rev. Mr G—— came from town, and held service in camp to-day. He states that Hapurona's son was shot dead in the affair of last Saturday. I have been very unwell all the week, and am still upon the doctor's list. I have not heard from my wife since last Monday, when she was very ill, and compelled to keep her bed. Surely these are trials. But they are all ordered by Him Who knows what is best ; to Whose gracious will I would submit. Although several hundred men have left the camp, still the whare was filled with eager listeners as I spoke at a recent service of the darkness of a sinner's career.

"The *Maid* is still imbedded in the sand on the river bank, and cannot be got off before spring tide. This accident prevents all correspondence between my dear wife and myself. Overland messengers always deem it advisable to leave town as secretly as possible.

"October 8th.—The *Wonga Wonga* came down this morning for a cargo of gabions for the use of the expedition which is to proceed south to-morrow. This evening, a Maori rode in from town, and reported that five of Wi Kingi's men had arrived there, bringing with them Manahi, or his brother; and that they had delivered him over to the authorities. This man is one of the savages who murdered Mr F—— and others at Omata, at the commencement of the war. If this report be true, the rebels who composed the escort will receive a free pardon, and £100, the reward offered by Government for the apprehension of any of the murderers.

"October 12th.—Yesterday, the *Maid* arrived from town, bringing news from Auckland, by H.M. ship *Corodelia*, that several hundreds of the Waikatos are on their way to join Wi Kingi. We are in poor condition in this camp, at present, to make much resistance, and shall be glad to find the report false. A rumour also reached us, just as the steamer was leaving town, to the effect that an engagement had taken place between the southern expedition and the rebels; but no further particulars have been received. The doctor admitted me this morning into the hospital, prior to sending me to New Plymouth.

"*October 13th.*—A messenger came from the south to-day, stating that five hundred Waikatos were on their way to join Wi Kingi; and was soon followed by another, who added the further intelligence that they would join to-morrow. The *Maid* arrived at eight o'clock this evening, with news of the return of the southern expedition, and a slight account of their proceedings. It appears that they had found the rebels entrenched in three pas built so as to form a triangle. A breastwork was thrown up by our men, about two hundred yards from the first of these, which was built in such a manner as to be approachable only on two sides. Here the guns were placed in position, and a heavy fire was opened, the enemy replying very feebly. During the first night the pas were evacuated, and on the following morning they were destroyed. The rebels having retired far into the bush, the whole of the troops returned to town, with five wounded, and amongst them Captain P——, R.E.

"*October 14th, (Sunday.)*—Much excitement in camp, on account of the many alarming and, in many instances, untrue rumours, from the Waikatos and messengers passing and repassing between camp and town in rapid succession. The doctor having given me permission to hold a service, I had a full attendance; and thinking that I might probably never again see many of those present, I expounded St Paul's address to the elders at Ephesus. I pray the Lord to mature those young plants of spiritual growth, whose budding promises well, and whose tender and delicate leaves are shrinking with sensitive alarm

from the unhealthy atmosphere by which they are surrounded.

"October 15th.—About one hundred and seventy of the Royal Artillery, Naval Brigade, and 40th Regiment, have just returned here from the expedition to the south. None of the rebels are seen at present, but large fires denote their whereabouts. Our camp displays a lively appearance since the return of our comrades.

"October 16th.—H.M. ship *Cordelia* arrived from Auckland early this morning, with intelligence that, in addition to those already here, eight hundred Waikatos were on their way. It is also stated that the Auckland settlers have been thrown into consternation by the murder of one of their number, and by other atrocious outrages. Matters now look gloomy indeed, and we may well humble ourselves before that God Who alone can deliver us. I felt very ill this morning, having suffered greatly from an attack of palpitation of the heart on learning from the doctor that I was to go to New Plymouth by the next steamer.

"The General and staff came down to-day to inspect our position, and, after remaining in camp about two hours, returned to town.

"October 18th.—Discharged from hospital this morning, and embarked on board the *Tasmanian Maid* for New Plymouth. Both officers and men expressed their sorrow at my departure, adding a strong hope that I might soon be able to return. After we had gone on board, and just as we were about to start, an accident

occurred to the engines, when the order was given to cast anchor. This affair will detain us till to-morrow. A Maori schooner arrived here to-day.

“October 19th.—A smart breeze was blowing, and a heavy surf running. The captain, however, put out, towing the Maori schooner over the bar, through as rough a sea as I have ever witnessed there. The little vessel at our stern was tossed up and down like a cork upon the water, frequently shewing more than half of her keel as she rose upon the waves. Thank God, however, we got off safe, and steamed to New Plymouth with a heavy south-wester in our teeth, arriving at about three o'clock. Before we left the river, word came from the camp that the Waikatos had taken up a position on the south or town bank. I was met with a joyful welcome after my six weeks' absence. My dear wife and child are rapidly recovering, and I feel truly thankful to see them once more.”

The time of farewells had now come, and the lovely shores of New Zealand were to be left for ever. Pausing, before we quit with him his field of service, we must indulge in a brief retrospect of his work and its results. During his stay in the island, he had been a living gospel, walking most wisely towards them that were without. Under his auspices an institute and a Sunday-school had raised their heads, with other flowers fair as they, changing the spiritual desert into a garden of the Lord. He, like a warm sun, held in that firmament by the hand that

placed him there, had called these into existence, and cherished their life ; or he had been like one kneeling down by a drinking fountain and furnishing silver vessels to convey the cool pure water to the thirsty lips. Did any want counsel or sympathy, his were ready. The intemperate and profane shrank from his gaze—the steadfast loved his approval. The backslider knew of one in him who, like his Master, cast no stones—the mourner needed none to tell him whose tears would mingle with his own. What wonder, then, that there was no common significance in the sad farewells that followed the retreating ship. The young felt that they had lost a father—the old, a friend. With few advantages, and scarcely any education to aid him, Marjouram was enabled to make his presence in that island an unspeakable blessing, and his removal an all but irreparable loss. By his earnest teaching he had done much—by his blameless life he had done far more.

There remains only the record of a quiet sunset, whose glories are being gradually veiled, but whose refracted lustre lingers behind. Neither heightened by enthusiasm, nor yet diminished by mistrust, its peaceful splendours continued to the end, like the sunset of an unclouded summer's day, less conspicuous for the gorgeousness of its colours—occasioned, after all, by the clouds and mists which have been drifting across the sky from the earliest morning, and are now collected together to be contrasted *with the dying radiance—than, in the happy absence of these, for the depth of its sublime repose.*

CHAPTER XXI.

Retrospect.

Climate and Disease do their Work—Observance of the Sabbath—
Christian Communion—"Death of a Christian Soldier"—Pleasing
Signs—English Mail—A Severe Skirmish—Funerals—*Victoria* and
Niger.

"And I know some memories of mine
Will pain, and some will cheer :
For when did suns for ever shine
Through all the changing year?"

CHAPTER XXI.

RETROSPECT.

"October 20th.—Thirty-two years of my life have now passed away, and traces of the inroads of climate and disease are beginning to shew themselves upon me. My soul, which neither age nor time can affect, is still slowly travelling towards its eternal home; and, although the road may sometimes appear difficult, yet, blessed be God, the Spirit of truth is my guide, and the love of Jesus my consolation. True, I am deficient in that faith which the Christian warrior should ever possess; and at times the languid spark of grace seems ready to expire. But, though almost alone, against hell, earth, and sin, I dare believe in the mighty name of Jesus. Strengthen me, O Lord, I beseech Thee. Let no affliction of body daunt my soul; but may it draw me nearer to Thyself. May I have grace to make known my troubles unto Thee; and do Thou grant me such deliverance as Thou seest to be best.

"October 21st, (Sunday.)—I am glad to observe so many people attending the different places of worship. But, oh that we could see the last of those appliances of war which are constantly displayed in our streets! How

discordant they are to minds thirsting for the peaceful influence of the Sabbath! O Lord, awake; put forth Thy strength; arm us with faith; give us power in prayer; and fill every heart with the spirit of true repentance and unfeigned obedience to Thy will. The Rev. Mr F—— called this evening after the service, and spent a few minutes in prayer. We pleaded for those whom I had left behind at the Waitara, asking the Lord to incline them to meet together to read His Word and seek His face.

“October 23rd.—One of my signal-men proceeded to Waitara to-day, for the purpose of forming a telegraph station. The rebel who was taken prisoner a few weeks since is still in jail in this town. Since his confinement he has given the names of several natives who were implicated in the murder of F—— and others. Yesterday I had a pleasant conversation with a few of God’s dear children, who called in to see me; but I find that their military duties are at present very severe, and greatly tend to check the growth of holiness in their souls. I, too, feel much coolness of spirit under the want of the means of grace and of uninterrupted Christian fellowship. We cheered each other with words of love and hope; nor did we meet in vain. Some of my visitors were men who had begun to seek the Lord during my stay at the Waitara camp, so that my soul rejoiced in the consolation of my having been the means of leading these to the Saviour. O Lord, seal them unto the day of redemption, and accept the praise and glory for what Thou hast done.

"*October 27th.*—Last night, about half-past seven o'clock, I was startled by a loud knocking at my door. A messenger had come with orders for me to proceed to Marsland Hill immediately, as the whole country was in a blaze, and the various telegraph-stations were hailing New Plymouth. Although very unwell, I went to the flag-staff, and found the signal-man there before me. The Adjutant-General, who had sent for me, stated that he quite forgot I was so ill, and ordered me at once to return home. To-day it turned out that five or six of the remaining houses at Bell Block had been burnt by the rebels ; one of them was within gunshot of the block-house.

"*October 28th, (Sunday.)*—What a blessed day this has been ! While my wife and child were at chapel this morning, I was engaged in reading a short tract, entitled 'The Death of a Christian Soldier.' I wept freely over the touching pages, partly on account of my own want of faith, and partly because I was glad that such men as those to whom it referred were to be found in the British army. I could readily enter into the feelings of that little band, knowing their trials and their joy at seeing a comrade brought on his knees in answer to their prayers, and their natural anxiety as they watched over his welfare. As I was experiencing this happy humiliation of soul, a pious man of the 65th Regiment called upon me. He sweetly intermeddled with my joy ; and so we passed the forenoon in peaceful communion, renewing our vows to exert all our influence on behalf of our sinful comrades.

In the evening a few more of the 65th called in, and we spent a very profitable hour in prayer and in reading the Bible. Our enjoyment was greatly increased by the blessed consciousness that our hearts were one in Christ. Later in the evening, Sergeant S——, who has been brought to Jesus during my humble labours at the Waitara, called upon me. It is evident that the Holy Spirit has made a great change in his heart; the work is deep-rooted, and produces glorious results. On leaving, he expressed his earnest hope that God would enable him, by His grace, to be a faithful follower of Jesus Christ.

"October 29th.—The English mail arrived to-day, bringing me a letter from the secretary of the British Army Scripture-readers' Society, stating that a lady had forwarded a parcel of books to his office, to be sent to me as soon as possible. Religious publications are at present much sought after by the soldiers and sailors in this place.

"October 30th.—The Rev. Mr F——, and my dear brother W——, proceeded to Auckland to-day by the steamer. Probably we shall never see Mr F—— again. I am sorry he is going away, for at present he has a very large congregation, composed principally of soldiers, who will now be left without a shepherd. His wife and family left for Auckland at the commencement of the outbreak, and as the period of his stay out here expires in April next, he intends, if possible, to remain in Auckland. He is a kind man, and an excellent preacher; and I hope God's

blessing will attend his labours wherever he goes. Raise up one, O Lord, to come to this barren place and plead Thy cause among this sinful people!

“Last night I suffered much from my disease, and could not sleep; but I held communion with Jesus in the night-watches, and the time passed quickly away.

“*October 31st.*—Nothing of importance has lately occurred. The rebels are hanging about the outskirts of the bush, and threaten to attack the town by night. We still continue to have prayer-meetings in my house, which are chiefly attended by newly-converted soldiers.

“*November 5th.*—We hear that a skirmish has taken place at the Waitara to-day, but do not as yet know the result. A large body has just gone there from town.

“*November 6th, 11 A.M.*—It is stated that the troops are engaged at the Waitara. Some report a heavy loss on our side; others that a number are taken prisoners.

“*11½ A.M.*—Great excitement in town. Messengers have arrived with the tidings that two of the 65th Regiment and two of the volunteers are killed, and that several are wounded. An informant states that he counted twenty-five rebels lying dead on the road, and one strapped a prisoner on the gun-limber.

“*5 P.M.*—The troops have returned. They buried thirty-two rebels on the field, and have brought three or four prisoners to town. Our loss is four killed, and twelve wounded. It appears that when the party reached Mahoetahi pa, the rebels opened fire upon the advanced guard. Two or three shells were thrown into the pa,

which was then charged by the 65th Regiment and volunteers. A heavy fire was immediately opened on both sides, which lasted about an hour, when the rebels began to retreat, throwing away their arms and cartridge-boxes as our men pursued them, and many of them falling along the road. After following them as far as Kiarora, the order was given to halt, and there was now a twelve miles' march back to town. The rebels engaged were all Waikatos, and their brave conduct under a murderous fire is highly spoken of by our men. Three of their greatest chiefs were killed, the principal one being brought to town for burial.

"*November 7th.*—Five rebels were brought in wounded yesterday, two dying during the night, and one this morning. There are now ten corpses lying in the dead-house, including four of our own men. The rebel who died this morning was a fine young man about twenty years of age. He had been for some years in one of the mission colleges, and could talk English. When asked why he came to fight against us, he wept, and said he did not want to do so, but that his friends compelled him, and threatened to shoot him if he refused. The poor fellow had received seven bayonet-wounds, and two balls had passed through his body.

"*November 8th.*—Word arrived in town to-day that Mr H——, who has been employed as butcher at Waitara, has not been seen since yesterday. There is no doubt as to his fate,—either that he is shot dead, or that he is in the hands of the rebels, who would not spare him after

their defeat on Tuesday. Never did the inhabitants of New Plymouth witness such a scene as they have beheld to-day. This afternoon the six Maories were buried in St Mary's graveyard. This circumstance of itself caused no great grief among the people, for they are too im-bittered against the rebels (perhaps not without a cause) to shew any respect to their dead. But they were called upon to follow to their last resting-place the remains of the two soldiers and two volunteers who had been shot at the battle of Mahoetahi. These solemn processions took place separately, and all were present that could be spared off duty, from the General down to the drummer. At the conclusion of the sad ceremony, word came from the Waitara that Mr H——'s (the butcher's) horse had come back covered with blood, also that the poor fellow's trousers, with his wife's last note to him, had been found in the fern, thus leaving no doubt of his fate. Ah, poor New Plymouth! Little didst thou think, twelve months ago, that in so short a space of time so many of thy sons would have fallen victims to the ravages of war! But when wilt thou arise and shake off thy sins, and call upon thy God to have mercy upon thee? When? when?

"Sad to tell, these solemn warnings have no effect, for loud boasts are heard on every side, and bitter feelings of revenge are being cherished. One young man, who had just had a narrow escape of his life, having been struck with a ball in the knee, has declared, with an oath, that, on the very first opportunity, the rebels shall have the same ball

back again ; little thinking that before that opportunity arrives, he may be cut down himself. Oh that men were wise, and would consider these things !

“*November 9th*, 9 P.M.—What an excitement is being caused in the town ! Ten minutes ago, all was as quiet as usual, but the report of three or four guns at sea has brought everybody out of doors. A few steamers are coming in, and conjectures are escaping every lip as to the object of their visit. Some say the 14th Regiment have arrived from England ; others that they are bringing troops from India ; at any rate, we hear a band on board one of the vessels, and we are impatiently waiting for the boat to land, so that we may hear the news.

“10 P.M.—The boat has arrived, and who can imagine our disappointment at finding that no troops are on board, but that the vessels are merely the *Victoria* and *Niger*, which have returned from Manakau !

“*November 10th*.—A sad change has come over the people here since last night, the authorities having kept the town in perfect ignorance of the real object of the *Niger's* visit until this morning. It was then reported that she had come for four hundred soldiers, and orders have been just given for their immediate embarkation. But the weather being very bad, the ships had to put to sea, and thus the departure was delayed.”

CHAPTER XXII.

Heathly Declines.

Prospect of being sent to England—Conversation with a Backslider—
40th and 65th Regiments—Proceeds to Auckland—Dead March—
State of the Wounded—Work of the Holy Spirit upon his Child—
Native Letter—Medical Board—Return to England decided—Re-
gret at Leaving—Southern Rebels threaten an Attack—Settlers
sustain a Great Loss.

“ When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
’Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.”



CHAPTER XXII.

HEALTH DECLINES.

"UNMISTAKEABLE evidence was now being given to me that my life on earth was drawing to a close. Symptoms of failing powers had multiplied seriously, and a general weariness took possession of my frame. The doctor has told me that I should soon be brought before a Medical Board, in order to be invalided to England; and as it is scarcely probable that I shall ever be able to do my duty as a soldier again, I begin to desire that my heavenly Father would mercifully restore me to my own country. In this place the sick get little sympathy, for all have their troubles, each considering his or hers the greatest. But I bless the Lord that He sympathises with all, and I would trust wholly in His love. Sergeant S——, of the 40th Regiment, whom the Lord has rescued from the service of Satan to be an humble follower of Himself, is going to Auckland with the troops ordered there. I feel a peculiar interest in this man, inasmuch as I was the instrument of his conversion at Waitara. O Lord, I commend him to Thee. Do Thou preserve him from evil influences, and give him grace to trust in Thee.

"6 P.M.—*The body of Mr H—— has just been brought*

in from the Waitara. It is sadly cut up with the tomahawk, besides being pierced with musket balls. It was found between Mahoetahi and the Waitara camp. What a sad scene for his poor distracted wife to witness! News has also been received that the Taranakis (southern natives) have sent in word that they desire peace; but their allies, the Ngateruanui, cause them much trouble, and refuse to allow them to surrender.

"*November 11th, (Sunday.)*—I am suffering from very unpleasant sensations about the heart, and giddiness in the head, but have endeavoured to be as cheerful as possible while conversing with my brethren. This evening, G—— T——, a poor backslider, was prevailed upon to call and see me. I reasoned with him about his present state, and begged him to return once more to a forgiving and compassionate Saviour. He promised me he would endeavour to do so, and as he proceeds to Auckland tomorrow, I requested him to associate as much as possible with Sergeant S——.

"*November 12th.*—The 40th and 65th Regiments are now marching down to the beach to embark for Auckland. The departure of these troops has greatly distressed the inhabitants; but we must put our trust in God, in whose hands are the lives of us all.

"The Rev. Mr W—— paid me a visit this afternoon. He has been upwards of thirty years a missionary among the natives, and it is easy to imagine the state of his feelings at witnessing the present state of affairs. He told me he had been conversing with one of the Waikato

prisoners, who informed him that the party of Waikatos engaged with our troops the other day had only arrived from the north the previous evening; and that, in direct opposition to the advice of their countrymen, who were with Wi Kingi at Huirangi, they refused to remain with them, and persisted in taking up their quarters at Mahoetahi. During the night, a deputation of Rawiri's party had made another effort to persuade them to join their party, and had at length succeeded. They next urged them to come at once, but were met with the very natural reply from the others, that they preferred waiting till the morning. To this all agreed; and in the morning, just as they had finished their breakfast, and some were moving off to Huirangi, the troops came in sight. Even now they had plenty of time to get away, but determined to remain, thinking they would only have to fire a few shots, when the soldiers would run away. Poor fellows! they were sadly taken in, for our commanders were better able to attack them here than at Puketakauere. Still, we had only one hundred and fifty men to face eight hundred rebels, who were well armed and protected in rifle-pits. Now, at Mahoetahi, we had about seven hundred men, while the rebels did not muster more than three hundred.

"*November 14th.*—The solemn 'Dead March in Saul' is again sounding through our streets. Private L——, 65th Regiment, who was wounded in the skirmish on the night previous to the affair at Mahoetahi, died two days ago, and was brought here for burial. The poor fellow

was shot through the neck, and his death must have proved a happy release from terrible sufferings. I have witnessed the frightful agonies of one man who was shot through the neck; he lingered for two days, his broad chest seeming ready to burst, from the way in which he attempted to tear it with his hands. The windpipe was partially closed, and a stifling or choking sensation was constantly apparent. Whenever I paid him a visit, he would take hold of my hand, evidently struggling for his life, and entreat me to rub his chest. Ah! how few understand (when they read in the public papers that so and so fell mortally wounded) the true character of those sufferings which were ended by death. Many poor fellows, in these hospitals, are passing their days and nights in intense and protracted pain. One man, a sailor, whose ankle I bound up with my neckerchief, just as he received his wound in action, is a cripple for life, and must either exchange his present shattered leg for a wooden one, or walk on crutches for the remainder of his days. My disease seems to be taking stronger hold of my system every day. I have a constant internal gnawing, accompanied at times with sharp twitching pains about the heart, which proceed upwards, and settle under the left shoulder-blade. As I eat, I feel a pressure at the heart, causing a sickly and painful sensation. My spirits are often heavily depressed, my memory is much impaired, and my mind unsettled. My sleep, too, is much interrupted; frequently I lie awake for entire nights. *Sometimes* I am prostrated with a sinking giddiness, which,

although it does not deprive me of my reason, makes me quite helpless. This unpleasant sensation has come over me on the march, and even in action. I have for years endeavoured to check the development of these symptoms by labour, employment of the mind, and almost every kind of medicine, and have, I doubt not, by these means been enabled to preserve my life up to the present time. But I would continue looking to God for spiritual help, and while my earthly house of this tabernacle is being dissolved, experience the daily renewing of my inward man. I pray that my soul may mount up on wings of joy, and find eternal rest in the love of a crucified Saviour! Well may I exclaim, with David, 'I had fainted unless Thou hadst been my helper.' To Thee, O Lord, do I commit the keeping of my soul, as unto a faithful Creator.

"*November 16th.*—This evening, after tea, as I was engaged in family prayer, my attention was drawn to my little girl. The Holy Spirit was evidently working in her young heart, for she was sobbing bitterly. On rising from our knees, I asked her what was the matter, when she instantly burst into tears, exclaiming, 'Oh, I want a new heart, and I cannot get it! Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? O Lord, make me good!' A man may be proud of a fortune, a great name, or whatever his heart delights in; but I would rather hear that simple cry for mercy from the lips of that little child, than have any gift this world could bestow. I questioned her as to her conviction of sin, and as to what she thought of a merciful and forgiving God, entreating her to believe in the

Lord Jesus Christ, adding that He would give her a new heart. 'Oh, I do try,' she said, 'but I cannot get it!' Try on, my dear child; Jesus will hear your cries, and will soon pour into your wounded spirit healing streams of love. This little girl is between ten and eleven years of age, and has always been a tender-hearted and affectionate child. She has been in the habit of frequently retiring to pray in private, and is unspotted from the world. Many might conclude that she was a child of God, and an heir of heaven, and that there was no necessity for a further change. But worldly wisdom, and a broken and contrite heart, will be found to differ widely. This poor little child of Adam feels that in order to be truly happy, she must have a new heart. Here is another encouragement for me that my prayers find their way to a throne of grace. Oh that I had more faith in asking, and more expectation of receiving!

"By the arrival of the *Tasmanian Maid* from Waitara, we learn that no rebels are to be seen in that direction; but it does not follow that there are none to be found there, for beyond a doubt they are located in some of Wi Kingi's pas in the bush, still engaged in their tangi for the dead, or else waiting the arrival of expected reinforcements from Waikato. It is now ascertained that only fifteen of the rebels escaped in the last engagement, and that most of these were wounded. They seem to have courted their fate, for a few days previously they had sent a very insulting letter to the General, through Mr P—,

Assistant Native Commissioner, of which the following is a correct copy :—

“ ‘PUKEKOHL, Nov. 1st, 1860.

“ ‘To Mr P.—.

“ ‘FRIEND,—I have heard your word. Come to fight me! that is very good; come inland, and let us meet each other. Fish fight at sea; come inland, and stand on our feet. Make haste,—make haste; don't prolong it. That is all I have to say to you,—make haste.

“ ‘From WETINI-TAIPOUSTU-POROKUBA,
and from

“ ‘All the Chiefs of Ngatihana.’

“The invitation to come inland was in allusion to our proximity to the sea, and was simply an attempt to draw us into the bush.

“*November 17th.*—A Medical Board having assembled to-day, I was brought before the members in the usual form, and they at once decided to send me home. I was told that I should in all probability leave New Plymouth within forty-eight hours. This was rather short notice; and as the next day was Sunday, I was prevented from selling my goods by auction. So I had to part with them at a great loss, obtaining not more than one-fifth of their value. We expect to proceed in the *Victoria* for Auckland, and thence embark for England.

“*November 18th, (Sunday.)*—I have received many visitors to-day, both officers and men, who came to ex-

press their regret at my expected departure. I ought to mention, too, that Captain S—— forwarded me a bill for a small amount. For such expressions of kindness and respect, I desire to return my heartfelt thanks.

"*November 19th.*—We fully expected to embark to-day; but there is at present no signs of the *Victoria* leaving this port, nor any positive word that we are to proceed by her. News is going about town that the rebels are suing for peace; but this report, to adopt newspaper phraseology, requires confirmation. My friends are determined that I shall leave well-armed with testimonials of their respect and regard.*

"*November 20th.*—A small vessel arrived from Auckland to-day, with news that eight hundred Waikatos are on their way for this place. They say that their countrymen were murdered at Mahoetahi the other day, because our commander did not give them notice that we were going to attack them. I am still in doubt whether we shall go in the *Victoria*, which sails to-morrow, although I hear indirectly that we are to do so.

"*November 21st.*—This forenoon it was decided that we should proceed to Auckland in the *Victoria*; and we had everything packed, ready to leave, when, from some unknown cause, the order was cancelled, and she has sailed without us. This is very unpleasant in my present weak state; but I believe disappointments may be followed by blessings, so I will trust in Him who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. A fairer day for

* These, with an address, will be found in the Appendix.

a voyage could not be enjoyed ; the sea is as smooth as a pond, and a bright Italian summer is smiling over this land of war.

“ *November 22nd.*—It is reported that the southern rebels are returning to annoy us again. This is rather unfortunate just now, as we are in a very weak condition for resistance till the arrival of more troops.

“ *November 23rd.*—Major-General P—— inspected the invalids to-day. One of our settlers’ sons was shot at by the rebels, about two miles from town, and very severely wounded.

“ *November 24th.*—Word came from Waitara to-day, that the rebels were constructing a pa almost within range of the camp ; but no steps can be taken against them at present for want of men. The weather has been fine of late, and, but for the gloom created by the war, would be thoroughly enjoyed.

“ *November 25th, (Sunday.)*—I spent the day in Christian conversation with a few friends who called in to see me. An order was published this evening, requiring the invalids to be ready to embark for England, *via* Auckland, at the shortest notice. The rebels are reported to be busy at their pas at Waitara.

“ *November 27th.*—We are again doomed to disappointment, for Sunday’s order has just been cancelled, and we are now to proceed to Sydney direct. This alteration will probably detain us here another week or two,—a very tedious delay, as we are all packed up ready to embark. A telegraphic message was received this morning

from Waitara, stating that the two pas which the rebels are constructing are now joined into one. Five hundred more Waikatos are also reported by the Maori mail-man to be on their way for the above place.

“*November 28th.*—This morning, about half-past five, fires were seen in the direction of the Henui, about one mile distant from town. It was soon discovered that the houses of Mr M’K——, Dr W——, Lieutenant K——, and Mr S——, were being burnt to the ground. Mr M’K——’s was a splendid new house, of which he and his young wife had taken possession but a few months previous to the war. The others were also very good ones. The total value of the property could not be less than £5000. The blockhouse at Mahoetahi being complete, about fifty men were left in charge, the remainder arriving in town this afternoon. A little one-mast cutter, of about eighteen tons, came in this morning from Auckland. This vessel is called the *Surprise*; and she must have created no small amount of surprise when she arrived in Auckland harbour from England.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

Auckland.

Reinforcement from England—Proceeds to Auckland—Meets with God's People—Sad State of the Drunkard—Kindness of the Governor—Very Ill—Auckland Safe—News from Taranaki—Beginning of a New Year—Capture of the Maturikoriko Pa—Sunday Well Spent—Great Kindness shewn—Infidels and Atheists.

“His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And lives in heaven half the night.”

CHAPTER XXIII

AUCKLAND.

"*December 1st.*—This morning at daybreak, H.M. screw steamer *Niger* was reported, with three hundred and fifty men of the 65th Regiment on board, having left Auckland yesterday. She reports the arrival of the *Robert Lowe* from England with six hundred of the 14th Regiment, the remainder being expected in a few days. Shortly after the *Niger* was anchored, we received orders to embark.

"5 P.M.—We are now on board, and Mr P——, the gunner, has kindly given up his cabin for our use.

"*Auckland, December 3rd.*—Thank God, we have arrived here in safety, although we have had a rough passage. Shortly after leaving New Plymouth, a fierce wind sprang up, accompanied by a great deal of rain. This state of things has continued for some time, and we are now enveloped in a dense fog. Our old friend Mr H——, who, with his family, is a refugee here, kindly offered us accommodation in his house on our arrival; and, after so much stir and excitement, I began to feel quite worn-out. But I thank God for the blessings He has bestowed. My

times are in His hands. O Lord, I commit myself to Thy kind care and keeping.

"December 4th.—We expected to proceed to Sydney this morning by the mail steamer, but the authorities failing to send the order for our embarkation, we are compelled to wait here until it arrives. The men of the 40th Regiment who arrived a few weeks since with the 65th, left for Taranaki this morning. I was glad to see my dear friend and brother, Serjeant S——, still steadfast in the faith; and I pray that the blessing of God may accompany him wherever he goes. Auckland is very dull at present, many having left since the war broke out; but I cannot see that the place is in any danger whatever, nor do I believe that the rebels will ever come within twenty miles of it.

"December 5th.—Colonel M——, commanding the troops here, told me this morning that we should be likely to proceed to Sydney on Monday next in the barque *Kate*. My health does not improve, but I thank God I do not suffer so much from oppression and melancholy as I did previous to leaving Taranaki.

"December 9th.—I attended service at the Wesleyan Chapel to-day. The congregation was very small, both morning and evening. In the afternoon, I visited the school, where there were about one hundred and fifty children present, with a fair proportion of teachers.

"December 10th.—A mail came in from New Plymouth this morning, but with news of no particular occurrence since I left, except that a lad had been shot and mutilated

by the rebels near one of our outposts. This lad's brother was the first to fall at the commencement of the outbreak, and his death is mentioned at the time of its occurrence. The prayer-meeting was well attended this evening, and some very earnest appeals were offered up. This being the first public gathering of the kind at which I have been present for two years, I felt my soul drawn out in gratitude to God for the many mercies I have experienced at His hands.

"December 11th.—This evening I paid a visit to the Rev. Mr L——, who came here from New Plymouth about two years ago. He was not at home, but his wife welcomed me, and under her escort I went to see their snug little chapel. The building has caused him great anxiety, compelling him on one occasion to sell his horse in order to meet the interest on money borrowed for its erection. It is simple but neat in construction; and Mrs L—— expressed her satisfaction by saying, 'We have everything we want, except a revival, which I pray God may soon take place.'

"December 15th.—The weather still continues dull and oppressive. I suffer most severely during the night, and shall be glad of the change of getting to sea. I received letters from New Plymouth to-day, but no special event has taken place. An expedition is expected to proceed to the Waitara to attack the newly-erected pas. I have been endeavouring since I came here to impress upon the mind of an old drunkard, who has a Christian wife, the necessity of a reformation. Poor man! he seems very

wise in his own conceit, but often shrinks under the power of the Word. May Thy Spirit, O Lord, awaken his drowsy sense, and turn his heart to Thee!

"*December 16th, (Sunday.)*—This morning I listened to an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr H——, and felt very much profited by it. I am glad to find that a move is taking place in the right direction among the 14th Regiment, now stationed in barracks here. The officer commanding has kindly given permission for the men to meet in the library to hold prayer, and other religious meetings. My friend W—— is very zealous in this work, and who can say what may be the result?

"*December 17th.*—Colonel M—— informed me to-day that His Excellency the Governor had granted me a bonus of £20 for the services rendered by me to the officer commanding the troops at the seat of war, in the matter of the signal-stations.

"*December 22nd.*—The Rev. Mr H——, who has been thirty-seven years a missionary in this country, paid me a visit this morning. He has a very venerable appearance, and his stories of missionary perils and toils at once engage the affections of those who may be in his company. Aged and infirm as he now is, he is usefully occupied among both Europeans and natives. This evening I held a long argument with a poor deluded being who calls himself an Israelite, but goes by the more vulgar designation of a 'beardy.' In dealing with a Jew it is easy to know how to proceed, for he denies the fact that Christ is already come; but these 'beardies,' although they ad-

here principally to the laws of Moses, believe in the Incarnation as a fact, and hold the Unitarian doctrine that no doubt Christ was a good man, but that He did not become God until after His ascension. The poor man left me, regretting my obstinacy and delusion.

"A garrison order came out this afternoon directing that the invalids were to embark on board the *Robert Lowe* about the 27th instant. In the meantime, the *Boanerges* has arrived from England with the remainder of the 14th Regiment; this will probably delay our departure.

"*December 25th.*—During the last day or two I have been very unwell, and almost confined to my bed. I felt happy this morning as I reflected on the incarnation of my dear Redeemer. What a power the name of Christ has upon the mind of a believer! To know that Jesus owns me, how overpowering the thought! But I have often to descend from this lofty theme to deplore the sinfulness of my corrupt heart. I feel, O Lord, that I am not worthy of Thy love, and that Thou mightest justly leave me here to suffer and die without a ray of hope. But I know something of the riches of Thy grace, and I would ask that with no faltering tongue nor divided heart I may be permitted to praise Thee throughout eternity. It is now five years to-day since I first saw New Zealand. Many are Thy mercies during that period, O Lord, for which I desire to thank Thee. And I commit myself, my dear wife and child, to Thy special care and protection as we cross the mighty deep, praying that Thou

wouldst be pleased to conduct us safely to our native land.

"The English mail arrived to-day, bringing intelligence of a regiment being on its way from India to this place. This is very much wanted, as a great number of rebels are collecting at Taranaki from all parts, fully determined to beat the soldiers, if possible. The Maori king, Potatau, with his supporters, has recently decreed that it is lawful for Maories to go to Taranaki to fight, but not to Auckland, or to any other settlement; and they have cut a line through Waikato to mark the boundary of fighting territory. South of this every European is to be considered an enemy, and if caught, will certainly forfeit his life. But to the north of it Europeans and natives may continue their business in peace.

"*December 30th, (Sunday.)*—I spent a very pleasant afternoon listening to the examination of the Sunday-school children, this being their anniversary. This evening, the mail arrived from Taranaki, with tidings that an expedition had gone to Waitara. Further intelligence reached us before the departure of the steamer, that the attack upon the pa had been already commenced. Little was known of the success of the troops, but some hard fighting had taken place, and a few had been wounded. I received letters from Serjeants L—— and S——, informing me that the good work was still going on at the camp, and that a place is in course of erection, in which services and prayer-meetings may be held.

"*January 1st, 1861.*—Yesterday, the *Robert Lowe*

sailed for Taranaki and Napier, with detachments of the 14th Regiment. This trip will probably occupy three weeks, and we may now look for a delay of another month before we embark for England. But I feel that the Lord knows what is best, and I cheerfully submit to His will.

"Another year of abundant mercy has just passed away. Many, O Lord, are the troubles and dangers through which Thou hast brought me. Oh, may their remembrance deeply humble my soul, and may I be filled with the spirit of praise and thanksgiving! And now, O Lord, Thou hast permitted me to see the beginning of a New Year, receive me, I beseech Thee, under Thy special care and guidance; give me sincerity of heart and singleness of purpose. Let Jesus be ever precious to my soul. And may I always find free access to a throne of grace.

"*January 3rd.*—The steamer *Victoria* arrived in Manakau this morning, with intelligence of the storming and capture of the Maturikoriko pa, which lasted twenty hours. The enemy kept up a continuous fire from about one hundred and twenty rifle-pits, and were with difficulty dislodged. At last, however, they hoisted a flag of truce, asking permission to bury their dead, for which purpose two hours were granted them. But instead of doing this, they spent the time in evacuating the pa and decamping to the bush. This will certainly be the last truce they will obtain. Our loss is three killed, (two of the 40th and one of the 65th,) and twenty wounded. About one hundred and thirty of the rebels were found dead, and seventy are

reported as wounded. These are all the particulars which have reached us at present. The enemy had taken up another position at Huirangi, and the troops were about to follow them when the steamer left. An incident occurred after the pa had been evacuated, affording a striking illustration of the inspired declaration, 'Be sure your sins will find you out.' A letter from a friendly native, who resides in town, was found in one of the whares. It was addressed to a Waikato chief, and gave a full account of the number and movements of the troops employed on the present expedition. A messenger was at once despatched by General P—— to the authorities at New Plymouth, who took the traitor, and quietly lodged him in jail, where he now remains, awaiting inevitable death.

"*January 6th, (Sunday).*—I have enjoyed a 'feast of fat things' to-day. This morning, we had a sermon from Mr H——, full of evangelical truth and fervour, and truly my heart was filled with gratitude to God for allowing me to enjoy such precious seasons. In the afternoon, I delivered an address to the children of the Primitive Methodist congregation, at the request of the Rev. Mr L——. There were about seventy present, with many of the parents. I was joined by my friend W——, who was accompanied by six or seven sailors from H.M.S. *Pelorus*. At the conclusion of the address, these pious men engaged in earnest, simple, believing prayer. Their feelings, long confined, broke through all restraint; and for more than half an hour, heaven was, as it were,

taken by storm. This evening, at the Wesleyan chapel, we renewed our covenant with God, and partook of the Lord's supper. More than two hundred joined in the service. It was a solemn season. May I be enabled to fulfil the vow which I then made in the name of Jesus!

"*January 17th.*—Bless the Lord, O my soul! I am just recovering from a severe illness, having caught a bad cold, in consequence of the sudden change in the weather. We were visited by the coldest and fiercest of south winds that has been known here for the last fourteen years. The room I was living in was but a poor protection, and I was soon in a high state of fever. Not knowing where to go to obtain better shelter, we were in a state of great perplexity, when on Wednesday morning a Christian lady called upon me, expressing her sorrow at my illness, and at the same time giving us an invitation to come to her house. The question arises—Who sent this lady to me? Her husband and herself were perfectly unknown to us; yet just at the moment when I required nursing, and knew not where to go, these strangers gave us an utterly unexpected invitation to share their comfortable home so long as I remained in Auckland! It is the Lord: He has done what seemed Him good. The kind friends who have so nobly taken us in are owners of a beautiful house, on which the blessing of the Lord seems ever to rest. Their kindness and attention are beyond all praise; and I pray the Lord to reward them 'in their basket and their store.'

"*January 18th.*—I entered into conversation with a

poor old man to-day, who is living without earthly comfort or heavenly hope. His age is seventy-one, and he has been here for forty-seven years. He laughs at the mention of hell, saying, that he never troubles about such things. My heart was drawn out in pity for him, and I endeavoured to point him to Jesus ; but he treated all my conversation with scorn, and ended by running away in a passion.

*“January 20th, (Sunday).—*This evening I conducted a service in the Regimental Library. At its close, a few sailors belonging to the *Pelorus* came in, and the place was soon alive with prayer. May God bless every effort here put forth for the advancement of His glory in the salvation of souls !

*“January 23rd.—*Yesterday I contended with infidels, atheists, and fatalists, on the Queen Street wharf, for more than two hours. It would be impossible for me to give a clear account of our arguments, for so many attacked me at the same time, with arguments so objectionable and so foolish, that the more enlightened of the bystanders decided at once in my favour, and testified their approval of what I had said, by collecting round me at the close, and asking for tracts. To my great delight, the old man who had so recently spurned my counsel came forward amongst the others, and requested a tract. His heart had become softened during our conversation, and I found no difficulty now in persuading him to listen to the joyful tidings of a crucified and risen Saviour.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

Return.

Return of the *Robert Lowe*—News from the Seat of War—Embarks for England—*Robert Lowe*—Character of the Crew—Change in the Day—Services on Board—Strong Gale—Storms in the Pacific—Off Cape Horn—Man Overboard—Very Cold—Encouraging Signs—Neglect of Parents—Storm—Sharks.

“Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever!”

* * * * *

“I never breathed the word ‘Farewell’
But with an utterance faint and broken,
A heart sick, yearning for the time
When it shall never more be spoken!”

CHAPTER XXIV.

RETURN.

“January 24th.—The screw-steamer *Robert Lowe* returned from her southern trip to-day. She brings news from New Plymouth up to the 19th instant. Matters do not seem to be improving at the seat of war. The troops are besieging Huirangi, and a great quantity of shell has been expended. A man of the 65th Regiment was wounded while searching for firewood, and fell into the rebels’ hands. The God-fearing men I left at Waitara are building a wharra for public worship, and the new converts profess their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

“January 27th, (Sunday.)—News arrived from Taranaki this morning that the enemy had made an attack upon our position, but that they were repulsed with a loss of forty, several having been wounded at the same time. Our loss is five killed, and eleven wounded. The assault was a desperate one, and was made just before day-break. This was the first that has originated with the natives during the war. The Southerners have taken up their old position at Waireka. A party of soldiers from town had been sent out to watch their movements, and on their return were fired upon. Serjeant B—— was

shot dead. He was the only man hit; and this was the first time he had left the town during the war, having been previously employed as hospital-serjeant.

"*February 1st.*—Embarked on board the *Robert Lowe* at 3 P.M. I felt deeply at parting with so many kind friends.

"*February 2nd.*—Ship all in an uproar. Baggage, pigs, ducks, and provisions of every kind in great confusion on the deck. There are on board twenty soldiers and seventeen sailors, all invalids. Our ship appears a good one, and is about 1300 tons burden, with engines of eighty-horse power. The crew seem very ungodly. With God's help, I shall have enough to do in reasoning with them. I do not leave New Zealand cheerfully, for I am much attached to the country, and should be thankful to make it my home; not that I at all forget quiet, lonely St Helena, my old, old love.

"*February 3rd.*—Weighed anchor at noon, and proceeded under steam to sea. Ours is a motley crew. This day being Sunday, I held my first service in the fore part of the ship. The sailors were very slow in joining, but before I concluded the attendance was large.

"*February 5th.*—We are now clear of New Zealand, after steaming very slowly against a head wind. I held service again this evening, but none but the invalids and sailors attended.

"*February 6th.*—This morning we stopped our engines, and bore away to the S.-E. with a light breeze, under canvas. An albatross was caught and taken on

board. I lifted it up to shew it to my little girl, but soon regretted my folly, for it struck its sharp beak into my hand, and made an ugly wound.

*"February 7th, (Thursday).—*Wind still fair, and the ship ploughing along at a rapid rate.

*"February 7th, (Thursday).—*This, properly speaking, is Friday; but a notice was posted this morning, stating that as the ship has entered west longitude, and we had gained a day since leaving England, this day is to be styled Thursday, February 7th, and to-morrow, Friday the 8th. This will render our time correct on our arrival in England; otherwise, had no alteration been made before we reached home, we should find Wednesday with us to be Tuesday there.

*"February 9th.—*During the past day or two we have had a head wind. Last night, about twelve o'clock, it blew very strong, so we had to reef top-sails. To-day we are sailing two points off our course, with a moderate breeze. We are now beginning to experience the colds and rains of these latitudes. Two days ago I opened a school for the children on board, who attend from eleven to twelve A.M., and two to three P.M.

*"February 13th.—*On Sunday last I held service on the fore-castle, and was attentively listened to by several of the ship's company and passengers. Our vessel is now in 40° south latitude, and the atmosphere is very cold. Among our invalids is a German, who enlisted about two years ago. As he is shewing evident symptoms of lunacy, he is being sent home. I have one Christian brother on

board with me, a seaman, whose company I enjoy very much. Those who know him must admire his humility.

"*February 14th.*—Latitude 49° south, longitude 157° west. Splendid breeze to-day, but a heavy swell. The *Robert Lowe* is the worst ship for rolling I was ever in. This evening I held service, which was attended by officers, passengers, and some of the ship's company. I spoke from the words, 'Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation.' A respectful attention was paid, and one old man-of-war sailor told me afterwards that he hoped that I should be instrumental in doing him good. Towards the conclusion of the service, the German, who was walking about deck, under the eye of a sentry, made a sudden spring into the rigging, and, before any of the sailors could catch him, was up the ratlins into the foretop. Many trembled for his life, but, thank God, he was brought safe to deck again. Shortly afterwards he made a second attempt, which rendered it necessary for him to be locked up.

"*February 16th.*—Last night we encountered a strong gale from the west, and this morning a very heavy sea is running. Pannikins, plates, &c., danced about the tables at pleasure, and it was quite useless to attempt to compose their agitation. This afternoon we passed a large iceberg,—rather a strange sight at the end of summer.

"*February 21st.*—The last few days have been uncomfortable, and very stormy. We are now about half-way to Cape Horn, which we hope, with the blessing of God, to make in another fortnight. This Pacific is indeed a

dreary waste. Not a ship has been seen since we left Auckland ; and the fact that we are now two thousand miles from the nearest land is enough to fill us with a sense of desolation. To relieve this, how glorious the remembrance, as it quietly enters the soul, that the Lord of heaven and earth created these wilds for His glory, and keeps perpetual watch over those who go down to the sea in ships !

"February 25th.—During the last few days we have had a fine strong wind from the west, with a heavy sea, and bitter cold. To-day we are almost becalmed,—a state of things unpleasant as a rule, but just now a welcome change from the boisterous weather we have recently experienced. A fine albatross has just been caught, one of the feet of which I procured, intending to preserve it. I still continue unwell, but am thankful that I can move about at all. The Lord has been pleased to bless my labours among this ungodly crew. During the past few days, one of the stewards has opened his heart to me. I was pleased to see that his conscience was awakened ; and I pray that true light may break upon his soul, and that others also may be visited with the same convictions. O Lord, refresh my spirit in this dreary waste ! I know that Thy presence is everywhere, and that where Thou art is heaven. May I be warmed by the sunbeams of heavenly joy and love ; and as my body grows weaker, may my faith become stronger and stronger !

"February 28th.—Thank God for His mercies ! We have just escaped from one of those wild Pacific storms

which every seaman dreads. For thirty long hours the noise of wind and water was almost deafening, and the heavy seas which were incessantly striking the vessel made every one feel as though the waves were about to swallow us up. To-day, at half-past twelve P.M., a seaman, named M——, departed this life. The poor fellow had been suffering for some days, and had frequently called out, during his seasons of severe pain, 'Oh, do sew me up, and throw me overboard.' I spoke to him about his soul, but his look and words betrayed the gloom of his condition. At last he requested me to pray with him, which I did, beseeching the Lord to give him repentance, and faith in the Lord Jesus, and patience under his sufferings. The night before he died, he told me he felt happy; but though I would desire to be charitable in my judgment, I fear from his manner it was not so. This evening his remains were cast into the sea. The funeral service was performed with great difficulty, on account of the heavy pitching and rolling of the ship over the tremendous waves.

"*March 3rd, (Sunday).*—Off Cape Horn. The captain expects to see the Diego Islands to-night. We had prayers between decks at half-past ten A.M. Thank God, I am much better than I have been for some time. I had conversation with a few young men to-day relative to their eternal welfare, and trust that my words may have been words in season.

"9 P.M.—We were not able to see the islands, in consequence of the hazy atmosphere. At half-past eight this

evening I detected something resembling a light on our starboard bow, and reported it to the captain, who was near me, who at once confirmed my suspicion. Presently the clouds over the spot were brilliantly illuminated, and we thought it was a fire, but its appearance was soon changed, and the captain declared that it was an iceberg. This opinion, however, was soon abandoned. At length a brilliant star-like object burst forth—changing into a meteor resembling a balloon with a tail of fire, and (as the clouds parted overhead and revealed it more distinctly) discovering itself as a magnificent moon, now walking forth in her brightness, the next moment hidden behind a curtain of clouds. The most singular part of the occurrence was that (as the captain stated) the moon ought not to have risen before twelve o'clock.

"March 4th.—Farewell! inhospitable South Pacific. Welcome! bright Atlantic. This morning we are round the 'Horn,' but we have not as yet seen land. The weather of late has been very fine.

"March 5th.—This morning we were alarmed by the cry of 'A man overboard.' I had just come on deck, and was walking to the fore part of the ship, when I heard the splash, and on looking over the side, saw the poor fellow struggling on his back. I immediately seized a rope and threw it toward him, but it was too short. Other ropes were also thrown, but all was of no avail. At last over went the life-buoy. He seized it, but was evidently too weak to place himself in a safe position; for although he grasped it with his arms on the outside, making it

stand upright, while he put his head through it, he had not sufficient strength to bring it to its former position. The boat had been by this time lowered, and was making rapid way towards him, about two hundred yards astern. All hoped he would be able to hold on till it reached him; but when it was within about an oar's length of him, he let go his hold, and sank to rise no more. A strange feeling of disappointment came over us, for no great anxiety had arisen on his account, as we felt confident that he would be easily saved, the more so as we were lying in a perfect calm. When we saw but a span between the boat and the drowning man, the cry was, 'He is safe, he is safe!' but in a moment every countenance was changed, and the awful cry, 'He is lost, he is lost!' was heard from every lip.

"*March 6th.*—This evening I addressed about seventy of the ship's crew and passengers on this sad event. Many were deeply affected, and I pray that the impression may be lasting. We have spent our evenings of late in singing Wesley's Hymns. Many of our young men seem very proud of their vocal powers, and I do not see that they could be better employed. The weather is very cold, and the wind foul. Lat. 57° S., long. 6° W.

"*March 7th.*—Oh, how ready I am to despond, and wish that my sufferings were less! We have been running all night and all to-day, direct from our course. I have been fretting secretly; but this evening I am ashamed of myself, and have spent hours in drawing nearer to my heavenly Father. The more I see my folly and want of faith, the more my heart prays, 'Thy will be done.'

“ March 8th.—While sitting at the table writing, I hear two seamen talking about their souls. One has found Christ, and is, in his humble way, pointing out to the other the folly of sin, and the blessings of reconciling grace. O Lord, cause Thy Spirit to work mightily among us, and set up Thy kingdom in every heart. I shall now leave my writing, and join my two inquiring friends. Who can tell but that another soul may be brought to bend the knee of submission to the Lord Jesus?

“ March 9th.—I feel my soul drawn out in praise to Thee, O thou Most Holy, for Thy pardoning mercies. Let me never be confounded, O Lord; but may I continue to put my trust in Thee, my Father and my Friend! While talking to one of the officers of the ship this morning about the salvation of his soul, I remarked that no doubt his father had given him suitable advice on this momentous subject before he left home. He returned a look of surprise, and said, ‘My father never spoke to me about anything of the sort;’ and yet, blessed be God, he tells me he desires to be a sincere Christian. O Lord, may this desire be realised, and may Thy love dispel the darkness from his soul. A light breeze was now springing up from the S.-W., and as he was the officer of the watch, we were reluctantly compelled to separate, in order that he might superintend the squaring of the yards.

“ March 10th, (Sunday.)—Calm this morning. We had prayers between decks. I had some conversation with the officer I have just mentioned, and I have rea-

son to believe that he is not far from the kingdom of God.

"March 12th.—Blowing a heavy gale from the west. The sea getting very angry. There is a prospect of a very unpleasant night; but 'Our Father' is at the helm, and He holds the deep in the hollow of His hand.

"March 13th.—Last night the wind and sea rose to a fearful height. The storm was awful. O Lord, I offer Thee my humble and hearty thanks for preserving us from the violence of the waters. About half-past three o'clock this morning, a tremendous wave poured into our vessel. The first impression I had of our position was a sudden start up in my bed, and the sound of a deafening noise, exceeding that of the loudest thunder. At this moment my wife called out, 'We are drowned!' The ship at the same time gave a heavy lurch to windward, and in an instant my cabin was filled with water, which, with the roll of the ship, carried everything out at the door. This was repeated: after which I succeeded in getting a light, when I saw that everything on the deck was afloat. All my boxes, boots, camp-stools, were chasing each other from side to side. At this juncture, unhappy passengers, half awake, might be seen venturing out from their wet beds, and beginning to gather their few possessions. My boots defied all attempts at capture, until they were brought to obedience by some of the crew. It is very singular that directly after the sea struck the vessel, the wind went down, and shifted to the S.-W. It would seem as though its wild fury had been almost

spent in chasing our ship, and, having made a last effort, had bade one of its mountain-billows attempt our destruction. But, after all, it was under His control Who hath said, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'

"*March 14th.*—This morning early, a strong breeze set in from the N.-W., which soon increased to a gale, and we are now running about three points from our course. Truly, 'they that go down to the sea in ships, see the wonders of the Lord in the great deep,' and I feel that these manifestations of His great power reveal His majesty more fully to my spirit, and cause this proud will of mine to bow with greater submission and reverence to Him Who created all things by the word of His power.

"*March 17th, (Sunday).*—The breeze has left us this morning, and we are now nearly becalmed; but, thank God, a change for the better has just taken place. I have been addressing the ship's company, and was glad to see them all very attentive. I believe the Lord is working among us.

"*March 18th.*—Still becalmed. This evening we caught a shark about eight and a half feet in length, and whose jaws would just admit my head. The monster had nothing inside him, and readily took the bait we offered. He was speedily dissected, and, being a young one, will probably be eaten to-morrow. Lat. 38° S., long. 24° W.

"*March 19th.*—A breeze has sprung up from the N.-E., and we are now standing away to the westward, being about three points off our course. All ranks among us

are partaking of the shark caught yesterday, but no one seems to relish it. I should have stated that before opening his mouth to receive the bait, he turned over upon his back, and took it in that position. On dissecting him, little blood was found, and no bones but the spine. The heart, which was about the size of that of a full-grown pig, continued to expand and contract for more than an hour after it had been removed and split open. Two rows of teeth stood out in the usual position ; three more were concealed under a false gum, and were lying flat on the jaw-bone."

CHAPTER XXV.

Homeward Bound!

Speaks the *Napoleon*—Service on the Quarter-deck—Good Friday—
Death of a Seaman—Funeral at Sea—Treat for Children on crossing the Equator—A Man Overboard—Prodigal Son—Gulf of Florida—Calm.

“Lo, as the parched land for showers,
That it may water’d be—
As for the dew the thirsty flowers,
So longs my soul for Thee.

“Thou art my God, my Guide, my Friend,—
Teach me Thy will to do :
All, all my journeyings defend,
All, all my heart renew.

“Oh, let Thy Spirit’s loving hand
My devious footsteps guide,—
Conduct me to the upright land,
And keep me at Thy side.

“Destroy what Thou wouldst have destroy’d,
Till, all my journey done,
With Thine own presence overjoy’d,
I stand before Thy Throne.”

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CHAPTER XXV.

HOMeward BOUND !

"*March 21st.*—We are not yet at home. Still a vast weary waste of waters before the dear old cliffs of England rejoice our eyes. Our vessel is now three or four points from her course, with a strong head-wind blowing from the N.-W. A ship was spoken with this morning, called *Napoleon III.*, from London for Hong Kong, forty-seven days out. This is also the exact number of days we are out from Auckland, but it is very doubtful if we shall run the remainder of the passage in the same time. I bless God for enabling me to endure the sufferings of a long voyage. The last few days I have enjoyed a very favourable change in the state of my health ; and I feel thankful for the grace and strength I am continually experiencing.

"*March 22nd.*—Very stormy all last night. About two A.M. the wind was fearful, and has scarcely abated to-day, while the rain is very severe. Towards evening it began to clear up, and there is now a prospect of a fine day to-morrow.

"*March 23rd.*—A beautiful day, and a fine breeze, which I believe to be the S.-E. trade-wind. A vessel has

been seen ahead all day, which we have in vain been trying to overtake. The sailors say, 'A stern chase is a long one.' We are now in lat. 26° , long. 24° .

"*March 24th, (Sunday).*—The favourable breeze continued until ten o'clock this morning, when it suddenly went down, disappointing our expectations of a trade-wind. This afternoon I gathered the children together for the purpose of singing a few hymns. Several of the ladies joined; and it comforted me much to hear once more the sweet sounds of praise to God. This evening I held service on the quarter-deck, at the request of several of the cabin passengers, and expounded the words, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.' Just as I concluded, the captain ordered steam to be got up, the wind being light and ahead, and we were soon steaming at four knots an hour, the ship's bottom being so foul as to prevent a greater speed.

"*March 25th.*—Steaming slowly all day. The poor firemen must suffer greatly from the heat, which is 150° in the engine-room, and 90° on deck. By eight o'clock this evening, a boiler was found to be unsafe, and steam was taken off. Shortly afterwards, a light but unfavourable breeze sprang up

"*March 26th.*—The breeze continued all night, but to-day we have had alternate light winds and calm. We entered the torrid zone this morning at four o'clock. The heat being very oppressive, the men preferred to lie on deck all night. A booby was observed lurking about our

yards this evening ; the poor bird was evidently very tired, and had at last alighted on the foretopmast studding-sail boom. The captain, anxious to catch it, ordered the boom to be shaken ; but, contrary to his expectations, the bird flew away, and was no more seen.

“ *March 29th, (Good Friday.)*—The sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus were the subject of a service this evening. Nearly all attended. My own mind has been directed to Calvary ; and my heart has been sorrowful, as it usually is, on this solemn day. But during the discourse this evening, I experienced the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit, and the godly sorrow I had felt during the day was turned into joy.

“ *March 30th.*—We are now in lat. $14^{\circ} 20' S$. The wind still continues in the N.-E., instead of the S.-E., the usual direction in this latitude. I have just been taking a look over at my dear St Helena friends, as we are now abreast of the island, about twelve hundred miles from it. We are not likely to see each other this voyage, but they have my best wishes and prayers for their welfare. Were it possible, I would leave the ship and fly into their midst. One of our invalids, a seaman, was taken up on deck to-day for the first time. The poor fellow is as yet quite helpless, and unable to speak a word ; but he expressed his joy in loud laughter as he was laid in the open air.

“ *March 31st, (Sunday.)*—The wind is still from the old quarter. I was sent for this morning to visit a poor man who is evidently dying. He came from H.M.S. *Fawn*, invalided with disease of the heart. I found him

in great distress of mind ; and although I had frequently spoken to him about his soul, yet he never appeared so anxious as upon the present occasion. I endeavoured to direct his mind to the Lord Jesus Christ, but his poor trembling soul seemed to shrink from that Saviour whom he had hitherto neglected. I also read and prayed with him, but the reality of his being so near eternity drove him almost frantic. ‘Oh,’ he exclaimed, ‘little did I think it would ever come to this! Oh, how I have neglected God! Let all that hear me now take warning by me. I declare to you that drink has brought me to this. I have been twenty-seven years a great drunkard ; take warning by my fate, and turn to God in time. May the Lord have mercy on my soul!’ In the afternoon, at his own request, I made out his will, and promised, if God spared my life, to visit his father and mother near Woolwich. I sat up with him until half-past eleven P.M., when his mind was rambling and incapable of thought. During the evening he was frequently seen engaged in silent prayer ; but his replies to my questions were not of that satisfactory nature which would lead us to conclude that all was well. I had service near the main-hatch this evening, when most of the passengers and all the crew were present ; and I spoke from the words, ‘Christ our passover.’ The afternoon was spent in conducting a children’s Bible class, and singing hymns ; the ladies assisting throughout.

“*April 1st.*—The poor seaman died at one o’clock this morning, and was buried at ten A.M., Captain M—,

R.E., reading the burial-service. How solemn is the last plunge, and the small opening in the water receiving the mortal remains of the departed, which disappear in an instant amidst the surging waves! With these scenes before my mind, I went to another poor man, whose days are evidently numbered, and spoke to him of death and judgment. I saw the tears course each other down his furrowed cheeks; and, after a little while, he requested me to speak to him again,—a request with which I gladly complied. A brig was seen this evening going south.

“April 3rd.—Latitude, $3^{\circ} 17'$ S., longitude, 26° W. The breeze is still the same, and will carry us, we hope, across the line. It is a singular fact, that in these latitudes we have no twilight, for it is dark immediately after sunset, at six o'clock.

“April 4th.—A day of tropical showers, which could not be equalled by the grandest display of the fountains of the Crystal Palace. Squalls, lightning, and dark-flying clouds were in constant succession, and, in all probability, about noon we lost the trade-winds. This evening, a light four-knot breeze sprang up. At noon, we were only fifty-nine miles from the equator, so we expect to cross it to-night. As I take leave of the southern hemisphere, I desire to thank God for sparing me during the six years I have lived in it, and for bringing us safely thus far. May Thy power and love, O Lord, protect us during the remainder of our voyage! It is very gratifying to witness the favourable change in the conduct of the crew since we

left Auckland. It was shocking then to hear their fearful blasphemy, but their oaths have almost entirely ceased. Should one escape their lips, the certain reproof calls up the blush of shame, and penitent acknowledgment of the sin.

"*April 5th.*—To-day, at noon, we are forty-one miles north of the equator, still sailing pleasantly along with the wind from the N.-E. A barque is seen in the distance. In order to commemorate the crossing of the equator, and as an encouragement for regular attendance at school, I gave the children a treat in the shape of cake, tarts, &c., on the quarter-deck. Each of them repeated a chapter or hymn, and we concluded about eight P.M. with snap-dragon and other amusements. We all enjoyed ourselves to our heart's content. General G—— gave a short address, and concluded it by proposing three cheers for Mrs M——, and then three for myself. The deafening noise that the children made was a very flattering proof of their sincerity.

"*April 6th.*—Almost a calm. Up steam at eleven o'clock, and a speedy farewell to the barque, without our even ascertaining her name, or where she came from. This evening, as we rose from tea, the startling alarm was again given of 'A man overboard!' The boat was immediately lowered by Clifford's patent lowering-gear, and on its way to the poor fellow's rescue. All this time, the inquiry as to who he was could not be answered, as no one had seen him fall. The boat was watched with great anxiety, for many sharks were about, one of them having been caught this morning. At last he was seen to be

lifted into the boat, amid a general exclamation of 'Thank God!' that he was saved. By this time we had missed one of our invalids belonging to the 65th Regiment, whose state of mind had been for some time very unsettled, as he was subject to severe nervous fits; and the arrival of the boat confirmed our conjecture that this was the man overboard. Every means was adopted to restore animation, but without effect. An inquest will be held upon the body to-morrow.

"*April 7th, (Sunday).*—D—— was buried to-day, at nine A.M., the service being read by one of his comrades, who, like himself, was of the Roman Catholic persuasion. In the afternoon, a board of inquiry was held, and evidence taken on the case of deceased, which leaves no doubt but that he committed suicide whilst in a state of temporary insanity. We have been steaming against a light head-wind to-day, anxiously expecting to fall in with the N.-E. trades. I held my usual service this evening. The north polestar is now visible.

"*April 12th.*—Yesterday, the wind changed to the N.-E., and we are enabled to stand up N.-W. This change, I have reason to believe, was given in answer to prayer. No one but those who have endured the misery of a long voyage can picture our feelings during three or four days of continuous head winds; the mind becomes uneasy, strange doubts arise, and all seems gloomy and disquieting. The Christian's heart, if not watched, will be sure to murmur and fret.

"*April 14th, (Sunday).*—I held service among the

crew and some of the passengers this evening ; the subject of my discourse was 'The Prodigal Son.' I pray that this day five weeks we may be permitted to join the worship of God in His temple ; not that we have any reason to complain of our present lot, for I believe that God has owned my labours, and that a few who were men of the world when they came on board, will leave the ship servants of the Most High : but, oh, it is so sweet to meet with those that love the Lord ! I feel thankful that an improvement has taken place in my health since we came into the tropics. Lord, grant me grace to dwell meekly at Thy feet ! We are now on the north side of the sun, and the Southern Cross has already vanished below the horizon. Latitude, $13^{\circ} 55' N$.

"*April 17th.*—A very heavy swell from the north,—clear evidence of a recent gale in the North Atlantic. This afternoon, a squall came on, when our two jibs were blown to ribbons in a moment, and were soon lost in the distance. As I write this, the breeze is increasing, and the ship is rearing and plunging over the mountain waves like a fearless hunter in the chase.

"*April 18th.*—Some very heavy squalls last night ; main-topgallant sail split into shreds. A heavy sea is running this morning, and we are under reefed top-sails. This evening, we passed a small schooner, homeward bound. Sailing in that little craft must be very unpleasant in such a sea as this, for our ship is tossed about upon the waves like a small boat, although it is three hundred feet in length.

"*April 20th.*—Yesterday and to-day, we have been amusing ourselves by catching sea-weed, which is very plentiful in these latitudes, being probably brought down by the current from the Gulf of Florida. While writing this, three vessels are in sight, one outward bound, the other two going the same way as ourselves. We are now clear of the tropics, being in latitude $24^{\circ} 44'$.

"*April 21st, (Sunday.)*—The sea to-day presents a very beautiful appearance, fields of sea-weed being visible as far as the eye can reach. This is a very strange and lovely sight, twelve hundred miles from land. A splendid dolphin has just been seen. Its brilliant colours and stately gait were admired by all of us. I have been meditating on the spirit which Christians should cherish on the Lord's-day. My own soul has been much refreshed, and I have been enabled to speak freely to the assembly on the forecastle this evening.

"*April 23rd.*—A dead calm all day. Steam was got up at eight o'clock A.M., and the two vessels, becalmed in the distance, were soon left far behind. Our steaming to-day has reminded me more of a pleasure-trip, than a constant tacking to obtain a wind that may bring our protracted voyage to a conclusion. Fleets of Portuguese men-of-war (*Nautili*) have been passed to-day, some of which were taken on board.

"*April 24th.*—Steamed all day. The wind very light from every point of the compass. In the afternoon we came in sight of three vessels ahead of us, and this evening overtook one of them, which proved to be the *Duplure*.

the very ship that we parted with a month ago last Sunday, and which we believed was far behind us. It is very unusual to come across the same vessel a second time on one voyage, and our captain, who has been twenty years at sea, had never known such an occurrence before.

"April 26th.—A fine N.-W. wind, with a heavy sea running. We are rolling over the mountain waves at the rate of ten knots per hour. I am thankful to say that I have not been troubled with sea-sickness for several weeks. I cannot account for the change, unless I admit the mercy of God in sparing me this suffering, which in all previous voyages I have never ceased to undergo. In consequence of the ship being short of several necessary articles, the captain has made up his mind to call in at Fayal, one of the western islands of the Azores, from which we are now distant about five hundred miles, being in lat. 34°, 30'; long. 40°, 44'."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Island of Fayal.

Island of Fayal—Description of Fayal—Visit to a Convent—Conscription—Pico—Farewell to Fayal—Gale—One Hundred Days from Auckland.

“There mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells toll'd out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal.”

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ISLAND OF FAYAL.

“April 29th.—‘Land, ho ! Land ahead !’ is the joyful cry this morning. What a confusion that cry has created ! How anxiously every one is peering into the gloom to catch a glimpse of the distant shore ! And is it wonderful, after we have been ploughing the deep for twelve weeks without sight of land ? We made the western side of the island about eight A.M., and being considerably to leeward, had to tack a little to clear the S.-W. and S.-E. angles. In the meantime we saw several pretty cottages and fields ; the latter beautiful and green, with healthy spring crops. After clearing the points, we came to anchor off the town of Fayal. Some difficulty was at first experienced, the authorities refusing to come on board, as we could not shew any bill of health, not having received one before we left Auckland. But this was soon settled by the doctor’s giving a certificate to the effect that there was no disease on board. The anchorage is not protected from the S.-W. winds, and, in consequence of a heavy sea running, we got a good ducking as we went ashore. The town had a much better appearance from the bay than it presented as we walked through its narrow streets. From the

moment we landed, we were beset with a mingled crowd of men and children, selling fancy articles, and women begging. All that I have read of Spanish and Portuguese towns was fully exemplified here. We went up some narrow lanes, to the top of a hill at the back of the town, and entered the grounds of a miller, whose mill (a peculiar one of its sort) was flying round in grand style, under double-reefed sails. The old gentleman himself, a very fat specimen of human nature, came out to have a look at us. I tried to make him understand our object in trespassing on his soil, when his polite bows, and noddings in the direction of the town, plainly said, you may look as long as you please. From this spot we had a complete view of the town, the most conspicuous buildings being Roman Catholic churches and convents. The islands belong to the King of Portugal, and a small garrison, consisting of thirty-six soldiers, guard their shores. I cannot make out the number of the inhabitants, for no one that I have seen can speak enough English to tell me. On our return from the miller's house, we passed several fine gardens, and saw large quantities of orange-trees in full bloom. I was very anxious to have a peep into the convents; although their outward appearance was not very enticing, for the windows were guarded with strong iron bars, while the general aspect of the buildings conveyed rather the idea of a prison than of a religious house. Upon entering the antechamber of one of them, I saw an old man sitting, evidently on sentry. He was conversing through a hole in the wall protected by an iron

grating, with some one hidden from our view. Our guide led us up a flight of stone stairs into two rooms, both of which had a greasy trap-door in the wall at each end. These were also protected by iron gratings; the thought occurred to me, that I had read a description of something similar to this, and I hit upon the confessional. I was very desirous to see the machinery at work, but our guide refused to conduct us any further, either here or into any other part of the building. As I left, a strange sensation came over me,—the cold, gloomy appearance of the place creating far other than religious feelings. From this place we went to the market, but quickly made off again, for we were beset on every hand. At last we were safely seated in the ‘American Hotel,’ and had the satisfaction of paying two shillings each for a slice of bread and butter, and a cup of tea. We arrived on board about seven o’clock, not very favourably impressed with the Portuguese town and its population.

“*April 30th.*—Busily engaged in coaling and getting supplies on board to-day. We went ashore again at ten A.M., intending to visit one or two of the principal churches, but upon inquiry we found it impossible to gratify our wish, as every public building was closed, in consequence of the yearly conscription for the Portuguese army. I ascertained from the lady of the American consul that the island contained about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and that a certain number out of every hundred were taken every year to supply the army. The soldiers are clean-looking, but they do not appear to be made of

the same stuff as the British. There is no particular trade carried on here, the principal exports being feathers, flowers, fancy baskets, and oranges; so, after purchasing a few of each for presents at home, we went on board at half-past twelve P.M., glad to be freed from such tormentors.

"It was very doubtful whether we should get a peep of the mountain or peak of Pico, opposite Fayal, and about four miles from it. But as we were weighing anchor at three o'clock this afternoon, the clouds cleared off for a short time, and revealed it in its majesty. It is in shape something like Mount Egmont, (New Zealand,) with an additional peak or sugar-loaf on the top, slightly sprinkled with snow. I believe its height is about five thousand feet. We left the bay about four P.M., and so bade farewell to Fayal. The island is well cultivated in every part, and when seen from the sea presents a healthy and most pleasing appearance. We soon came in view of three or four other islands, between which we are now sailing for 'Old England.' Do Thou, O Lord, continue to follow us with Thy blessing, and bring us home in peace!

"*May 5th.*—Wind dead ahead, and light. Steaming very slowly. A vessel was seen after breakfast, and towards noon a boat was observed coming towards us. This being very unusual, we expected that something was wrong on board; but when it came alongside, the officer in charge requested very respectfully that we would

report them upon our arrival. The name of the barque is the *Patena*, from the river Plata, bound to Liverpool, sixty-nine days out. The officer stated that they had spoken with a vessel yesterday from England, who reported that easterly winds had been blowing in the Channel since the 5th March, and that hundreds of vessels were detained, unable to proceed further. I was very much pleased with the clean appearance and civil bearing of this boat's crew, which was easily accounted for by their refusal to take grog when it was offered to them by our captain. I, of course, concluded that they were total abstainers. We gave them a few oranges when they left us, and I heartily wished them God speed.

"As this was likely to be our last Sunday on board, I took the opportunity of giving a farewell address, from the words, 'I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God.' After I had concluded, a large log of wood, like the spar of a ship, passed us, probably part of some vessel lost hereabout. We are now about six hundred miles from Land's-End, but unless the wind changes, we shall not arrive there this week.

"*May 10th.*—All last night and to-day it has been blowing a gale. While I am writing, a heavy sea is running, and we are facing it under double-reefed topsails, standing to the Bay of Biscay. Since last night, the wind has shifted round three or four points in our favour; and should the ship be able to come up two points more to the eastward, we shall be able to enter the Channel. I

desire, O Lord, to commend myself to Thy holy keeping this night ! Thou hast preserved us through many dangers, do Thou mercifully keep us still !

"*May 11th.*—The gale continued all last night, with increased fury. Our mainsail split in two about midnight, and this morning at daybreak a vessel passed us, apparently outward bound, the crew of which were throwing their cargo of salt overboard. The sea was making complete breaches over her, and she seemed to be filling fast. Our number was shewn, but she paid no regard to it, every one appearing too busy. To-day the violence of the storm has gradually abated, and this evening the weather looks much better, a northerly wind having set in. Thank God, our ship has received but little damage during the gale. We have just passed a vessel from Australia, one hundred and forty-six days out. We ought not to murmur, for we can number only one hundred days.

"*May 12th.*—Fourteen weeks have elapsed since we left Auckland, and, thank God, here we are within ninety miles of the English Channel. I feel especially grateful for having been spared the suffering of sea-sickness. A vessel was seen standing towards us to-day under French colours, and, as she approached, her main mast and fore-topsail yard were observed to be gone. We lay to, and our captain asked if he could render any assistance. This was politely declined by the French vessel, with the accompanying assurance that all was lost, and a significant reference to the dismantled condition of her masts. She

was obliged to keep before the wind, having only one square sail on the foremast.

" May 13th.—At eight o'clock this morning our steam was again got up, and no doubt we should have weathered Cape Ushant by the evening, had not an accident occurred to the engines about two hours afterwards, which will probably compel us to trust to canvas for the remainder of the voyage. On sighting the land, we could plainly see towns, round towers, and churches ; and, after sunset, the brilliant lights from two lighthouses.

" May 14th.—Wind fell light during the night, and this morning we are rocking about in a dead calm. Our engineer has been endeavouring to work the screw with one cylinder, but all his efforts could not obtain a single revolution. Indeed, had it been otherwise, as our German cook sagely remarked, 'It vood be like de goose valking on von leg.' Towards noon the breeze began to freshen, and our hopes rose with the cheering prospects of a fair wind at length. Alas ! to yield to rapid disappointment. I have endeavoured this day to be patient and submissive, but I feel how much I need Thy grace, O Lord, to enable me to rest in the belief that Thy will is best.

" May 15th.—During the night we have been standing well off the French coast, tacking once or twice in the hope of catching the north wind. We have not succeeded, however, and are now enveloped in a dense fog.

" May 16th.—The fog has cleared away. Last night we had a narrow escape, two vessels on opposite tacks

having passed so close to us that we heard their fog bells distinctly ringing out in the mysterious silence. At seven A.M. a pilot cutter from the Scilly Islands came alongside. The pilot told us that we were about forty miles south of Scilly. He enlightened us on the subject of the American war, and added that the Northern States had invited Prince Alfred to be their king!

"Just now I spoke of the narrow escape we had during the night. Ah, how little do we understand those seen and unseen dangers from which we daily receive deliverance! Our indifferent observation of them explains the indifference of our love. Were it otherwise with us, the perpetual language of these waves, as they heave around us, would but feebly set forth the tribute of praise that might be heard for ever and for ever rising from our grateful hearts!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

England !

Old England—Plymouth—Disembarks at Portsmouth—Arrival in
London—Woolwich—Very Ill—Attends Hospital—Last Entry in
Journal

“ Oh, dream of joy ! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the church ?
Is this my own countrie ? ”

CHAPTER XXVII

ENGLAND !

“ AT last ! Oh, the deep joy and rest of beholding once again my own, my native land !

“ *May 18th.*—This morning, at daybreak, a Cowes pilot came on board ; but the captain, finding we were only off Plymouth, determined to call in there, instead of proceeding to Spithead. Shortly after this we made the land. Yes, there lay Old England before us, and that grand old point Bolt Head, with the Start lighthouse. We stood up for Plymouth Sound, and cast anchor inside the breakwater, about eleven o'clock A.M.

“ *May 19th, (Sunday.)*—As we are not to disembark here, but to proceed to Portsmouth, a steam tug came alongside and took us in tow about ten A.M. We came out at the east end of the breakwater, and on passing Staddon Point, I saw some of the artillery on church parade. We were towed about ten miles outside the breakwater, and were then left to ourselves, to resume our old work of beating against a head wind.

“ To-day I entered into conversation with our pilot, who is a blunt old ‘son of the ocean.’ He requested me to lend him a book to read, which I readily did ; and

of my lodging, and falling down upon my knees, poured out my troubles before God. I gave free vent to both tears and words. As I was thus engaged, my kind friend Mr C——, the city missionary, came in, and gave me no little comfort.

“ May 31st.—Still very ill. The hand of the Lord is heavy upon me, but I feel thankful that I am enabled to bear my sufferings patiently. I do pray, for the sake of those I love, that my health may be restored; but I would add in all sincerity—‘Thy will, O Lord, be done.’ Only let me sink deeper into the fountain of bliss day by day. I feel Thee to be, what I have always desired Thee to be in the hour of death, a present Saviour, Who wilt dispel those dark misbeliefs which at times arise in my mind, and give me heavenly visions—joys suited to a saint about to throw off the chains of mortality and enter upon his everlasting rest. But, O Lord, what a poor saint I am, unworthy of the name; should I ever reach heaven, and such abasement be permitted there, I should be ashamed to acknowledge the title, or join the hallowed song. My heart exclaims, ‘Oh, to grace how great a debtor;’ and this is now my comfort, to admire the goodness, mercy, and grace of God in Christ. I am unable to deliver in person the various messages intrusted to me by friends in New Zealand for other friends in England, so I have availed myself of the post instead.”

Thus abruptly ends the diary of this good soldier of Jesus Christ; with the exception of one short entry on the

1st June, in which he speaks of his treatment at the hospital, and gratefully acknowledges the kindness of the senior surgeon. It now remains for me to conduct the reader over a short space of nine days to the closing scene, and to endeavour to leave with him and with myself a few thoughts suggested by the silent journey we have taken together along the somewhat rugged road of Marjouram's life.

But before doing this, I would dwell for a moment on Marjouram's last recorded words, as they appear on the preceding page—"What a poor saint I am, unworthy of the name; should I reach heaven, and such abasement be permitted there, I should be ashamed to acknowledge the title or join the hallowed song!"

Is there not here the lowly spirit of all the Church of God—of Abraham and the Patriarchs—of Moses, Israel's leader, and David, their king—of Job, who abhorred himself—of Isaiah, who exclaimed that he was vile—of Paul, the indefatigable in zeal, the illustrious in success, who yet counted himself less than the least of all saints—of John, the Beloved, who fell down abashed before the awful vision of the Ancient of Days? Is it not that the family feeling peeps out; that kindred will betray itself? For as in every earthly household there are thoughts, opinions, and associations peculiar to its members—so that, scattered as they may be, they are discernible everywhere as having these in common—even thus it is with the household of God.

There are traditions with it—yea, more than traditions

among its members ; there is a family likeness. There are convictions of head and heart, and facts of experience by which each is known to the other, and all would be to the world, did it but take knowledge of them.

Hence this dying soldier speaks as every member of his family has spoken before him. Hundreds have risen up and called him blessed, yet his face is in the dust.

Is this a pious fraud, (as some dare to suppose,) or is it the teaching of Him who draws out the cry, "Unclean ! unclean ! room for the leper, room !" Is it not that the most brilliant and happiest effects, wrought out of holy and consistent doings on earth—however captivating they may appear in the taper rays of this life—reveal their miserable worthlessness and imperfection so soon as the tapers begin to go out and the sun to arise, and the broad beams of eternal day to flood our sky.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sunset.

Last Days on Earth—Admitted into Hospital—Patience and Resignation—Knowledge of an Approaching End—Commends his Wife and Child to God—Sufferings Light—Power of Religion in a Dying Hour—"All is Clear"—Day Dawns—Morning Breaks—Sabbath Below Exchanged for Sabbath Above—Perfect Peace—Asleep in Jesus.

"He lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,

"And deepens on and up! The gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.

"The Sabbaths of Eternity,
One Sabbath deep and wide;
A light upon the shining sea,
The Bridegroom with His Bride!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SUNSET.

HAVING heard from my dear friend that he was on his way home in the *Robert Lowe*, and that I might expect him about the month of May, I was daily examining the papers for tidings of the vessel's arrival. On the 24th May, I discovered that she had entered the Channel, and had scarcely returned from reading the account, when Marjouram reached Woolwich, and inquired for me. We met, not knowing each other, as to the flesh ; for seven long years had done their work of change on both of us.

I at once saw that he was not long for this world ; and he, too, appeared to be impressed with the same conviction. We spent many happy hours in conversation, and could but subscribe in grateful humility to the record of the past,—that “the Lord had done all things well.” He rejoiced indeed in my temporal prosperity, but above all in my possession of a good hope through grace. I found him the same as I had ever known him,—a truly-devoted servant of Christ. He talked of trying to procure a situation as Scripture-reader, if the Lord were pleased to spare him a short time, as he felt convinced that he would never be able to resume his military duties.

He desired to live that he might be the means of bringing sinners to Christ, and was specially anxious about his unconverted relatives, who had long been the subjects of his earnest prayers. He told me that he was rejoiced to see, on his arrival in London, that some hard hearts had been softened. I had several interviews with him before the Sabbath, and always felt my own soul refreshed as I conversed with him, for he evidently lived above the things of time, and looked forward to eternity with anticipations of joyful delight. He did not appear to suffer much pain, complaining only of extreme weakness. On my calling to see him on Sunday morning, he expressed an earnest wish to attend the house of God. This privilege, however, was never again to be his on earth; he was ripening speedily for the general assembly of the first-born in heaven. I saw him every day during the following week, and one evening we spent a most happy hour together. As I was talking to him about his approaching end, and asking him if he could now rely wholly upon Jesus for salvation, he replied, "I can trust my all in His hands; I know He will never leave me nor forsake me." He told me he did not feel that excessive joy he had experienced in times gone by, but that he had in its stead a settled peace. Before I left him, we engaged in prayer together. The occasion, and our very words of supplication, I never can forget. This was the last time we bowed together at the throne of grace. It appeared as if his faith took hold of God, and I felt that the Lord was indeed with us. How he pleaded for those near and dear

to him!—the Church, myself, and many others. I left him, feeling how far my own Christian experience fell short of his.

The week wore away; and though his friends thought him better, I knew his departure was very near. I called on the following Sunday, when he asked me to request his minister to return thanks in his name to Almighty God for all the mercies he had received, and for his safe return to his native land. I need not add that his desire was fully carried out. To the Rev. Mr S——, who called in to see him in the afternoon, he gave a sovereign as a thank-offering to the Lord. He could hear the sound of Sabbath singing from an adjoining place of worship, and had a very great desire to mingle with the worshippers. He appeared very happy, and shewed by his manner that he felt convinced that this would be his last Lord's-day on earth. Preparations were made for him to visit his friends, but these were soon frustrated; for, upon attending hospital on June 4th, the doctor, finding that he was much worse, took him in altogether. I visited him in the afternoon, and found him perfectly resigned to his heavenly Father's will. Although he had not seen his parents for so many years, and thought he would now have had that pleasure, and, with it, the opportunity of doing them some good, still not a murmur escaped his lips at the defeat of his cherished idea. On the contrary, he told me he wished he had been admitted sooner.

There were five other men in the same ward, and he

said he would willingly die at once could his death but be the means of bringing them life. Being too weak to speak to them himself, he desired me to do so, beseeching them to be reconciled to God. There was one young man, named H——, who was very kind to him, and who had become much attached to him since his admission, scarcely leaving him till his death.

When I visited him on Friday afternoon, he told me that he was a dying man, as he had previously assured his dear wife. He next asked to see their dear child. The interview was a very affecting one, as the two were devotedly attached to each other. With many tears he commended them both to the Lord, and afterwards became more composed. Every temporal want was supplied, and all that medical skill could devise was done for him. Several ministers and pious friends visited him, all of whom can bear testimony to the privilege of being present at his dying bed.

On Friday night his last change came on: he became very restless, but still retained his faculties. When I came on Saturday afternoon, I saw at once that his death was at hand. His wife was permitted now to remain with him altogether. He was unable to say much, but every word he spoke testified that he was happy in Jesus. As the evening drew on, she thought that his mind was wandering, and asked him if he knew her; he answered very distinctly, and with some concern, "Why, yes, you are my dear wife." It was now evident that he could not last many hours.

About eleven o'clock P.M. the senior surgeon came to see him, and remained with him till half-past twelve, making every possible effort to alleviate his sufferings, which were not, however, very great. Before he left, he told us that nothing more could be done, and gave us the necessary directions for the night. After he had gone away, Marjouram expressed his earnest gratitude for the great kindness he had received at his hands. He appeared to be very composed, falling into a light slumber shortly afterwards, which lasted from two to three o'clock. On waking, his mind wandered for about an hour, after which he again became perfectly calm, and asked for me. I assured him that "I was with him; and he then looked for his wife, and seeing her at his side, appeared very happy. He spoke to us about going home; and when we reminded him that heaven was his home, his countenance brightened up with a ray of celestial glory. He exhorted us to press forward to the same home, concluding by saying—"Mind, you have promised you will meet me in heaven." He appeared to suffer very little, and was as patient in this closing scene as he had been throughout the whole of his illness. He asked us to lift him up in bed, and said, "I am going up, come with me." After he had been again laid down, he said, with supernatural emphasis and distinctness, "All is clear."

Yes, all was clear between his soul and his Saviour; and we felt that he was being favoured with visions denied to us. He was evidently engaged in silent prayer

and praise. A few minutes more, and he had uttered his last connected sentence—

“I AM ON THE ROCK!”

his countenance beaming at the same time with, if possible, a more heavenly expression than it had ever yet worn.

“Yes, dear brother,” I added, “on the Rock Christ Jesus;” repeating at the same time the well-known hymn—

“Rock of ages cleft for me.”

His lips were wreathed with perpetual smiles as he listened: words seemed to struggle up for utterance, but speech had almost failed him.

“Happy!” “Rejoice!” “Amen!” he was heard to murmur, and when he had said this he fell asleep.

In the early summer morning, his happy spirit escaped. The prison doors were opened and closed, noiselessly and peacefully, at the bidding of the angel of the Lord. The Sabbath on earth, with its chimes and holy assemblies, was just commencing. But he who had loved the amiable tabernacles here had gone to the everlasting Temple; and, as we watched what he had left behind, we might almost have heard the harpers harping with their harps, and caught, through the mist that intercepted our feeble vision, the flashing of the golden gates.

So unbroken was the stillness, so mysterious the solemnity of repose—it seemed as though we were listening with strained ears to the sound of the soul’s departure with its angelic escort. Awed by the wondrous hush,

and overcome by powerful emotion, we gazed upon the dead. In reverent affection we closed his eyes. Within them lay the expression of that deep unutterable calm of a spirit at rest: then rose to my thoughts and to my lips the words of the hymn—

“Oh, may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!”

His poor widow bowed her head under the heavy blow. “I would not wish him back,” she exclaimed, with tears, “for I know that he is reaping his reward in heaven.”

At her request, permission was asked to have the body removed from the hospital to the lodgings he had previously occupied. This was readily granted, and they carried him to that little room where, but a few days before, he had poured out his soul before God:

“Brought him to the quiet chamber where the air with flowers was
sweet,
Where, as in a holy temple, no intrusive eye could come.”

The echoes of his supplication seemed to linger there still; but with him prayer was now over—he had gone to join “the new song before the throne.”

With us that Sunday passed in strange tranquillity. We could have stayed the noiseless flight of the golden hours. There seemed to be a nameless influence around us, akin to that described by St Paul as “the powers of the world to come.” Perhaps our spirits, so long in close

communion with his, were unable as yet to brook the separation, and had in a sense joined his flight, and were in some measure participating in his experience.

Explain these influences how we may, they come most mercifully in this work-a-day world to check our unbelief. For who—as he turned from that busy street near where the dead was lying, from the distant chimneys of yonder arsenal, alive with an everlasting hum and throng, to that curtained sanctuary where Death was reigning—would fail to realise in that presence-chamber the truth of David's exclamation—

"Man walketh in a vain shadow ;
He disquieteth himself in vain :"

unless, indeed, he "walk by faith, not by sight."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Soldier's Funeral.

A Soldier's Funeral—Exhortation at the Grave.

“Dark, dark within, and drear, and still,
As was that funeral train
That slowly travell'd down the hill
To the muffled martial strain.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

It was on a lovely afternoon that his remains were carried to the grave. An endeavour had been made to secure for pall-bearers those whose sentiments were what his had been, and who might thence be able to enter more unfeignedly into the true spirit of the occasion.

There is something peculiarly impressive in a military funeral,—that indescribably touching attitude of resting on the arms reversed, as the body is borne from the house, tells, in most pathetic eloquence, of genuine grief; then the very slow and sorrowful step, the reverence paid to the dead, by the perfection of the very smallest arrangement; the long file of two and two wound up by the officers, who guard and escort the whole; and, above all, the deep solemn strains of the “Dead March,” so exquisitely poured forth by the band, now rising grandly in the air, and giving the key-note to the measured tread, anon scarcely audible, so faint has the wail become,—music and war embracing and mingling their tears over the ashes of the dead;—all these various elements combine to form a scene appealing at once to the highest and tenderest emotions.

A crowd had collected as the procession moved slowly down Wellington Street. At one house, where a few were gathered watching the scene, an old man came out, his hair as white as snow, his form bent, his voice very gentle, and his whole manner pleasing and dignified. His wife, as old as himself, was standing by his side. "Is that an officer's funeral?" he asked, as the crowd moved by. "No—a serjeant's," was the quiet answer. The old man turned aside to weep. He had been a soldier himself, an old Waterloo veteran, but his heart was green, as in its earliest youth; and the old lady turned aside with him to mingle her tears with his. A company of pensioners met the procession just at the bottom of the street. Immediately they drew up in rank, and at the whispered order, "Present arms," gave their last salute. Firm and erect they stood, like strong young trees, yet they had all weathered the storm that had swept him away whose burial they were honouring.

At the conclusion of the service at the grave, the officiating minister affectionately exhorted those who were gathered round, to seek an interest in that Saviour in Whom the departed had trusted. To the military he addressed a few special words, cast, perhaps, like bread upon the waters, but yet to be found after many days.

When the three volleys had been fired in the air, the solemn procession retraced its steps; some with the sure and certain hope of again meeting him who had gone before; others to return to the world, with their lesson unlearned and their souls unawakened.

CHAPTER XXX

Farewell !

Conclusion.

“ Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong !
.
.
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“ Oh, talk not of unhonour'd dust,
An unremember'd day !
Blest is the memory of the just
When he has pass'd away.”

CHAPTER XXX.

FAREWELL !

AND now, before bringing my labour to a close, I would seek to gather up and urge a few of those lessons which this simple and unpretending, but thoroughly manly and consistent life, appears to suggest.

And, first, I would appeal to those who with me have traced its progress, step by step,—asking them whether it does not establish beyond all controversy this one point, that a soldier can be a Christian.

I mean a soldier in the ranks. The question has been settled gloriously for his officer; has it been settled for him? I point to the life of Marjoram for a reply.

There are two lines of a hymn running thus—

“Here, Lord, I give myself away—

’Tis all that I can do.”

Whether he ever saw them I do not know; but he had learned their lesson by heart. The simplest events of his life appear to have been regarded by him as so many occasions for detecting the careful tending and anxious love of his Father. His moments of intercourse were all

availed of for the promotion of his Saviour's kingdom and glory. What influence he had was turned to the same account. And the holy enthusiasm that inspired him enabled him to overcome many deficiencies in education, to rise superior to the hindrances of position, and, unobtrusively on the one hand, yet firmly and conspicuously on the other, to assume the lead in New Zealand as a vanguard Christian soldier.

Let it be taken for granted, he occupied no post of easy security. He who dares be singular must expect singular treatment; and Marjouram often knew what it was to be surrounded by familiars watching for his halting. Yet so genuine was his reliance on the Lord Jesus,—so thoroughly did he realise that he was a portion of Him, and hence safe in Him,—so utterly had he parted with himself, been, as it were, taken off his own hands and laid claim to by Another as of His body, that his life was graced by the holiest consistency and the truest self-denial.

Emphatically he was *not* his own. Had it been otherwise, how different the testimony he would have left behind him!

But particularly to be noticed is his zealous service throughout that guerilla war, which, though not partaking of the magnitude or importance of a grand European struggle, was almost more formidable to our soldiers from the uncivilised ferocity and craft of the tribes with whom it was waged. Tried by this serious test, we discover him in perfect peace. As the servant of his

sovereign, his hand finds work to do, and he does it with all his might, whether it be in the form of a secret confidential expedition, of some voyage of discovery, or of an attack or surprise. At the same time, he seizes every opportunity, when the temporal sword is laid down, to take up the spiritual, and to raise in prayer and thanksgiving, with many gathered round him, the voice that had been but that moment engaged in a far other, though not less lawful cause.

Then, too, on his voyage home, he must have all those given him that sail with him. Hence the eager promptitude with which he establishes schools for the young, Bible-classes for the adults, ministrations for all. To do this was the meat and drink of one who had learnt much at his Master's feet and drank deeply of His Spirit.

He rests from his labours. Follow him, comrades ! You have heard his voice from the ranks,—you hear it now from the skies. It tells you all is true,—it summons you along the same path to the same rest. Let our surrender of heart be as genuine and as uncompromising as his,—our communion with God as close,—our devotedness as entire. Quietly and humbly he lived and worked,—grandly and gloriously he folded his weary hands, and rested for ever from his toil. So let us live the whole-heart life,—the life about which there can be no mistake,—the life undeniably for Christ, that our career, like his, may triumphantly decide the question, “ Can a soldier be a Christian ? ”

Miss Waring's exquisite hymn, as precious for its practical usefulness as for its poetic beauty, and breathing the real spirit of the Christian life, may appropriately close these pages :—

" *Wherever* in the world I am,
In *whatsoever* estate,—
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on Whom I wait.

" So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

" There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

" In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty ! "

APPENDIX.

" They took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus."

APPENDIX.

THE following is a copy of the beautiful and touching address that was presented to Marjouram on the occasion of his departure from New Zealand :—

ADDRESS.

“ CAMP WAITARA, NEW ZEALAND,
19th November 1860.

“ To our beloved Friend and Fellow-soldier, WILLIAM MARJOURAM,
of the Royal Artillery.

“ Having heard that severe indisposition has at length made it necessary for you to leave Taranaki, the scene of your many labours, and to return to England,—We, the non-commissioned officers, petty officers, seamen, and soldiers of the various corps in camp, cannot let you depart without an expression of our deep sympathy and heartfelt sorrow at your removal from among us. Your many acts of kindness and benevolence towards the sick and wounded, command our utmost respect and gratitude. We cannot thank you, or give expression to our feelings as we desire ; but were our hearts laid bare, you would see at once the sincerity and fervency of our prayers for your welfare. All our life long will your Christian teaching be remembered by us ; and we humbly beg that Almighty God may restore you speedily to health, and that you may devote the remainder of your days to the cause which you have so nobly and so successfully undertaken and pursued among your fellow-soldiers. Pray remember

that those by whom you are now addressed, appreciate thoroughly your truly Christian and benevolent character. Nor will their intercessions be wanting, when you have left us, that you may have a prosperous, safe, and happy voyage to the dear old mother-land."

The next most gratifying letter, is from two officers of high position who were with him during the whole of the campaign :—

"CAMP WAITARA, NEW ZEALAND,
November 18th, 1860.

"SERJEANT MARJOURAM,—Major N—— and I regret extremely to hear that your continued ill-health is likely to deprive the service of as good a soldier as it contains; and we both hope that the sea-voyage and change of climate may have the effect of restoring you to your former activity and usefulness. Should you, however, be unfortunately compelled to relinquish your profession, and should it be your wish to obtain employment as a Scripture-reader, we can most conscientiously recommend you for such a situation, from our knowledge of your character, and how well and invariably, since we have known you, *you have combined the duties of a Christian and a soldier*. Your example to the men under our command, both in the field before the enemy, and in camp, has been most beneficial. They have seen how well you have done your duty under all circumstances of difficulty and danger, and how, while never obtrusive in your advice, you have sincerely and earnestly endeavoured, in proper seasons, to turn their thoughts towards their Maker. You have our best wishes for your future success and happiness.

"We are, yours truly,

"T—— N——,
Major, 40th Regiment,
Commanding the Forces, Waitara.

"F. B. S——,
Captain, Royal Navy,
Commanding Naval Brigade."

From his own captain :—

“TARANAKI, NEW ZEALAND,
18th November 1860.

“Serjeant Marjouram served with the detachment under my command, through the disturbances with the natives of New Zealand, for seven months, during which time, until he was taken ill, he proved himself to be an able and active sergeant ; also, from what I have seen and heard of his conduct, I think him to be a thoroughly good man. He has the credit of having done a great deal of good in this garrison, having, for some time before the disturbances, established and conducted a school for the non-commissioned officers and men of the detachment of the 65th Regiment and of the Royal Artillery, and also, with his wife, for the children, without any pecuniary remuneration. I believe his knowledge of religious works to be considerable, and his endeavours to be of service to those about him, such as are rarely to be met with.

“H—— S——,
Captain, Royal Artillery,
Commanding Royal Artillery,
New Zealand.”

From Archdeacon G—— :—

“TARANAKI, NEW ZEALAND,
November 19th, 1860.

“DEAR MARJOURAM,—I am very sorry that you are unfit for service, and obliged to leave us. However, change of air, and rest, may perhaps restore you to a better state of health. If it should please God that you should be so restored, I trust you may find a situation as Scripture-reader, or undertake some other duty of a like nature. I have seen with much pleasure the way in which you have exerted yourself to give religious instruction to the children of the soldiers stationed here. In fact, the establishment of a school for men was brought about, I believe, entirely through your exertions ; and I know very well that your example and precept have exerted a good effect upon the minds

of many of your comrades, who have thus had a proof that it is *possible for a soldier to live as a Christian*. You have, I am sure, gained the good will and respect of the whole community in this place ; and we should all be glad to hear that you were spared to labour some years longer in your Master's service.— Believe me to remain, with every feeling of respect and esteem, yours faithfully,

“H—— G——.”

Numerous other letters of a similar character might here be inserted ; but these, from the position and influence of their writers, speak with an authority which is all-sufficient to establish his reputation for Christian consistency and blamelessness of conduct. To multiply these testimonies—which are, after all, but so many proofs that God keeps His word—would be needlessly to swell this book, to weary the reader's patience, and to add nothing either of interest or profit. Once more, may an inspiring voice be heard from these pages ! On and on, right through the Red Sea, with the rocks of Pi-hahiroth on either side, and the Egyptians behind, may this simple memoir be instrumental in speaking to the children of Israel, that they go forward !

“Go, labour on—spend, and be spent—
Thy joy to do thy Master's will.
It is the way the Master went ;
Shall not the servant tread it still ?”

THE END.

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